P. of L. S.

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THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES

THE article which follows is the first of a series on "The Conduct of Great Businesses," suggested by the fact that the vital points of American business life have been but little touched upon, in spite of the countless papers devoted to the industrial side of the subject. The purpose of the present series is not to deal with statistics or processes of production, but with the part that men's brains play in large business enterprises—the organizing, the originating, and the developing. Americans have a reputation for skill in business, not, it is hoped, as traders merely or money getters, but for large success upon broad and even generous lines. In this country there are few hampering traditions and prejudices to limit ambition. The real effort is to place each man at the highest pitch of his capacity. The problems in business are much the same in all branches; one man learns from, adapts, and improves upon another; and an intelligent account of how some great businesses are carried to their utmost success should be suggestive and interesting. While it need hardly be said that no single establishments or enterprises will be described in this series, the authors have made long and careful study of the most perfect organizations in each branch, and have gone in all cases to the highest authorities for their information.

The present article will be followed in succeeding numbers by others upon the management of a great hotel, that of a typical great manufactory, and the conduct of a bank; and later by still further papers. The illustrations, made in every case from actual scenes, while they will have the highest artistic value, having been confided to artists who have devoted months of study to their subjects, will have besides all the accuracy of photographs. This has made necessary the picturing also of actual localities, which have been of course so chosen as to be typical of the whole subject.

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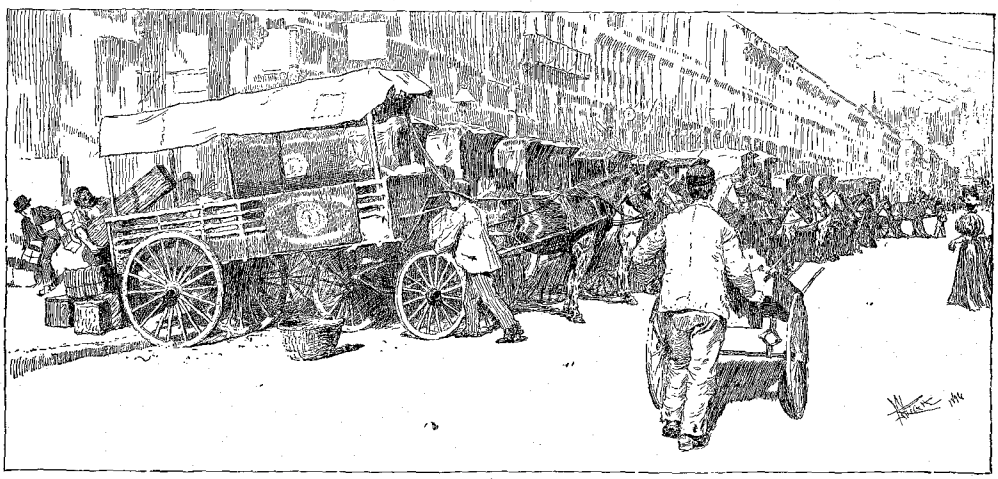
The largest stores in various cities have from ninety to one hundred and forty wagons, and as many as three hundred and fifty horses. Besides the main stables New York stores have branch stables in Brooklyn, Harlem, and Jersey City; each stable having its own blacksmith and repair shop. Completing this system of delivery most of the stores have free delivery systems extending from one hundred to five hundred miles.



THE DEPARTMENT STORE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES BY W. R. LEIGH

THE great collection of shops gathered together under one roof, conducted as a single organization, and known generically as the "department store," is in this country such a distinctly modern business and in so many ways characteristic of present-day methods, that it offers perhaps as good an example as could be selected to begin such a series as this. In many respects retail selling has been turned entirely topsy-turvy by the department store, and yet its influence extends beyond the retailer. Through the ability to consume great quantities of goods a new condition of affairs arises, in that a retail establishment is often able to buy larger quantities and at lower prices than the jobber who from time out of mind has been the go-between from manufacturer and retailer. Just now another step is being taken, the success of which is not yet clearly established. The great department stores are beginning to manufacture for themselves and in a large way. It is obvious that the establishments which can thus often break loose from the manufacturers and the jobbers must do a business of very great magnitude, when it is remembered that the figures all relate to transactions entirely retail.

Still the department store idea is by no means a new one, nor has it reached in this country its highest development. The great establishment in Paris, still pre-eminent of its kind, started in the smallest way in 1852, to-day transacts a total business of $30,000,000, or more than twice that of any American retail establishment. The greatest advance has been made since it has become strictly co-operative. Not a franc's worth of its stock is held outside of the people in the store, and the leadership of the business is invested in three persons selected from the heads of departments by the vote of the employees (*i.e.*, shareholders), through an election held every three years. The cash paid to stockholders in their annual dividends amounts to about five per cent. of the total sales, setting aside suitable sums for contingencies. As the capital stock is but four million dollars, an annual dividend of a million and a half represents the great yearly profit of forty per cent. on the capital.

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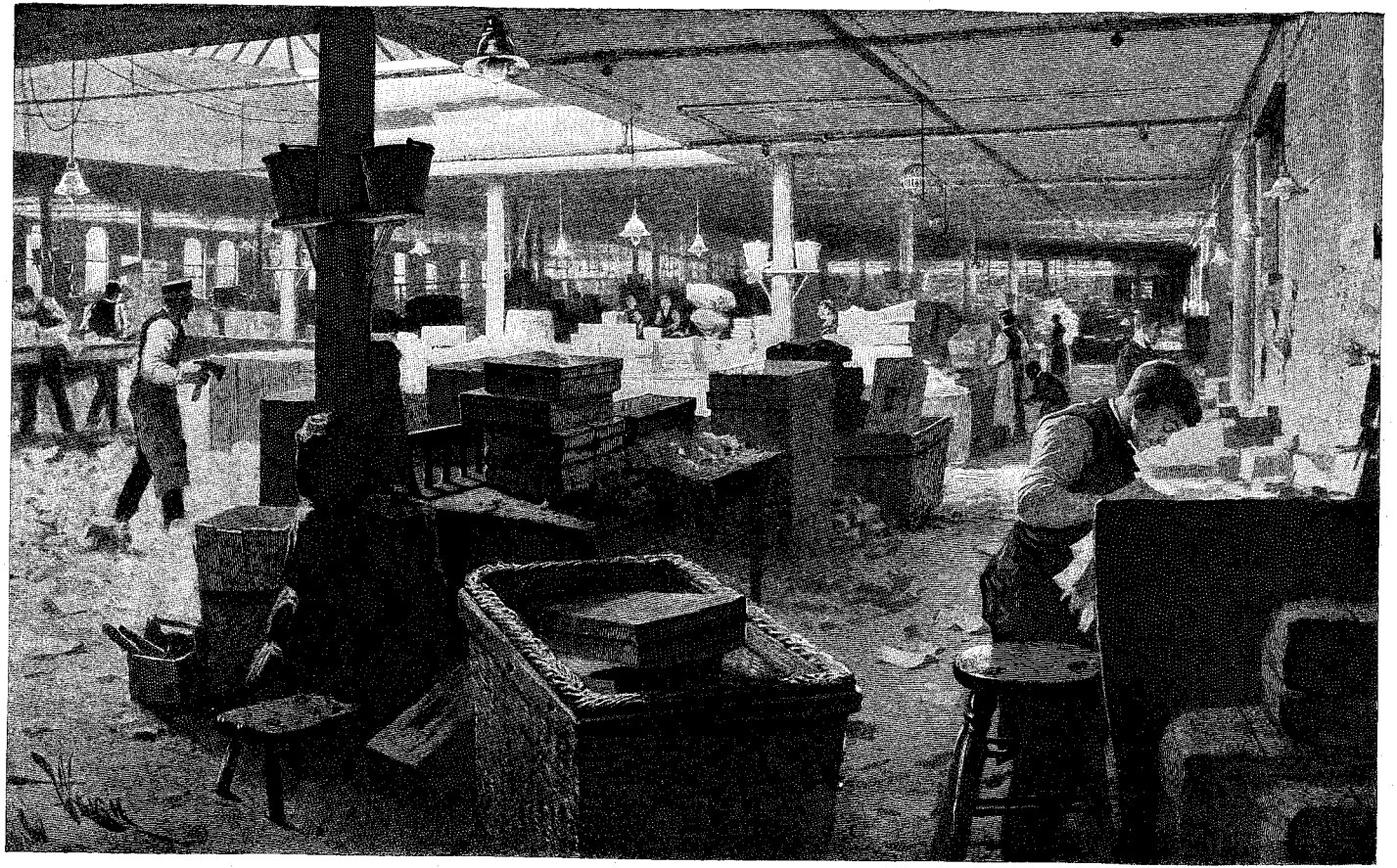

RECEIVING-ROOM.

The room shown above was 200 by 150 feet, where eighty men were employed. Six hundred to seven hundred bills were handled per day, representing as high as $60,000 worth of goods received in twenty thousand cases or packages. All bills are checked up and ready to be paid and goods marked in this department, and merchandise can be made ready for display for customers within fifty minutes from the time the cases are unloaded on the sidewalk.

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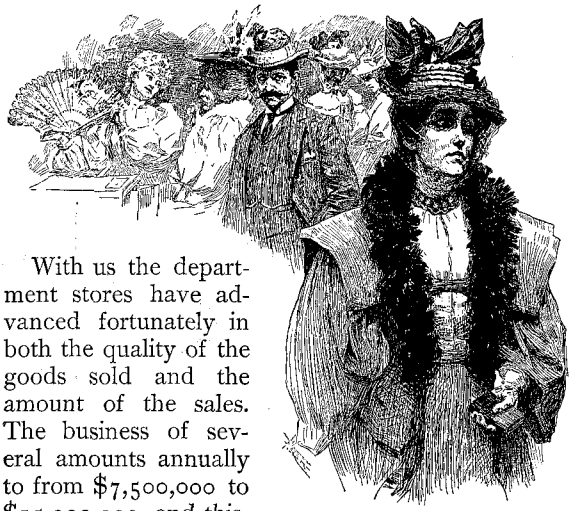

The Store Detective.

With us the department stores have advanced fortunately in both the quality of the goods sold and the amount of the sales. The business of several amounts annually to from $7,500,000 to $15,000,000, and this, roughly speaking, is as much money as many a prosperous railway one thousand miles long handles in a twelvemonth; one great store in the west carries a rent account of almost, if not quite, $400,000 a year; the mail order business of another amounts to $900,000 a year; a number of houses send to the homes of their customers more than twenty thousand packages in a single day, while perhaps as many more are carried away in the hands of the shoppers. In the busiest days quite one hundred thousand persons have visited each of the very largest stores of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Brooklyn; one firm spends more than $300,000 a year for advertising; and single departments in several stores sell more than $2,000,000 worth of goods annually.

Just how the department store began, and when it became an active factor in business, will probably never be accurately stated. The accepted theory of the starting of these great businesses (which now number in the United States nearly one thousand distinctly important houses), is that they sprang from the rivalry of important stores in cities which sold for the most part dry-goods or notions or similar staple commodities. Profits by competition on standard goods decreased, and the merchant, looking for new opportunities and larger fields, cast about him for means whereby he might enlarge his sales. Growth along the established lines seemed impracticable, and the more progressive stores began to reach out for other lines of trade in which the opportunities for profit seemed greater.

The enlarging process went on gradually at first, for there was great opposition to it, not all inspired by the shops into whose businesses these innovations were cutting. The public viewed such a radical step with distrust. Conservative Philadelphia newspapers severely criticised a dry-goods store in that city for going beyond its proper province in offering for sale a stock of umbrellas, parasols, and canes, and quite a gale of criticism was stirred up over the matter, dying away in puffs of protest from the pulpits and plaintive epistles in the public prints. Meantime the stores continued to expand. Soon all of them had half a dozen distinct lines of stock and were reaching out eagerly for others offering golden opportunities. The department store was a fact, and between it and the shops whose specialties it had adopted for its own was declared the war that has been waging and increasing ever since.

With the revival of business following the Civil War, began an immense impetus to the department store. It became a giant of trade, a devouring monster, from the stand-point of the smaller establishments, from whose greed and rapacity no trade or profession was safe; until it finally arrived at its present proportions, and became a business world of itself. To-day, within those capacious stores, can be bought orchestrions and tooth-brushes, instruction on the bicycle and the latest patent liniments; while it is but a short trip from the photograph gallery with its "north light" to the hot-houses on the roofs. All the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life it supplies.

The modern department store, then, is a composition of many diverse stores. No one of these can be said to overshadow the others, although they are of various importance and weight in relation to the compact whole. Even the nucleus of the business has ceased to be the centre

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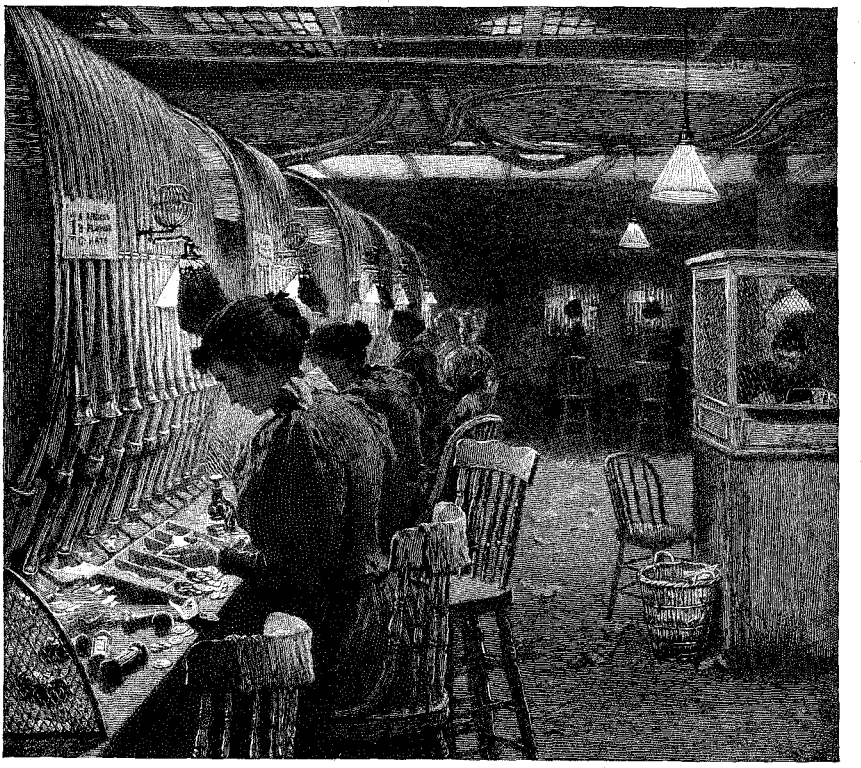
of importance in many cases, and one of the greatest stores contains a dozen departments which bring it larger profits than the ready-made clothing stock from which the others branched. To one who has had experience in conducting a single line of business, the difficulties to be encountered in a composite establishment such as this will present themselves forcibly. It is obvious that to organize and conduct an enterprise which must do well with a hundred or more stocks [and one of the new great establishments counts over four hundred carried regularly] purchased from all parts of the world and under all sorts of conditions, requires a higher degree of executive skill than to carry on an establishment involving the handling of but a single class of goods. But from the very nature of the department store, these businesses are in competition among themselves in a certain very definite sense. A constant rivalry exists between them as a result of the effort of each department to aggrandize itself, if necessary at the expense of the others. Here enters the personal equation; the strife on the part of the men who make up the body politic to push, each one, himself and his own concerns to the fore. Here too, works the law—nowhere more inexorably—of the survival of the fittest. Each little store within the great store must perform its part of the work of the organism or be crushed to the wall.

To reconcile all these different and emulous lines of trade, to carry them on under one method and principle, to centralize and distribute the product of the work with the best results for the entire organism and for each distinct part, in short to reduce these small worlds of trade to their least common denominator is the problem which confronts the head of the firm.

Although nearly all the great business houses are made up of a number of partners, there is commonly one man who



CASH-ROOM.

The room shown above was in a basement and encased in a wire screen running up to the ceiling. In the dull season about twenty girls were employed, each one of them handling some twelve or fifteen tubes coming from all parts of the house. In the busy season each girl makes accurate change for from one thousand to eighteen hundred purchases a day.

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DRESSMAKING-ROOM.

Some firms have dressmaking departments such as this in their own buildings; others have distinct plants in town or outside the city. Several hundred people are employed in this way by many of the large firms.

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undertakes the control of the store organism. He is the real head. Typically he is the self-made man. The formula is familiar enough: Began at the bottom, rose to be a salesman, outstripped his fellows, business ability recognized brought him to the pinnacle. This is the latter-day process where the store is already there for the aspiring youth to make his own; but many of our present merchants built up their own stores for themselves, bringing to the task qualities of mind and spirit with which the ability to estimate the value of a piece of silk or a pair of shoes has no more to do than has a capacity for deciphering obscure inscriptions. They won their battles because they had the courage and strength to grapple with enormous difficulties, and the judgment and insight to solve complicated problems.

Upon the ability of the actual head of the firm to secure men of capacity and to organize them into a compact whole depends largely the success of the department store—as for that matter does of course the success of other large mercantile enterprises. In an important respect the department store is quite different from most business houses where the ability and judgment of the higher assistants are of so much importance. In most branches of business the necessity of a firm's developing its own men is obvious, for those who add life and energy to a house are not as a rule to be purchased from other establishments by higher salaries or special inducements. The best of them do not lightly change their allegiance, and their own firms know their value and are willing to pay the price in one way or another. In important department stores the contrary is true; managers of departments are not generally promoted from the ranks or educated to these positions, but are drawn by offers of larger salaries or better opportunities from other establishments where they have attracted attention through their success. One reason for this is the fact that retail establishments cannot get the good timber to work upon which wholesale houses easily secure. A boy of good family who is ambitious will avoid a position in a retail house; not unnaturally he does not relish the idea of a life behind the counter; and as one proprietor expressed it: "We get only the lower grade of boys, for the most part uneducated, and ninety per cent. of them incapable of doing work of a high grade."

A buyer whose department is ably managed can, and always does, command the highest pay. The enthusiasm of many of the most valuable men is stimulated by allowing them, in addition to their salaries, a percentage of the profits or of the increase in sales secured on the particular line of goods which they control in the store. This of course has the added merit of keeping their interests identified with that of their employers, and in the case of some departments which are unusually successful the bonus amounts to even more than the salary, and holds the manager on the *qui vive* of effort and expectation. This plan has only proved successful with men of more character and ability than the average, for the reason that a narrow man will adopt a "penny-wise" policy, bad for the department and worse for the general business.

LOCKERS FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF EMPLOYEES.

This room has fourteen hundred lockers for salesmen, and another apartment in the same house contained nineteen hundred lockers for saleswomen.

A good buyer who year after year increases his business, and the reputation of his department, who leaves for the semi-annual inventory a clean and desirable stock—one who, in fact, has the genius of money making—is paid a salary in the big houses of from $5,000 to $10,000, and often a percentage on the yearly increase of his sales. In some

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DINING-ROOM FOR EMPLOYEES.

This is one of five dining-rooms: one for salesmen; one for saleswomen; one for girls, wrappers, etc.; one for boys, messengers, etc.; and one for porters. This room will seat three hundred.

of the largest departments a number of the most capable buyers thus receive as much as $30,000 a year, and are regarded as cheap at that; a fact which can be readily understood when it is remembered that in a single department of a great shop selling say a million dollars' worth of goods a year, a difference of five per cent. in the profits, which may be the result of a good manager as distinguished from a mediocre one, amounts to $50,000. On the other hand, in the lower class stores, buyers, in many of the departments, are paid as low as $25 a week, with no percentage. If the large incomes are the great exception, it is also to be said that the opportunities are more numerous than the men with the ability to take advantage of them.

The store stretches out like a huge block puzzle which, once fitted together, immediately shifts and changes and presents necessities for prompt re-arrangements. One block shrivels, another expands, a third changes its form and nature, and the manipulator must perforce re-arrange and re-set the composite piece; or if the need be particularly urgent, perhaps extend his base so that he may have room for all his blocks. The store is the base; and the departments, the troublesome pieces. To start with there is a definite extent of space, each square foot of which is worth so much per year; this figure being invariably determined from the receipts of foregoing years with allowances for the general financial prospect of the year under consideration. A certain amount of space must be given up for stock-rooms, receiving-rooms, packing-rooms, work- and repair-rooms, account-rooms, offices of the buyers and executive officers, cash-rooms, and delivery-rooms. All this is reckoned dead weight which the earning portion of the store must carry along. In many stores floor room which might be earning its share of the profits in immediate results as a department, is given over to the use of customers for sitting- or writing-rooms, or as a restaurant; but these are reckoned by the far-seeing proprietors as more than earning their share eventually in making the establishment attractive, and adding to the comfort of the customers. Taking out the inevitable extent of "dead space," as it is called, there remains in every store a fixed amount of flooring as a basis of active operations. And here enters the internal rivalry. For in the division of this each department must be regarded as a separate establishment, whose head wishes naturally to obtain for it the greatest advantages.

If the problem were merely to divide a certain space, homogeneous in value, into a given number of equal parts, it would be a matter of measurement and a simple mathematical calculation. But the space is not of equal value all the way through. Obviously, the main aisle on the ground floor is better from a selling point of view than a corner on the third floor. It is on the line of the greatest travel, hence the more attractive staple goods usually line the main aisle, such as silks and dress

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goods. Blankets or underclothing, which are less ornamental than useful, would hardly be put here, nor would china or glass ware, because of the danger of breakage. Places on an upper floor would probably be assigned to these departments; nevertheless it sometimes happens that a holiday "special," or a sudden cut for bargain purposes may stretch fortifications of blankets along the front of the store, and send fancy glass and china to the centre aisle with a total breakage which would seem formidable to the lay mind. A cut-glass "bargain sale" last winter suffered nearly two hundred dollars in accidents in one day, but the head of the department only rubbed his hands and said that he could afford that much per diem indefinitely, if the crowds would but come as they had done. Again, the departments, from their nature, vary greatly in size. Carpets require large space for exhibition; drugs require no more than the shelf room to store them.

Certain departments, then, fall naturally into place; but there remain many others, the relative earning power of which must determine their distribution. This is a matter for the firm to decide in council with the executive officers and the heads of the more important departments, who are in almost all cases the buyers. Achievements are mainly considered here, those departments which have made a poor showing in the year past being cut down in space, or, sometimes, transferred to less desirable locations; while the man whose department has shown an increase over the previous year's business, in excess of the normal increase which is expected from all departments, may have almost anything, within reason, that he chooses to ask for. In case of a general rearrangement and reapportionment of space, which occurs when an establishment moves into a new building, this rivalry becomes intense.

As it is with the floor space, so it is with the opportunities given. If a department's space is enlarged its portion of

MAKING WHITE GOODS.

Sketched in a great store's work-room. The buying of white goods outright, and the development of manufacturing branches by the department stores, is a comparatively new feature, but of growing importance. One store has five factories outside the city where this work is carried on, and employs at times two hundred and fifty people.

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THE BUYER OF FOREIGN GOODS.

Just before his regular trips abroad the buyer examines the styles and quantities of stock on hand, ascertains their relative rapidity of sale, and the prices obtained.

the entire expenditure of the firm must be enlarged also to meet the greater requirements, and *vice versa*. There are other considerations, also, in which the heads of the departments find themselves involved in keen rivalry; the apportionment of salespeople, both as regards numbers and merit, the opportunities for display in the windows, and the proportion of advertising with which they can succeed in inspiring the advertising man on their respective behalfs. Once started on a successful career, any department, unless it depends upon a fad for its prosperity, proceeds with tremendous momentum. It is not hard to see why this should be.

Take, for example, the instance of the manager of a dress-goods department who hits upon a popular novelty. His department acquires a sudden reputation. Crowds flock there. His stock is sold out, replenished, again sold out, and the firm appreciates. Greater confidence and more capital for stock is meted out to that manager. Special advertisements are devised for him, or he suggests them himself, and the show windows teem with dress-goods. Soon his space is found to be too restricted, and a branch is added to his department with an extra staff of salespeople; other departments which have not been doing as well as they should being mulcted of their counters and clerks for the successful one. With this increase of means comes increase of opportunity. Having larger sums at command the manager can deal more advantageously with the manufacturers, and so he goes on, the envy of his rivals in rival stores. When a dozen departments make progress in this way their combined impetus gives to the general business a momentum which to the dealer in a single line of goods would seem little short of miraculous.

Undoubtedly the chief outward exponent of the policy of the store is the manager. His interests are bounded by the four walls, the roof, and the earth underneath. Every detail is, or should be, under his grasp, and in matters of discipline his authority is seldom over-ruled or his judgment questioned. He is practically the court of final appeal in all matters pertaining to the management and conduct of the store. Often upon the disposition of the manager depends a store's reputation among the store people. A man who has a reputation for harshness, quick temper, and unfairness will have difficulty in getting first-class men and women behind his counters. Supplementary to the duties of the manager are those of the superintendent, who generally has assistants under him. Unlike the manager he is seldom a member of the firm.

In general $5,000 is a good salary for a superintendent. This was paid for years to a woman who held that office in one of the largest of the New York department stores. On the other hand the salaries of assistant superintendents go very low in some cases, considering the responsibility of the position. A prosperous department store in upper New York pays to its assistant superintendent, a girl of twenty-two, less than $700 a year.

The buyer is the head of the department in so far as it is considered as a financial integer of the whole establishment. He selects its entire stock. His is the praise for success, or the blame for failure. With him rests the entire respon-

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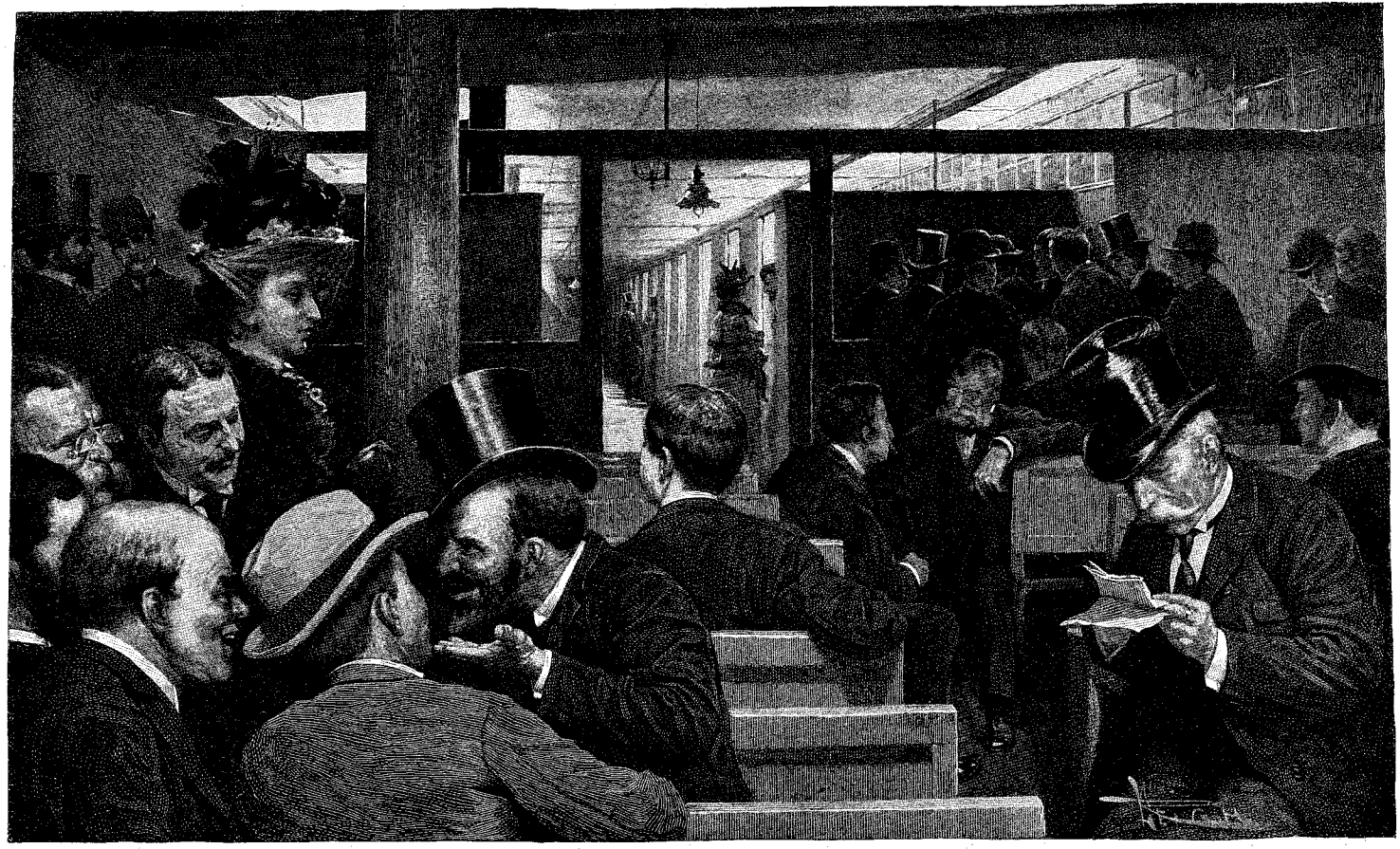

WAITING-ROOM CONNECTED WITH BUYER'S OFFICES.

Many buyers rarely go outside their own cities. Their various rooms open into these general waiting-rooms, where the representatives of factories, wholesale and commission houses await their turn to interview the buyers. Each one is called separately into the buyer's office to show his samples and quote prices. As many as one thousand are sometimes received in a day.

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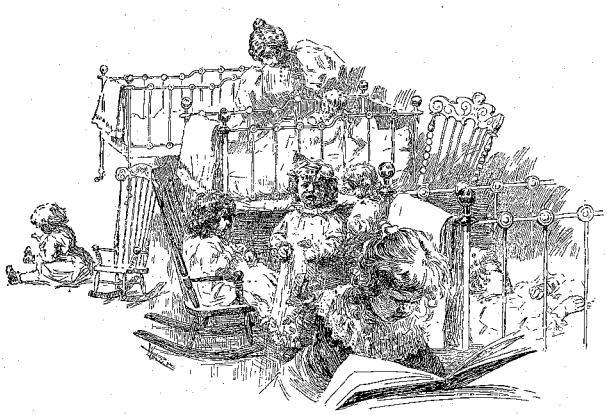
sibility, and within such bounds as the general policy of the store sets he is a law unto himself in his conduct of the department. Usually a limit to his expenditure is established, beyond which he may not go except by special permission of the firm. To understock is an error; to overstock a blunder. It is a buyer's maxim that throwing away outgrown stock is cheaper than keeping it on the shelves. The buyer must be a prophetic soul, to foresee what shades of silk will be most popular in the coming season, what make of cloaks, or what style in gowns. Once he has decided, every energy must be put forth toward forcing the style selected into fashion, and the influence thus brought to bear is often very potent.

Special room in the store is set apart for the buyer of each of the more important departments, where the agents for the manufacturing firms bring their samples for examination; and every morning these gentlemen can be found in large numbers in the ante-room waiting their turn to be received by his honor, the judge of their particular line of goods. They have an opportunity to see the world, too, these buyers; for many of them must make two trips a year to Europe, or, in these days of startling departures in the business, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. A single store will sometimes send a dozen buyers to Europe and others to Japan, India, and Africa, in pursuit of rugs, silks, mattings, and a thousand and one things. A merit equal to good buying is to arrange the scale of prices well. Every article in the department is sold at the figures the buyer decides upon. On the one hand he must make his price large enough to insure a good profit to his department; on the other, he must make it small enough so that the public may be sufficiently allured to clean up his stock for him; and as he steers his course between Scylla and Charybdis, the sails of his rivals loom up in the offing threatening to distance him in the race. One of the bitternesses of life to the hardworking buyer is to have the advertising man (who keeps track of all other stores as well as his own, and is a sort of general information bureau) tell him, after he has made his price on a particularly promising line of goods, that the rival establishment down the street has cut under him ten per cent. An inflexible rule in many houses is that goods of a standard quality must be sold at a price not higher than that of competitors, or be withdrawn from sale, and the latter course is not the usual solution.

In the working machinery of the store's daily existence, the buyer has no part. Even in his own department, for which he has supplied the stock, he has no direct authority. The floor-walker, sometimes called an "usher" (either name is equally inadequate as descriptive of his duties) gets from $15 to $40 a week, and he earns it fully. What the buyer is to the inner management of the store he is to the outer. To the public he is nothing more than a politely convenient living directory, who knows promptly that the ribbon sale is seven counters down to the left, and that carpet-sweepers may be found at the end of the middle aisle on the third floor. Such matters as these are the simplest of his duties. To keep his salespeople up to the standard in dress, deportment, and activity; to be polite to everybody, to stand as a buffer between the salespeople and the wrath of those who have



CHILDREN'S WAITING-ROOM.

The nursery where shoppers may leave their children in the care of nurses while engaged in making purchases.

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grievances against the store for goods missent, or other mistakes made; to see that the rules are obeyed; in short to be the arbiter of conduct and store etiquette; these are enough to guard him against ennui. Under a combination of a far-seeing, shrewd buyer, and a courteous, hard-working "aisle manager," as he prefers to be called, with a knack of managing people, any department will more than pay its share of the expenses of the establishment.

RECEPTION-ROOM

Where customers may rest and meet their friends. There are also writing-rooms and sick-rooms, where a physician's attendance is gratis.

Under the floor-walkers as captains, and the executive officers as generals, with the firm as commander-in-chief, the great army of salespeople goes through its daily drill. In first-class stores they receive from $6 to $15 a week; in low class, as little as $3. As yet the co-operative system, such as exists in some of the Paris shops, has not taken hold in this country; although occasionally as an incentive to "cleaning out" some particular stock, a percentage on sales from that counter is allowed. All the stores have rules of greater or less strictness to which their salespeople are held. The duties of the clerks are so well known as to require no description here. Anyone who has ever made a purchase at a department-store counter has had opportunity while waiting for change to observe the process of sale. The very largest of the stores employ in the holiday season 2,500 salespeople, whose duties are entirely at the counters, of whom 500 are "extra help." Lowest of all in the scale come the errand boys and cash girls, who, while gaining the experience which will fit them to go behind the counters when they grow older, are content to be at everybody's beck and call for a consideration of $1.50 up to $3 a week. It will not be long, by the way, before the cash boys and girls are done away with entirely, and to the benefit of all concerned. The mechanical "carriers" are much more convenient, and of course vastly cheaper than human

ORDER-ROOM.

The Grocery Department of one store has forty such tables as are shown here, with a clerk in attendance on each. All around are cupboards containing samples. In one store a ton of coffee is sold per day, and there is a sugar-bin containing fifteen tons, which is provided with an automatic weighing device, dealing out so many cents' or dollars' worth in a few seconds. On a busy day the department ships $8,000 worth of goods.

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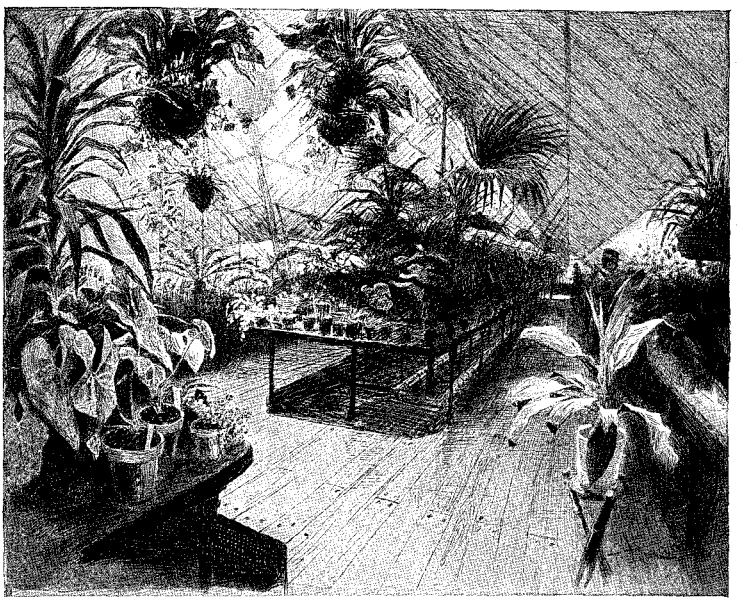
hands and feet. In the newest stores every department has its own cashier and wrapper. This is an expensive system for the store, but swift and convenient for the purchaser.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work necessary in the carrying on of one of these establishments may be gained from the fact that only one-third of the staff comes in contact with the public. At the top of the building, where the space is least valuable, are the stock rooms, where a busy corps, under command of the "head of stock," arranges the goods, unpacked in the receiving-room next door, in their places on the shelves, and transfers them upon order from the floor-walker, when he needs them to keep his department fully stocked. The work-rooms, where hundreds of girls mend, repair, and alter all day long, are usually tucked away here and there, where the customers may pass their doors without suspecting their existence. It is but due to the merchants as a class to say that the "sweat shop" does not exist in the big stores. As a rule the working rooms are light and well ventilated, the pay of the women is about the same as that of the saleswomen, and the rules of the department are far less strict than those which obtain behind the counters.

Not so in the cashier's department, the pool into which all the rivulets of coin in the place empty. In many stores this is a dark room in the basement, where the air is poor, the light artificial, and the noise like a boiler factory. As the pay is not exceptional and the work is extremely trying, the cause for the envy with which the average salesgirl regards her sisters in the cashier's department is a puzzle over which the writer declines to waste time. To add to the difficulties of the cashier's department is the necessity of absolute accuracy; and where actual money is handled in some days during the busy season amounting to $100,000, practically all of it in small and odd sums of money with much change-making, the chances of mistake and error are enormous. Each day's business is balanced, and the totals must agree with the cash tickets.

In obedience to the law of gravitation the delivery department is most often in the basement, and here a great corps of men is employed sending out purchases. This department is like an express-office, and it keeps in employment some four or five hundred men in the largest stores. It is the hardest worked part of the establishment, particularly in the holidays, when the men are on duty day and night, often for eighteen hours a day. For the two or three nights preceding Christmas many of them do not leave the store, having their meals served there and getting such cat-naps as they can in corners or improvised beds of bagging. To the



CONSERVATORY.

A few stores have lately added a department on the roof, with a stock of plants ranging in price from a few cents to $50 each.

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delivery department by elevator, in wheeled boxes, or in the baskets of the floor-boys, come all articles bought and not taken away by the purchasers. It is divided into local, freight, and express delivery, the mail-order department being separate. Each article having come to the delivery-room, and having been properly wrapped, marked, and entered on the books, if addressed for local delivery is thrown on a long table, manned by youths who carry implements like the rake of the croupier. Around these tables, which are smooth and slippery, are sets of bins, each bearing a number, corresponding to the number of the driver who collects from it. As soon as the address on a parcel is read the youth who gets it slides it over the table, calling out the number to which it goes, whence it is raked in by another youth who unerringly tosses it to its destination. It is as good as watching a game to see the parcels disposed of, so swift and accurate is the action of the practised corps. Outside and above, in the streets, stands a long row of delivery wagons, of which a number of firms own more than one hundred and twenty-five each, with twice that number of horses. In each wagon sits a "driver's boy." From his own bin the driver collects his goods and sends them up to his boy, who packs them in order for delivery.

Over the delivery department in every store presides a genius. How it happens that there are enough geniuses to go round is a mystery; but surely that is none too exalted a term for a man who keeps a whole city mapped out in his brain, and can tell you at once the nature of any locality you may name, whether it is built in brown stone or brick, the average of rents, and whether it is a residence, boarding-house, or apartment district. This employee in a New York store remembers and can immediately recall the address of several thousand credit customers. He keeps track of the growth of the city and the changes in character of various neighborhoods, a particularly difficult matter within the last three years, during which the character of many districts has changed radically. With the delivery of the goods at the house of the purchaser the store's duty ends, unless there is some mistake. Each article after it gets to the store is handled by six persons before it reaches the customer in the hands of the sales clerk, and by nine more before it is finally delivered at the house —fifteen in all. Some goods go through a longer course than this; as, for instance, articles which are to be altered to suit the customer; but every bit of stuff, whether it be a hundred-dollar piece of silk or a five-cent notion, must pass through the fifteen processes. The persons who handle goods are, in order, as follows:

The receiving-room man, who unpacks it.
The head of the stock, who disposes of it in the stock-room.
The buyer's assistant, who marks it with his price.
The transfer or stock-boy, who carries it down to the sales-room.
The head of counter, who receives it.
The head clerk, who places it on the shelf or counter where it belongs.
The salesman or saleswoman, who sells it.
The inspector, who examines it after the sale.
The collector, who takes it in his basket to the delivery-room.
The packer, who makes a neat bundle of it.
The addresser, who copies from the accompanying slip the name and address of the purchaser, writing it upon the wrapping-paper.
The assorter, who distributes the bundles into lots to go to the different parts of the city.
The youth of the long table mentioned above,

ANIMAL-ROOM.
The purpose of this novel department is to furnish household pets.

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who slides it with unerring dexterity into the proper bin.

The driver, who takes it from that bin.

The driver's boy, who helps the driver pack it in the wagon, and who finally completes the long list by handing it in at the door.

MEAT MARKET.

The drawing represents a space 250 feet long by 30 feet wide. A section sixteen feet wide and extending the whole length is occupied by refrigerators, kept at a temperature of about twenty degrees, which are enclosed in glass, thus exposing their contents to view. The meat is handled from the street to the refrigerators entirely by machinery. No one touches it. Fish is frequently brought alive in tanks. Thirty men are employed in this room, and the capacity is about five hundred sheep and lambs and about one hundred beeves. That amount of mutton has been sold in a single day, and one hundred cattle have been cut up in a week; five thousand turkeys are handled at Thanksgiving-time.

No other business that is conducted under one roof equals the department store in magnitude of detail. Take for instance the case of one of the giants of the species. It employs from 3,500 to 5,000 persons, according to the season. In a year it does nearly $10,000,000 of business. Its largest individual sale last year was an orchestrion for $4,500, and its smallest a patent clothes-pin for one cent. During the holiday rush there were several days when its gross receipts ran over $100,000. It has more than seventy departments. To heat it one hundred miles of steam-pipe are required, and the electric-light plant would adequately equip a small city. It represents a rental of nearly $300,000 a year, and at a conservative estimate the daily expenses of the store are $5,000. When it is considered that this enormous sum is made up from the profits in sales, for the most part in small parcels, one gets an inkling of the infinite care in details and the perfection of system which go to make such enterprises as largely profitable as they are. A man who has himself conducted one of these businesses recently made this statement:

"The profits of the department store are represented by the cash discounts on its bills."

That is, the big store, by virtue of its quick returns, is able to pay cash for purchases instead of buying on long time; and as it is well known that five per cent. is a high average discount we have an index as to yearly profits if this statement, which has been several times verified, is exact. So fine is the line that divides profit from loss. The store should turn over its whole stock five or six times a year, though some special stock may turn a dozen times. It is a water-wheel which is propelled by the stream of trade, and the drops which it throws off in its revolutions are the profits. And here it may be said that in the conduct of the business the unvarying rule is that for every expenditure of time, space, or money there must be a sufficient and calculable return. This principle pervades every department.

The finances of the department store are constantly in motion, a never-ending stream pouring in and out and in and out, and leaving at the end of the year a sediment of gold at the bottom. But in addition to this perpetually moving capital there is a stationary capital; for such the brains of men who do the firm's work must be considered. In order to keep the employees who are most useful to the store, men with ideas in their heads and originality in their ideas, the firm must offer opportunities for progress; for the men best worth having will not stay where there is no chance to rise. Death and retirement are constantly making breaches in the executive forces, and men must be found who can step into the places of those made vacant. This is why every firm makes the human element of the store a never-ending study. In the case of the buyers and executive offi-

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cials, and others in prominent positions, such a reckoning is not so difficult, since their work shows for itself. So exactly is the selling machinery of a store adjusted that there would seem to be little opportunity for the clerks to show special ability; but the ever-vigilant usher is constantly on the watch for evidence of work, and the salesman or saleswoman who does good work is seldom unappreciated.

It is along this line of selecting the best material for the work to be done that the great stores are successfully conducted. There is often an annual "taking of stock" of all the employees as well as of the goods; and that one who has by faithfulness and cleverness earned the good opinion of the floor-walker or superintendent, or perhaps of the buyer, who is likely to be wandering casually about his department seeing how things go, will experience a change of salary for the better at the end of the year. Many stores will not retain clerks who cannot prove themselves of increasing value. Others graduate their employees every year, reducing some while promoting others.

Honesty on the part of the employees, must of necessity be taken for granted to a great extent; nevertheless there is in every store a complete system of checks on dishonesty that runs from top to bottom, the buyer alone being beyond its reach. For his actions he is responsible to the firm alone, nor is there any way in which they can tell beyond some easily taken precautions whether he is buying for their advantage or his own. Some years ago the head of a department in a Boston store bought, so the story goes, $40,000 worth of furniture from a certain manufacturer, where he should have purchased not more than $7,000. Of course he was instantly discharged. Moreover the store strove to repudiate the debt, but the courts decided against it. It was impossible to prove that the buyer was bribed. Another instance is said to have occurred in New York where a buyer, being sure of his impending discharge, bought 250,000 red plush albums all of one pattern, most of which were subsequently given away as souvenirs, because they could be disposed of in no other manner.

Some houses require all buyers to send to the firm each day a duplicate of any order given—as a rule, too, figured out in dollars and cents—and each order is passed upon by a high authority before it is confirmed; thus the purchases are kept account of as close as the sales. This, of course, does not refer to purchases made by the buyers when travelling, but to purchases made in the offices of the buyers themselves, where the great bulk of buying is done. A large Brooklyn store sends a notice to all houses from whom it buys, that the firm will not be responsible for any order given for future delivery of which a copy is not sent for verification. While this may seem to cast suspicion upon the buyers it makes such dishonest purchases as above described impossible.

In general, two kinds of peculations must be guarded against—thefts of cash and thefts of goods. To illustrate how the barriers to dishonesty are set it may be said that the sales- or cash-tickets will identify all of the fifteen or more employees described above who handle every article sold. At the conclusion of the transaction, the purchaser has one check giving all the details of the sale in concise form, and the firm has the other, and the books and cash fill out the complete record. For every parcel that goes to the delivery-room or is taken away by the customer, there must be a corresponding amount of cash, or a check indicating either credit or that the goods are to be sent C. O. D.

All records are kept, in case of complaint. Under the system of delivery the percentage of error is about one-hundredth of one per cent. It is no uncommon thing for the firm using this system to deliver nearly, if not quite, 20,000 packages in one day, and receive not a single complaint of failure to deliver.

Credit checks are in some stores sent through a special line of tubing to an office separate from the cash desk; in others, to the cash desk and thence to the credit office, where they are marked O. K. if credit is to be allowed, or with a small private mark if not. The authorization clerk, upon whom rests the responsibility of this marking, can, after a few years' experience, tell at a glance in most

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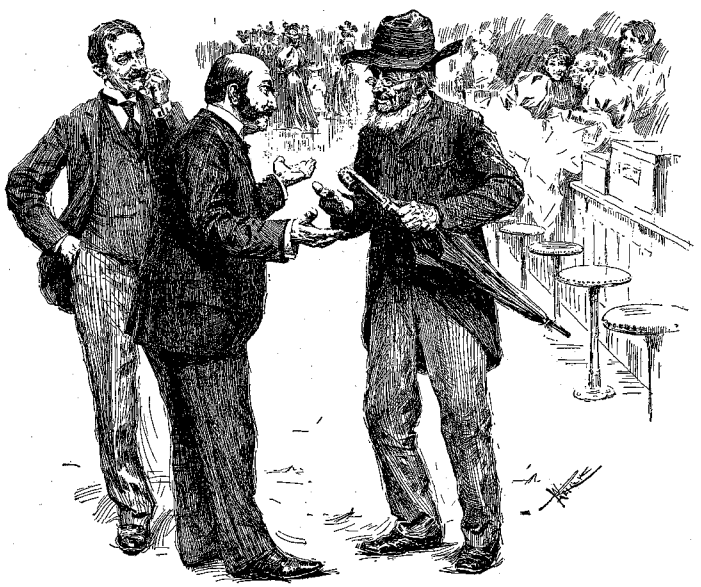
cases, whether the name and address given on any slip is that of a regular credit customer in good standing. Considering that the number of credit customers varies from 10,000 to 60,000 in different stores, this is something of a feat.

These credit customers may be a source of enormous loss to the store. To look after them is the business of the credit, or authorization department, consisting of the credit-man, a number of underlings who do a species of detective work, and the authorization clerk, whose work is merely a sort of book-keeping. The credit-man can more quickly ruin a store than any other employee. As a financial authority he is unequalled. Every large customer of the house is known to him by name, reputation, and pecuniary status. He knows the customer's habits, and very likely the number of servants he keeps. If there is any rumor of decline in the customer's business, the credit man quickly finds out if his bills are promptly paid. It is a grave matter to withdraw credit, however, meaning as it does the loss of a person's trade, so that the credit man is slow to do it. The New York credit men have a club, of which the members meet weekly to exchange views and information on business matters; for rivalry between the big stores is almost invariably friendly, and they exchange courtesies continually in such matters as information derived regarding the responsibility of prospective credit customers. Each large city has its Retail Protective Association, and the well-managed store, on learning that a customer has become "bad pay," will notify the association, with the result of shutting off his credit at other stores. In this way the "bad pay" buyer is prevented from going to some neighboring establishment, the result being that he will probably continue to buy at the first store and pay cash.

Dishonesty of a professional character is the kind least to be feared by the merchants. Still, it is reckoned on as an element in profit and loss, one store calculating its losses by shoplifting at $15,000 a year. To keep this crime within limits the store detective is employed. The keen-eyed, mysterious sleuth of fiction with his disguises and stratagems, couldn't get a place at any price in a department store. The best store detective is the man or woman who looks the least like one. His or her business is to wander around inconspicuously and look uninterested. When one of them appears most moribund it is probable that he has just discovered some woman dropping a lace handkerchief unto her unrolled parasol in an informal manner. When he does make an arrest it is done very quietly; and the shoplifter, if she be a woman, as nearly all shoplifters are, is escorted to a cabinet where a woman searcher goes through her clothes, often extracting more things than Mr. Hermann gets from a silk hat. Professional shop thieves are provided with what is techni-



A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER

brought as a last resort to interview the superintendent.

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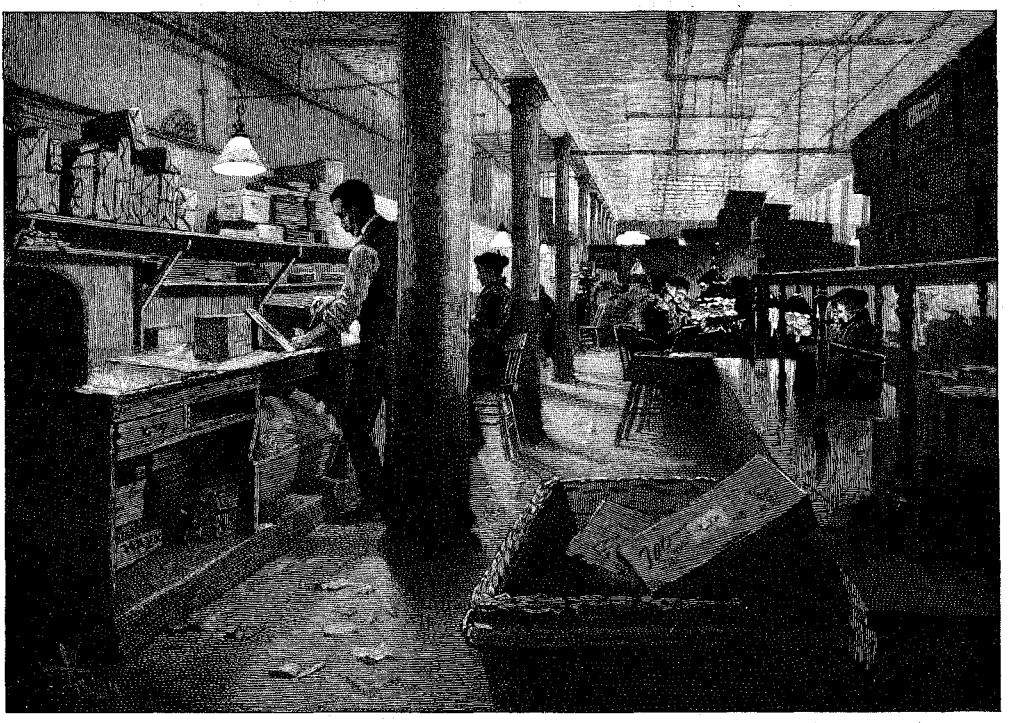

DELIVERY-ROOM.

In and about this room five hundred people are employed in busy times, who handle as many as twenty-five thousand packages in a day. In the delivery-room the goods are wrapped and directed in one section, from which they are passed on to the delivering clerks. (See drawing, page 24.)

cally known as a "kick," a long pocket of amazing capacity, extending the length of the skirt. Some of their other wiles are the half-open umbrella, the loose blouse waist, and the infant in arms, who is made an innocent receiver of stolen goods thrust under its long skirts. More dreaded by the detective than the professionals, all of whom he knows, is the kleptomaniac. She will steal anything, and in many cases it is inadvisable to prosecute her, for business reasons. If there is any reason to suppose a woman respectable who is caught stealing, she is never prosecuted for the first offence, but is compelled to write out a confession which is held over her as a warning. At least five New York stores hold such confessions from a woman reputed to be very wealthy. A Chicago store offers a scale of rewards to employees discovering shoplifters, and this scheme has had excellent results.

To the merchant whose tremendous store machinery is running without friction and turning out what profits it should, there still remains one great vital problem: what new thing he shall attempt. Progress, he knows, is necessary to his success. The methods which were successful ten years ago are antiquated now, just as the most progressive methods of to-day will be outgrown early in the coming century. He knows, too, the disastrous consequences of a false step. To be conservative, yet bold; to branch out in some startling innovation which shall yet be a safe venture, and shall not impair the firm's reputation for soundness; these are his hopes for the future. New styles of business have in the past established firmly the stores which first brought them out. A purpose always in the minds of the proprietors is to introduce some new feature which will add to the attractiveness of the store; if original and to be found nowhere else, so much the better. One Brooklyn store has sent to its thousands of credit customers a little silver tag containing the number of the shopper's account. Upon this being shown and the name given to prove that the

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proper person is using it, she may carry away such purchases as she may desire, or have checks cashed. Clerks are trained to know their customer's name and desires, and a thousand and one little attentions are shown to make the purchasers feel at home. One important feature that the stores practically first introduced is that of allowing goods to be returned which are not wanted by the purchasers, even if no fault can be found with them.

The mail-order system, which sprung at once into popularity, gave an enormous impetus to the business of the firm that first tried it. Every other firm copied it, but the pioneers had covered a large field before their imitators followed. The department stores prophesied and probably accelerated the scorching into popular favor of the bicycle, and to-day, almost without exception, the big establishments have a wheel department, while not a few conduct bicycling academies. The progressive store—and all must be progressive—responds instantly to the latest fad; no new thing comes into the market but it is quickly pushed into notice, and indeed many ideas are first put forward in one of the many departments. One original enterprise, which has had a gratifying success to those engaged in it, is a combination of some of the stores in the smaller cities, whereby they exchange goods, and in that way rectify to an extent errors of stock. For instance, that a certain line of novelties would not sell in Rochester is no argument that Denver would not buy it, so the Rochester merchant with an overstock in his hands, sends it to his Denver fellow-merchant and he sells it out for him. In return the Rochester man undertakes a line of silks which the Colorado merchant couldn't dispose of at all, and conducts a highly successful bargain sale therewith. A dozen cities are now represented in this combination. A feature of this combination is syndicate buying. A single experienced buyer purchases goods for a string of a dozen stores in different cities, thus they are all able to get goods at a rate which only the largest consumer could secure, and each bears its proportion of the expense of the buyer's salary and his assistants.

Aside from departures in policy and innovations on a large scale the originality of the department store is largely supplied by two departments to some extent correlated. These are the advertising department and the window-dressing department. One is the literature of the great store; the other its art. The shop-windows are a great stimulus for the department whose goods are displayed in them. A good showing will often wonderfully increase the sale of the stock as well as attract customers to the store who are new to it. Frequently the head advertising man is the general manager of the store. Whether this is the case or not, he is a general supervisor of the establishment, with a complete knowledge of its ever-changing detail. Every day he holds consultations with heads of departments to find out what particular lines of articles they want "boomed," and about those articles he writes alluring statements for the shopping public to read, sometimes arranging for illustrations with them. The amount of money spent for advertising is appalling when looked upon as an expense. One great store in Philadelphia spends

POST-OFFICE SUB-STATION,
established in department stores for the convenience of the public.

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THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

In one of the large New York houses ten thousand feet of floor space are devoted to this, and as many as one hundred and twenty-five clerks are employed during the busy season.

on an average $1,000 every day in the year, and a good many spend $500 a day. The advertising receives probably more of the personal attention of the head of the house than any other department. The head of the firm which expends the great sum just mentioned personally suggests and frequently writes the leading lines in the daily announcement. The proprietor of a great store in Brooklyn does this invariably, and thinks the time well spent which the work daily requires. The mail department tends to enlarge this expenditure, as the store reaches out to the utmost parts of the country, and the future will no doubt see an even greater development in the effort to secure mail customers in the small towns and in country places.

Advertisement writing has, within the last few years, become a fine art. The writer must be thoroughly up to date in his ideas, and the latest methods require that he furnish something new every day. Genuine wit and humor are found over the "adv." mark in the papers. It is pretty safe to say that every good advertising man earns his salary, and the best man in the country at this work is said to receive $15,000 a year.

There is little question but that the great department store is a benefit to the buying public, because of the low prices which prevail in it, because of its convenience and, as a rule, honest dealing, and because it concentrates many lines of stock within a small space. On the other hand, it is a question if it is not in its tendency a menace to some of our commercial institutions. It has already made marked inroads on several lines of retail selling without bestowing any corresponding benefit. Especially is this true of goods which have been handled by salespeople with special education and training, and where there existed in the business a pride beyond that of mere trading which gave it distinction. Perhaps the best instance of this is to be found in the store book department, the stock of which is, with the exception of possibly a few establishments, composed of only the newest or, perhaps, the least worthy of books, or volumes in inferior editions.

The salespeople are often illiterate and untrained, and the whole tone of the place is the antithesis of what the book-lover looks for in such a place. Yet the supplying of the most salable books at the very lowest prices drives the small bookseller, who carries a large stock and employs competent assistance, out of the business, and threatens the extinction of shops which have served a valuable purpose. Much the same may be said in

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disparagement of the store "picture department," the stock displayed, and the taste appealed to, is even inferior, by comparison, to the book department. It may be only a question of time when each part of the great stores will be as perfect as the best shops devoted to single kinds of goods; but it is certainly true now that with the exception of some of the oldest and largest departments it is the aggregation of stock and prices which attract the customers, and not the quality and selection of goods displayed.

From time to time the practices and methods of one or another of the great stores have been made the subject of legislative inquiry; but invariably with unimportant results. And now a powerful organization has been formed in New York by some thirty or forty of the big stores for mutual support and protection. Representing, as it does, more than fifty millions of capital, it is a formidable combination; and, while its object is not definitely so stated, there is no doubt but that it will oppose with all its strength any legislation looking toward an interference with the business.

Public opinion has been brought to bear upon the management of the department store. The Consumers' League of New York has been organized, with the object of compelling the stores to treat their employees equitably. It fights for light, airy rooms, seats for the salespeople, reform in the system of fines, vacations with pay, and recompense for overtime. Such stores as live up to the principles set down by the Leaguers are put on the "White List." The members of the League do their shopping in the listed

SECOND STAGE OF THE DELIVERY SYSTEM.

After coming from the delivery room (see picture, page 21) the goods are passed here to the distributing clerks who apportion them according to their destination.

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stores. This League has set forth what it calls a "Standard of a Fair House," as follows :

WAGES

A Fair House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value irrespective of sex. In the departments where women only are employed in which the minimum wages are $6 per week for experienced adult workers, and fall in few instances below $8.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which fines, if imposed, are paid into a fund for the benefit of the employees.

In which the minimum wages of cash girls are $2 per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments and fines.

HOURS

A Fair House is one in which the hours from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. (with three-quarters of an hour for lunch) constitute the working day, and a general half holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

In which a vacation of not less than one week with pay during the summer season is given.

In which all overtime is compensated for.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS

A Fair House is one in which work, lunch, and retiring rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present Sanitary Laws.

In which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed and the use of seats permitted.

OTHER CONDITIONS

A Fair House is one in which humane and considerate behavior is the rule.

In which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

In a great store in Philadelphia every employee who has been there for more than six months gets a vacation with full pay. For ten evenings only out of the year is the store open. A careful record of this extra work is kept, and when the slack season comes the employees get

THIRD STAGE OF THE DELIVERY SYSTEM.

Drivers making up the loads arranged for them by the distributing clerks.

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A STORE BOILER-ROOM.

This contains ten boilers each 6½ feet in diameter and 18 feet long, running eight steam engines of 8,500 horse power. These engines turn nine dynamos generating electricity to light 8,500 incandescent and 800 arc lights, twenty-one elevators, besides machinery circulating 50,000 gallons of water per hour from artesian wells, and providing heat for an immense building.

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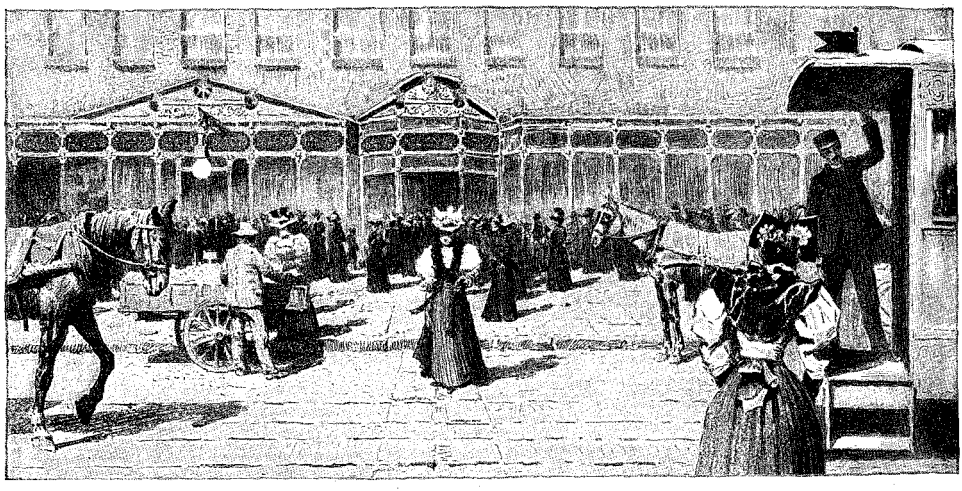
hour for hour in time off. More than this, a certain percentage on sales made during these evenings is given to the employees. The system of fines is not harsh, and the money so obtained goes into the coffers of the employees' organization, and not to the firm. In this respect all but the best New York stores are far behind those of the other large Eastern cities, and most of them consider that by furnishing dinners free to the employees during the season when they keep open at night they are fulfilling all requirements. Many of them do not even furnish these meals. Some few New York concerns allow hour for hour for extra work, but do not pay for it in money. Almost the only fair position is that of the places which require no evening work at any time. Vacations are almost unknown in the low-class stores, but enforced absence without pay is part of the financial policy. It saves money, and moreover, the employees do better work for taking some sort of holiday, no matter how ill they can afford it.

A most hopeful sign for the future, however, is the growing acceptation of the maxim that good treatment of employees is sound business policy. Years ago one of the leading employers set out to establish a feeling of loyalty to the establishment by fostering *esprit de corps* among his employees; other stores have followed his example in the matter of encouraging social and beneficial societies, and there is scarcely one of the big stores but has its yearly entertainments. In the store just mentioned the salaries are paid to the officers of the store societies from the fines collected from employees. There are classes in French, German, Spanish, and Italian, besides simpler branches of instruction. Other stores have manifested sudden attacks of philanthropy, such as trips to Europe for the salespeople, and lavish gifts at Christmas-time; but the shop people appreciate most fair treatment and fair wages. This is what pays in the end. In New York, at least, reform in internal methods is more likely to come from an appreciation of the advantages to be derived than from legislation or external pressure.

Whether for good or evil the department store has come to stay. The system which it represents extends throughout the country. Every city in the United States with a population of 100,000 or more has at least one of these stores. New York has fifty, Chicago a score, Philadelphia and Boston nearly as many, and Brooklyn a dozen or more. Time was when there seemed to be a prospect that the rivalry between these giants would involve them all in ruin. But they only increased in power and scope. That rivalry is largely a thing of the past. The fight is between the department store dealing in all lines of goods and the specific store dealing in but one. This century's end is witnessing the crisis of the battle: a battle on the one side for conquest, on the other for existence. The twentieth century will determine the issue.



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"Now, you can go." (See page 46.)

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

"IT is so good of you to come early," said Mrs. Porter, as Alice Langham entered the drawing-room. "I want to ask a favor of you. I'm sure you won't mind. I would ask one of the *débutantes*, except that they're always so cross if one puts them next to men they don't know and who can't help them, and so I thought I'd just ask you, you're so good-natured. You don't mind, do you?"

"I mind being called good-natured," said Miss Langham, smiling. "Mind what, Mrs. Porter?" she asked.

"He is a friend of George's," Mrs. Porter explained, vaguely. "He's a cowboy. It seems he was very civil to George when he was out there shooting in New Mexico, or Old Mexico, I don't remember which. He took George to his hut and gave him things to shoot, and all that, and now he is in New York with a letter of introduction. It's just like George. He may be a most impossible sort of man, but as I said to Mr. Porter, the people I've asked can't complain, because I don't know anything more about him than they do. He called to-day when I was out and left his card and George's letter of introduction, and as a man had failed me for to-night, I just thought I would kill two birds with one stone, and ask him to fill his place, and he's here. And, oh, yes," Mrs. Porter added, "I'm going to put him next to you, do you mind?"

"Unless he wears leather leggings and long spurs I shall mind very much," said Miss Langham.

"Well, that's very nice of you," purred Mrs. Porter, as she moved away. "He may not be so bad, after all; and I'll put Reginald King on your other side, shall I?" she asked, pausing and glancing back.

The look on Miss Langham's face, which had been one of amusement, changed consciously and she smiled with polite acquiescence.

"As you please, Mrs. Porter," she answered. She raised her eyebrows slightly. "I am, as the politicians say, 'in the hands of my friends.'"

"Entirely too much in the hands of my friends," she repeated, as she turned away. This was the twelfth time during that same winter that she and Mr. King had been placed next to one another at dinner, and it had passed beyond the point when she could say that it did not matter what people thought as long as she and he understood. It had now reached that stage when she was not quite sure that she understood either him or herself. They had known each other for a very long time; too long, she sometimes thought, for them ever to grow to know each other any better. But there was always the chance that he had another side, one that had not disclosed itself and which she could not discover in the strict social environment in which they both lived. And she was the surer of this because she had once seen him when he did not know that she was near, and he had been so different that it had puzzled her and made her wonder if she knew the real Reggie King at all.

It was at a dance at a studio, and some French pantomimists gave a little play. When it was over King sat in the corner talking to one of the Frenchwomen, and while he waited on her he was laughing at her and at her efforts to speak English. He was telling her how to say certain phrases and not telling her correctly, and she suspected this and was accusing him of it, and they were rhapsodizing and exclaiming over certain delightful places and dishes of which they both knew in Paris, with the enthusiasm of two children. Miss Langham saw him off his guard for the first time, and instead of a

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somewhat bored and clever man of the world, he appeared as sincere and interested as a boy. When he joined her, later, the same evening, he was as entertaining as usual, and as polite and attentive as he had been to the Frenchwoman, but he was not greatly interested, and his laugh was modulated and not spontaneous. She had wondered that night, and frequently since then, if, in the event of his asking her to marry him, which was possible, and of her accepting him, which was also possible, whether she would find him, in the closer knowledge of married life, as keen and lighthearted with her as he had been with the French dancer. If he would but treat her more like a comrade and equal, and less like a prime minister conferring with his queen! She wanted something more intimate than the deference that he showed her, and she did not like his taking it as an accepted fact that she was as worldly wise as himself, even though it were true.

She was a woman and wanted to be loved, in spite of the fact that she had been loved by many men—at least it was so supposed—and to have rejected them.

Each had offered her position, or had wanted her because she was fitted to match his own great state, or because he was ambitious, or because she was rich. The man who could love her as she once believed men could love, and who could give her something else besides approval of her beauty and her mind, had not disclosed himself. She had begun to think that he never would, that he did not exist, that he was an imagination of the play-house and the novel. The men whom she knew were careful to show her that they appreciated how distinguished was her position, and how inaccessible she was to them. They seemed to think that by so humbling themselves, and by emphasizing her position they pleased her best, when it was what she wanted them to forget. Each of them would draw away backward, bowing and protesting that he was unworthy to raise his eyes to such a prize, but that if she would only stoop to him, how happy his life would be. Sometimes they meant it sincerely; sometimes they were gentlemanly adventurers of title, from whom it was a business proposition, and in either case she turned restlessly away and asked herself how long it would be before the man would come who would pick her up on his saddle and gallop off with her, with his arm around her waist and his horse's hoofs clattering beneath them, and echoing the tumult in their hearts.

She had known too many great people in the world to feel impressed with her own position at home in America; but she sometimes compared herself to the Queen in "In a Balcony," and repeated to herself, with mock seriousness:

> And you the marble statue all the time
> They praise and point at as preferred to life,
> Yet leave for the first breathing woman's cheek,
> First dancer's, gypsy's, or street balladine's!

And if it were true, she asked herself, that the man she had imagined was only an ideal and an illusion, was not King the best of the others, the unideal and ever-present others? Every one else seemed to think so. The society they knew put them constantly together and approved. Her people approved. Her own mind approved, and as her heart was not apparently ever to be considered, who could say that it did not approve as well? He was certainly a very charming fellow, a manly, clever companion, and one who bore about him the evidences of distinction and thorough breeding. As far as family went the Kings were as old as a young country could expect, and Reggie King was, moreover, in spite of his wealth, a man of action and ability. His yacht journeyed from continent to continent, and not merely up the Sound to Newport, and he was as well known and welcome to the consuls along the coasts of Africa and South America as he was at Cowes or Nice. His books of voyages were recognized by geographical societies and other serious bodies, who had given him permission to put long disarrangements of the alphabet after his name. She liked him because she had grown to be at home with him, because it was good to know that there was some one who would not misunderstand her, and who, should she so indulge herself, would not take advantage of any appeal she might make to his sympathy, who would always be sure to do the tactful thing and the courteous thing,

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and who, while he might never do a great thing, could not do an unkind one.

Miss Langham had entered the Porters' drawing-room after the greater number of the guests had arrived, and she turned from her hostess to listen to an old gentleman with a passion for golf, a passion in which he had for a long time been endeavoring to interest her. She answered him and his enthusiasm in kind, and with as much apparent interest as she would have shown in a matter of state. It was her principle to be all things to all men, whether they were great artists, great diplomats, or great bores. If a man had been pleading with her to leave the conservatory and run away with him, and another had come up innocently and announced that it was his dance, she would have said: "Oh, is it?" with as much apparent delight as though his coming had been the one bright hope in her life.

She was growing enthusiastic over the delights of golf and unconsciously making a very beautiful picture of herself in her interest and forced vivacity, when she became conscious for the first time of a strange young man who was standing alone before the fireplace looking at her, and frankly listening to all the nonsense she was talking. She guessed that he had been listening for some time, and she also saw, before he turned his eyes quickly away, that he was distinctly amused. Miss Langham stopped gesticulating and lowered her voice, but continued to keep her eyes on the face of the stranger whose own eyes were wandering around the room, to give her, so she guessed, the idea that he had not been listening but that she had caught him at it in the moment he had first looked at her. He was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with a handsome face, tanned and dyed, either by the sun or by exposure to the wind, to a deep ruddy brown, which contrasted strangely with his yellow hair and mustache, and with the pallor of the other faces about him. He was a stranger apparently to every one present, and his bearing suggested, in consequence, that ease of manner which comes to a person who is not only sure of himself, but who has no knowledge of the claims and pretentions to social distinction of those about him. His most attractive feature were his eyes, which seemed to observe all that was going on, not only what was on the surface, but beneath the surface, and that not rudely or covertly but with the frank, quick look of the trained observer. Miss Langham found it an interesting face to watch, and she did not look away from it. She was acquainted with everyone else in the room, and hence she knew this must be the cowboy of whom Mrs. Porter had spoken, and she wondered how anyone who had lived the rough life of the West could still retain the look when in formal clothes of one who was in the habit of doing informal things in them.

Mrs. Porter presented her cowboy simply as "Mr. Clay, of whom I spoke to you," with a significant raising of the eyebrows, and the cowboy made way for King, who took Miss Langham in. He looked frankly pleased, however, when he found himself next to her again, but did not take advantage of it throughout the first part of the dinner, during which time he talked to the young married woman on his right, and Miss Langham and King continued where they had left off at their last meeting. They knew each other well enough to joke of the way in which they were thrown into each other's society, and, as she said, they tried to make the best of it. But while she spoke Miss Langham was continually conscious of the presence of her neighbor, who piqued her interest and her curiosity in different ways. He seemed to be at his ease, and yet from the manner in which he glanced up and down the table and listened to snatches of talk on either side of him he had the appearance of one to whom it was all new, and who was seeing it for the first time.

There was a jolly group at one end of the long table, and they wished to emphasize the fact by laughing a little more hysterically at their remarks than the humor of those witticisms seemed to justify. A daughter-in-law of Mrs. Porter was their leader in this, and at one point she stopped in the middle of a story and waving her hand at the double row of faces turned in her direction, which had been attracted by the loudness of her voice, cried, gayly, "Don't listen. This is for private circulation. It is not a *jeune-fille* story." The

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débutantes at the table continued talking again in steady, even tones, as though they had not heard the remark or the first of the story, and the men next to them appeared equally unconscious. But the cowboy, Miss Langham noted out of the corner of her eye, after a look of polite surprise, beamed with amusement and continued to stare up and down the table as though he had discovered a new trait in a peculiar and interesting animal. For some reason, she could not tell why, she felt annoyed with herself and with her friends, and resented the attitude which the newcomer assumed toward them.

"Mrs. Porter tells me that you know her son George?" she said. He did not answer her at once, but bowed his head in assent, with a look of interrogation, as though, so it seemed to her, he had expected her, when she did speak, to say something less conventional.

"Yes," he replied, after a pause, "he joined us at Ayntla. It was the terminus of the Jalisco and Mexican Railroad then. He came out over the road and went in from there with an outfit after mountain lions. I believe he had very good sport."

"That is a very wonderful road, I am told," said King, bending forward and introducing himself into the conversation with a nod of the head toward Clay; "quite a remarkable feat of engineering?"

"It will open up the country, I believe," assented the other, indifferently.

"I know something of it," continued King, "because I met the men who were putting it through at Pariqua, when we touched there in the yacht. They shipped most of their plant to that port, and we saw a good deal of them. They were a very jolly lot, and they gave me a most interesting account of their work and its difficulties."

Clay was looking at the other closely, as though he was trying to find something back of what he was saying, but as his glance seemed only to embarrass King he smiled freely again in assent, and gave him his full attention.

"There are no men to-day, Miss Langham," King exclaimed, suddenly, turning toward her, "to my mind, who lead as picturesque lives as do civil engineers. And there are no men whose work is as little appreciated."

"Really?" said Miss Langham, encouragingly.

"Now those men I met," continued King, settling himself with his side to the table, "were all young fellows of thirty or thereabouts, but they were leading the lives of pioneers and martyrs—at least that's what I'd call it. They were marching through an almost unknown part of Mexico, fighting Nature at every step and carrying civilization with them. They were doing better work than soldiers, because soldiers destroy things, and these chaps were creating and making the way straight. They had no banners either, nor brass bands. They fought mountains and rivers, and they were attacked on every side by fever and the lack of food and severe exposure. They had to sit down around a camp-fire at night and calculate whether they were to tunnel a mountain, or turn the bed of a river or bridge it. And they knew all the time that whatever they decided to do out there in the wilderness meant thousands of dollars to the stockholders somewhere up in God's country, who would some day hold them to account for them. They dragged their chains through miles and miles of jungle, and over flat alkali beds and cactus, and they reared bridges across roaring cañons. We know nothing about them and we care less. When their work is done we ride over the road in an observation-car and look down thousands and thousands of feet into the depths they have bridged, and we never give them a thought. They are the bravest soldiers of the present day, and they are the least recognized. I have forgotten their names, and you never heard them. But it seems to me the civil engineer, for all that, is the chief civilizer of our century."

Miss Langham was looking ahead of her with her eyes half-closed, as though she were going over in her mind the situation King had described.

"I never thought of that," she said. "It sounds very fine. As you say, the reward is so inglorious. But that is what makes it fine."

The cowboy was looking down at the table and pulling at a flower in the centre-

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piece. He had ceased to smile. Miss Langham turned on him somewhat sharply, resenting his silence, and said, with a slight challenge in her voice :

"Do you agree, Mr. Clay," she asked, "or do you prefer the chocolate-cream soldiers, in red coats and gold lace?"

"Oh, I don't know," the young man answered, with some slight hesitation. "It's a trade for each of them. The engineer's work is all the more absorbing, I imagine, when the difficulties are greatest. He has the fun of overcoming them."

"You see nothing in it then," she asked, "but a source of amusement?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal more," he replied. "A livelihood, for one thing. I —I have been an engineer all my life. I built that road Mr. King is talking about."

An hour later, when Mrs. Porter made the move to go, Miss Langham rose with a protesting sigh. "I am so sorry," she said, "it has been most interesting. I never met two men who had visited so many inaccessible places and come out whole. You have quite inspired Mr. King, he was never so amusing. But I should like to hear the end of that adventure ; won't you tell it to me in the other room?"

Clay bowed. "If I haven't thought of something more interesting in the meantime," he said.

"What I can't understand," said King, as he moved up into Miss Langham's place, "is how you had time to learn so much of the rest of the world. You don't act like a man who had spent his life in the brush."

"How do you mean," asked Clay, smiling; "that I don't use the wrong forks?"

"No," laughed King, "but you told us that this was your first visit East, and yet you're talking about England and Vienna and Voisin's. How is it you've been there, while you have never been in New York?"

"Well, that's partly due to accident and partly to design," Clay answered. "You see I've worked for English and German and French companies, as well as for those in the States, and I go abroad to make reports and to receive instructions. And then I'm what you call a self-made man ; that is, I've never been to college. I've always had to educate myself, and whenever I did get a holiday it seemed to me that I ought to put it to the best advantage, and to spend it where civilization was the furthest advanced ; advanced, at least, in years. When I settle down and become an expert, and demand large sums for just looking at the work other fellows have done, then I hope to live in New York, but until then I go where the art galleries are biggest and where they have got the science of enjoying themselves down to the very finest point. I have enough rough work eight months of the year to make me appreciate that. So whenever I get a few months to myself I take the Royal Mail to London, and from there to Paris or Vienna. I think I like Vienna the best. The directors are generally important people in their own cities, and they ask one about, and so, though I hope I am a good American, it happens that I've more friends on the Continent than in the United States."

"And how does this strike you?" asked King, with a movement of his shoulder toward the men about the dismantled table.

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Clay. "You've lived abroad yourself ; how does it strike you?"

Clay was the first man to enter the drawing-room. He walked directly away from the others, and over to Miss Langham, and, taking her fan out of her hands as though to assure himself of some hold upon her, seated himself with his back to everyone else.

"You have come to finish that story?" she said, smiling.

Miss Langham was a careful young person, and would not have encouraged a man she knew even as well as she knew King, to talk to her through dinner, and after it as well. She fully recognized that because she was conspicuous certain innocent pleasures were denied her which other girls could enjoy without attracting attention or comment. But Clay interested her beyond her usual self, and the look in his eyes was a tribute which she had no wish to put away from her.

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"I've thought of something more interesting to talk about," said Clay. "I'm going to talk about you. You see I've known you a long time."

"Since eight o'clock?" asked Miss Langham.

"Oh, no, since your coming out, four years ago."

"It's not polite to remember so far back," she said. "Were you one of those who assisted at that important function? There were so many there I don't remember."

"No, I only read about it. I remember it very well; I had ridden over twelve miles for the mail that day, and I stopped half-way back to the ranch and camped out in the shade of a rock and read all the papers and magazines through at one sitting, until the sun went down and I couldn't see the print. One of the papers had an account of your coming out in it, and a picture of you, and I wrote East to the photographer for the original. It knocked about the West for three months and then reached me at Laredo, on the border between Texas and Mexico, and I have had it with me ever since."

Miss Langham looked at Clay for a moment in silent dismay and with a perplexed smile.

"Where is it now?" she asked at last.

"In my trunk at the hotel."

"Oh," she said, slowly. She was still in doubt as how to treat this act of unconventionality. "Not in your watch?" she said, to cover up the pause. "That would have been more in keeping with the rest of the story."

The young man smiled grimly, and pulling out his watch pried back the lid and turned it to her so that she could see a photograph inside. The face in the watch was that of a young girl in the dress of a fashion of several years ago. It was a lovely frank face, looking out of the picture into the world kindly and questioningly, and without fear.

"Was I once like that?" she said, lightly. "Well, go on."

"Well," he said, with a little sigh of relief, "I became greatly interested in Miss Alice Langham, and in her comings out and goings in, and in her gowns. Thanks to our having a press in the States that makes a specialty of personalities, I was able to follow you pretty closely, for, wherever I go, I have my papers sent after me. I can get along without a compass or a medicine-chest, but I can't do without the newspapers and the magazines. There was a time when I thought you were going to marry that Austrian chap, and I didn't approve of that. I knew things about him in Vienna. And then I read of your engagement to others—well—several others; some of them I thought worthy, and others not. Once I even thought of writing you about it, and once I saw you in Paris. You were passing on a coach. The man with me told me it was you, and I wanted to follow the coach in a fiacre, but he said he knew at what hotel you were stopping, and so I let you go, but you were not at that hotel, or at any other—at least, I couldn't find you."

"What would you have done—?" asked Miss Langham. "Never mind," she interrupted. "Go on."

"Well, that's all," said Clay, smiling. "That's all, at least, that concerns you. That is the romance of this poor young man."

"But not the only one," she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Perhaps not," answered Clay, "but the only one that counts. I always knew I was going to meet you some day. And now I have met you."

"Well, and now that you have met me," said Miss Langham, looking at him in some amusement, "are you sorry?"

"No—" said Clay, but so slowly and with such consideration that Miss Langham laughed and held her head a little higher. "Not sorry to meet you, but to meet you in such surroundings."

"What fault do you find with my surroundings?"

"Well, these people," answered Clay, "they are so foolish, so futile. You shouldn't be here. There must be something else better than this. You can't make me believe that you choose it. In Europe you could have a salon, or you could influence statesmen. There surely must be something here for you to turn to as well. Something better than golf-sticks and salted almonds."

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"What do you know of me?" said Miss Langham, steadily. "Only what you have read of me in impertinent paragraphs. How do you know I am fitted for anything else but just this? You never spoke with me before to-night."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Clay, quickly. "Time is made for ordinary people. When people who amount to anything meet they don't have to waste months in finding each other out. It is only the doubtful ones who have to be tested again and again. When I was a kid in the diamond mines in Kimberley, I have seen the experts pick out a perfect diamond from the heap at the first glance, and without a moment's hesitation. It was the cheap stones they spent most of the afternoon over. Suppose I *have* only seen you to-night for the first time; suppose I shall not see you again, which is quite likely, for I sail to-morrow for South America—what of that? I am just as sure of what you are as though I had known you for years."

Miss Langham looked at him for a moment in silence. Her beauty was so great that she could take her time to speak. She was not afraid of losing anyone's attention.

"And have you come out of the West, knowing me so well, just to tell me that I am wasting myself?" she said. "Is that all?"

"That is all," answered Clay. "You know the things I would like to tell you," he added, looking at her closely.

"I think I like to be told the other things best," she said, "they are the easier to believe."

"You have to believe whatever I tell you," said Clay, smiling. The girl pressed her hands together in her lap, and looked at him curiously. The people about them were moving and making their farewells, and they brought her back to the present with a start.

"I'm sorry you're going away," she said. "It has been so odd. You come suddenly up out of the wilderness, and set me to thinking and try to trouble me with questions about myself, and then steal away again without stopping to help me to settle them. Is it fair?" She rose and put out her hand, and he took it and held it for a moment, while they stood looking at one another.

"I am coming back," he said, "and I will find that you have settled them for yourself."

"Good-by," she said, in so low a tone that the people standing near them could not hear. "You haven't asked me for it, you know, but—I think I shall let you keep that picture."

"Thank you," said Clay, smiling, "I meant to."

"You can keep it," she continued, turning back, "because it is not my picture. It is a picture of a girl who ceased to exist four years ago, and whom you have never met. Good-night."

Mr. Langham and Hope, his younger daughter, had been to the theatre. The performance had been one which delighted Miss Hope and which satisfied her father because he loved to hear her laugh. Mr. Langham was the slave of his own good fortune. By instinct and education he was a man of leisure and culture, but the wealth he had inherited was like an unruly child that needed his constant watching, and in keeping it well in hand he had become a man of business, with time for nothing else.

Alice Langham, on her return from Mrs. Porter's dinner, found him in his study engaged with a game of solitaire, while Hope was kneeling on a chair beside him with her elbows on the table. Mr. Langham had been troubled with insomnia of late, and so it often happened that when Alice returned from a ball she would find him sitting with a novel, or his game of solitaire, and Hope, who had crept down-stairs from her bed, dozing in front of the open fire and keeping him silent company. The father and the younger daughter were very close to one another, and had grown especially so since his wife had died and his son and heir had gone to college. This fourth member of the family was a great bond of sympathy and interest between them, and his triumphs and escapades at Yale were the chief subjects of their conversation. It was told by the directors of a great Western railroad, who had come to New York to discuss an important

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question with Mr. Langham, that they had been ushered down-stairs one night into his basement, where they had found the President of the Board and his daughter Hope working out a game of football on the billiard-table. They had chalked it off into what corresponded to five-yard lines, and they were hurling twenty-two chess-men across it in "flying wedges" and practising the several tricks which young Langham had intrusted to his sister under an oath of secrecy. The sight filled the directors with the horrible fear that business troubles had turned the President's mind, but after they had sat for half an hour perched on the high chairs around the table, while Hope excitedly explained the game to them, they decided that he was wiser than they knew, and each left the house regretting he had no son worthy enough to bring "that young girl" into the Far West.

"You are home early," said Mr. Langham, as Alice stood above him pulling at her gloves. "I thought you said you were going on to some dance."

"I was tired," his daughter answered.

"Well, when I'm out," commented Hope, "I won't come home at eleven o'clock. Alice always was a quitter."

"A what?" asked the older sister.

"Tell us what you had for dinner," said Hope. "I know it isn't nice to ask," she added, hastily, "but I always like to know."

"I don't remember," Miss Langham answered, smiling at her father, "except that he was very much sunburned and had most perplexing eyes."

"Oh, of course," assented Hope, "I suppose you mean by that that you talked with some man all through dinner. Well, I think there is a time for everything."

"Father," interrupted Miss Langham, "do you know many engineers—I mean do you come in contact with them through the railroads and mines you have an interest in? I am rather curious about them," she said, lightly. "They seem to be a most picturesque lot of young men."

"Engineers? Of course," said Mr. Langham, vaguely, with the ten of spades held doubtfully in air. "Sometimes we have to depend upon them altogether. We decide from what the engineering experts tell us whether we will invest in a thing or not."

"I don't think I mean the big men of the profession," said his daughter, doubtfully. "I mean those who do the rough work. The men who dig the mines and lay out the railroads. Do you know any of them?"

"Some of them," said Mr. Langham, leaning back and shuffling the cards for a new game. "Why?"

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Robert Clay?"

Mr. Langham smiled as he placed the cards one above the other in even rows. "Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of those little republics down there."

"Do you—are you interested in that Company?" asked Miss Langham, seating herself before the fire and holding out her hands toward it. "Does Mr. Clay know that you are?"

"Yes—I am interested in it," Mr. Langham replied, studying the cards before him, "but I don't think Clay knows it—nobody knows it yet, except the President and the other officers." He lifted a card and put it down again in some indecision. "It's generally supposed to be operated by a company, but all the stock is owned by one man. As a matter of fact, my dear children," exclaimed Mr. Langham, as he placed a deuce of clubs upon a deuce of spades with a smile of content, "the Valencia Mining Company is your beloved father."

"Oh," said Miss Langham, as she looked steadily into the fire.

Hope tapped her lips gently with the back of her hand to hide the fact that she was sleepy, and nudged her father's elbow. "You shouldn't have put the deuce there," she said, "you should have used it to build with on the ace."

II

A YEAR before Mrs. Porter's dinner a tramp steamer on her way to the capital of Brazil had steered so close to the shores of Olancho that her solitary passenger could look into the caverns the waves had tunnelled in the limestone

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cliffs along the coast. The solitary passenger was Robert Clay, and he made a guess that the white palisades which fringed the base of the mountains along the shore had been forced up above the level of the sea many years before by some volcanic action. Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the north-eastern coast of South America, and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current. From the deck of a passing vessel you can obtain but little idea of Olancho or of the abundance and tropical beauty which lies hidden away behind the rampart of mountains on her shore. You can see only their desolate dark-green front, and the white caves at their base, into which the waves rush with an echoing roar, and in and out of which fly continually thousands of frightened bats. The mining engineer on the rail of the tramp steamer observed this peculiar formation of the coast with listless interest, until he noted, when the vessel stood some thirty miles north of the harbor of Valencia, that the limestone formation had disappeared, and that the waves now beat against the base of the mountains themselves. There were five of these mountains which jutted out into the ocean, and they suggested roughly the five knuckles of a giant hand clenched and lying flat upon the surface of the water. They extended for seven miles, and then the caverns in the palisades began again and continued on down the coast to the great cliffs that guard the harbor of Olancho's capital.

"The waves tunnelled their way easily enough until they ran up against those five mountains," mused the engineer, "and then they had to fall back." He walked to the captain's cabin and asked to look at a map of the coast line. "I believe I won't go to Rio," he said, later in the day; "I think I will drop off here at Valencia."

So he left the tramp steamer at that place and disappeared into the interior with an ox-cart and a couple of pack-mules, and returned to write a lengthy letter from the Consul's office to a Mr. Langham in the United States knowing he was largely interested in mines and in mining. "There are five mountains filled with ore," Clay wrote, "which should be extracted by open-faced workings. I saw great masses of red hematite lying exposed on the side of the mountain, only waiting a pick and shovel, and at one place there were five thousand tons in plain sight. I should call the stuff first-class Bessemer ore, running about sixty-three per cent. metallic iron. The people know it is there, but have no knowledge of its value, and are too lazy to ever work it themselves. As to transportation, it would only be necessary to run a freight railroad twenty miles along the sea-coast to the harbor of Valencia and dump your ore from your own pier into your own vessels. It would not, I think, be possible to ship direct from the mines themselves, even though, as I say, the ore runs right down into the water, because there is no place at which it would be safe for a large vessel to touch. I will look into the political side of it and see what sort of a concession I can get for you. I should think ten per cent. of the output would satisfy them, and they would, of course, admit machinery and plant free of duty."

Six months after this communication had arrived in New York City, the Valencia Mining Company was formally incorporated, and a man named Van Antwerp, with two hundred workmen and a half-dozen assistants, was sent South to lay out the freight railroad, to erect the dumping-pier, and to strip the five mountains of their forests and underbrush. It was not a task for a holiday, but a stern, difficult, and perplexing problem, and Van Antwerp was not quite the man to solve it. He was stubborn, self-confident, and indifferent by turns. He did not depend upon his lieutenants, but jealously guarded his own opinions from the least question or discussion, and at every step he antagonized the easy-going people among whom he had come to work. He had no patience with their habits of procrastination, and he was continually offending their lazy good-nature and their pride. He treated the rich planters, who owned the land between the mines and the harbor over which the freight railroad must run, with as little consideration as he showed the regiment of soldiers which the Government had farmed out to the company to serve as laborers in the mines. Six months after Van Antwerp had taken

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charge at Valencia, Clay, who had finished the railroad in Mexico, of which King had spoken, was asked by telegraph to undertake the work of getting the ore out of the mountains he had discovered, and shipping it North. He accepted the offer and was given the title of General Manager and Resident Director, and an enormous salary, and was also given to understand that the rough work of preparation had been accomplished, and that the more important service of picking up the five mountains and putting them in fragments into tramp steamers would continue under his direction. He had a letter of recall for Van Antwerp, and a letter of introduction to the Minister of Mines and Agriculture. Further than that he knew nothing of the work before him, but he concluded, from the fact that he had been paid the almost prohibitive sum he had asked for his services, that it must be important, or that he had reached that place in his career when he could stop actual work and live easily, as an expert, on the work of others.

Clay rolled along the coast from Valencia to the mines in a paddle-wheeled steamer that had served its usefulness on the Mississippi, and which had been rotting at the levees in New Orleans, when Van Antwerp had chartered it to carry tools and machinery to the mines and to serve as a private launch for himself. It was a choice either of this steamer and landing in a small boat, or riding along the line of the unfinished railroad on horseback. Either route consumed six valuable hours, and Clay, who was anxious to see his new field of action, beat impatiently upon the rail of the rolling tub as it wallowed in the sea.

He spent the three first days after his arrival at the mines in the mountains, climbing them on foot and skirting their base on horseback, and sleeping where night overtook him. Van Antwerp did not accompany him on his tour of inspection through the mines, but delegated that duty to an engineer named MacWilliams, and to Weimer, the United States Consul at Valencia, who had served the company in many ways and who was in its closest confidence.

For three days the men toiled heavily over fallen trunks and trees, slippery with the moss of centuries, or slid backward on the rolling stones in the waterways, or clung to their ponies' backs to dodge the hanging creepers. At times for hours together they walked in single file, bent nearly double, and seeing nothing before them but the shining backs and shoulders of the negroes who hacked out the way for them to go. And again they would come suddenly upon a precipice, and drink in the soft cool breath of the ocean, and look down thousands of feet upon the impenetrable green under which they had been crawling, out to where it met the sparkling surface of the Caribbean Sea. It was three days of unceasing activity while the sun shone, and of anxious questionings around the campfire when the darkness fell, and when there were no sounds on the mountainside but that of falling water in a distant ravine, or the calls of the night-birds.

On the morning of the fourth day Clay and his attendants returned to camp and rode to where the men had just begun to blast away the sloping surface of the mountain.

As Clay passed between the zinc sheds and palm huts of the soldier-workmen, they came running out to meet him, and one, who seemed to be a leader, touched his bridle, and with his straw sombrero in his hand begged for a word with el Signor the Director.

The news of Clay's return had reached the opening, and the throb of the dummy-engines, and the roar of the blasting ceased, as the assistant-engineers came down the valley to greet the new manager. They found him seated on his horse gazing ahead of him, and listening to the story of the soldier, whose fingers, as he spoke, trembled in the air, with all the grace and passion of his Southern nature, while back of him his companions stood humbly, in a silent chorus, with eager, supplicating eyes. Clay answered the man's speech curtly, with a few short words, in the Spanish patois in which he had been addressed, and then turned and smiled grimly upon the expectant group of engineers. He kept them waiting for some short space, while he looked them over carefully, as though he had never seen them before.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I'm glad to have you here all together. I am only sorry you didn't come in time to

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hear what this fellow has had to say. I don't as a rule listen that long to complaints, but he told me what I have seen for myself and what has been told me by others. I have been here three days now, and I assure you, gentlemen, that my easiest course would be to pack up my things and go home on the next steamer. I was sent down here to take charge of a mine in active operation, and I find—what? I find that in six months you have done almost nothing, and that the little you have condescended to do has been done so badly that it will have to be done over again; that you have not only wasted a half year of time—and I can't tell how much money—but that you have succeeded in antagonizing all the people on whose good-will we are absolutely dependent; you have allowed your machinery to rust in the rain, and your workmen to rot with sickness. You have not only done nothing, but you haven't a blue print to show me what you meant to do. I have never in my life come across laziness and mismanagement and incompetency upon such a magnificent and reckless scale. You have not built the pier, you have not opened the freight road, you have not taken out an ounce of ore. You know more of Valencia than you know of these mines; you know it from the Alameda to the Canal. You can tell me what night the band plays in the Plaza, but you can't give me the elevation of one of these hills. You have spent your days on the pavements in front of cafés, and your nights in dance-halls, and you have been drawing salaries every month. I've more respect for these half-breeds that you've allowed to starve in this fever-bed than I have for you. You have treated them worse than they'd treat a dog, and if any of them die, it's on your heads. You have put them in a fever-camp which you have not even taken the trouble to drain. Your commissariat is rotten, and you have let them drink all the rum they wanted. There is not one of you——"

The group of silent men broke, and one of them stepped forward and shook his forefinger at Clay.

"No man can talk to me like that," he said, warningly, "and think I'll work under him. I resign here and now."

"You what—" cried Clay, "you resign?"

He whirled his horse round with a dig of his spur and faced them. "How dare you talk of resigning? I'll pack the whole lot of you back to New York on the first steamer, if I want to, and I'll give you such characters that you'll be glad to get a job carrying a transit. You're in no position to talk of resigning—yet. Not one of you. Yes," he added, interrupting himself, "one of you is, MacWilliams, the man who had charge of the railroad. It's no fault of his that the road's not working. I understand that he couldn't get the right of way from the people who owned the land, but I have seen what he has done, and his plans, and I apologize to him—to MacWilliams. As for the rest of you, I'll give you a month's trial. It will be a month before the next steamer could get here anyway, and I'll give you that long to redeem yourselves. At the end of that time we will have another talk, but you are here now only on your good behavior and on my sufferance. Good-morning."

As Clay had boasted, he was not the man to throw up his position because he found the part he had to play was not that of leading man, but rather one of general utility, and although it had been several years since it had been part of his duties to oversee the setting up of machinery, and the policing of a mining camp, he threw himself as earnestly into the work before him, as though to show his subordinates that it did not matter who did the work, so long as it was done. The men at first were sulky, resentful, and suspicious, but they could not long resist the fact that Clay was doing the work of five men and five different kinds of work, not only without grumbling, but apparently with the keenest pleasure. He conciliated the rich coffee-planters who owned the land which he wanted for the freight road by calls of the most formal state and dinners of much less formality, for he saw that the iron mine had its social as well as its political side. And with this fact in mind, he opened the railroad with great ceremony, and much music and feasting, and the first piece of ore taken out of the mine was presented to the wife of the

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Minister of the Interior in a cluster of diamonds, which made the wives of the other members of the Cabinet regret that their husbands had not chosen that portfolio. Six months followed of hard, unremitting work, during which time the great pier grew out into the bay from MacWilliams' railroad, and the face of the first mountain was scarred and torn of its green, and left in mangled nakedness, while the ringing of hammers and picks, and the racking blasts of dynamite, and the warning whistles of the dummy-engines drove away the accumulated silence of centuries.

It had been a long uphill fight, and Clay had enjoyed it mightily. Two unexpected events had contributed to help it. One was the arrival in Valencia of young Teddy Langham, who came ostensibly to learn the profession of which Clay was so conspicuous an example, and in reality to watch over his father's interests. He was put at Clay's elbow, and Clay made him learn in spite of himself, for he ruled him and MacWilliams, of both of whom he was very fond, as though, so they complained, they were the laziest and the most rebellious members of his entire staff. The second event of importance was the announcement made one day by young Langham that his father's physician had ordered rest in a mild climate, and that he and his daughters were coming in a month to spend the winter in Valencia, and to see how the son and heir had developed as a man of business.

The idea of Mr. Langham's coming to visit Olancho to inspect his new possessions was not a surprise to Clay. It had occurred to him as possible before, especially after the son had come to join them there. The place was interesting and beautiful enough in itself to justify a visit, and it was only a ten days' voyage from New York. But he had never considered the chance of Miss Langham's coming, and when that was now not only possible but a certainty, he dreamed of little else. He lived as earnestly and toiled as indefatigably as before, but the place was utterly transformed for him. He saw it now as she would see it when she came, even while at the same time his own eyes retained their point of view. It was as though he had lengthened the focus of a glass, and looked beyond at what was beautiful and picturesque, instead of what was near at hand and practicable. He found himself smiling with anticipation of her pleasure in the orchids hanging from the dead trees, high above the opening of the mine, and in the parrots hurling themselves like gayly colored missiles among the vines; and he considered the harbor at night with its colored lamps floating on the black water as a scene set for her eyes. He planned the dinners that he would give in her honor on the balcony of the great restaurant in the Plaza on those nights when the band played, and the señoritas circled in long lines between admiring rows of officers and caballeros. And he imagined how, when the ore-boats had been filled and his work had slackened, he would be free to ride with her along the rough mountain roads, between magnificent pillars of royal palms, or to venture forth in excursions down the bay, to explore the caves and to lunch on board the rolling paddle-wheel steamer, which he would have repainted and gilded for her coming. He pictured himself acting as her guide over the great mines, answering her simple questions about the strange machinery, and the crew of workmen, and the local government by which he ruled two thousand men. It was not on account of any personal pride in the mines that he wanted her to see them, it was not because he had discovered and planned and opened them that he wished to show them to her, but as a curious spectacle that he hoped would give her a moment's interest.

But his keenest pleasure was when young Langham suggested that they should build a house for his people on the edge of the hill that jutted out over the harbor and the great ore pier. If this were done, Langham urged, it would be possible for him to see much more of his family than he would be able to do were they installed in the city, five miles away.

"We can still live in the office at this end of the railroad," the boy said, "and then we shall have them within call at night when we get back from work; but if they are in Valencia, it will take the greater part of the evening going there and all of the night getting back, for I

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can't pass that club under three hours. It will keep us out of temptation."

"Yes, exactly," said Clay, with a guilty smile, "it will keep us out of temptation."

So they cleared away the underbrush, and put a double force of men to work on what was to be the most beautiful and comfortable bungalow on the edge of the harbor. It had blue and green and white tiles on the floors, and walls of bamboo, and a red roof of curved tiles to let in the air, and dragons' heads for water-spouts, and verandas as broad as the house itself. There was an open court in the middle hung with balconies looking down upon a splashing fountain, and to decorate this *pátio*, they levied upon people for miles around for tropical plants and colored mats and awnings. They cut down the trees that hid the view of the long harbor leading from the sea into Valencia, and planted a rampart of other trees to hide the iron-ore pier, and they sodded the raw spots where the men had been building, until the place was as completely transformed as though a fairy had waved her wand above it.

It was to be a great surprise and they were all—Clay, MacWilliams, and Langham—as keenly interested in it as though each were preparing it for his honeymoon. They would be walking together in Valencia when one would say, "We ought to have that for the house," and without question they would march into the shop together and order whatever they fancied to be sent out to the house of the president of the mines on the hill. They stocked it with wine and linens, and hired a volante and six horses, and fitted out the driver with a new pair of boots that reached above his knees, and a silver jacket and a sombrero that was so heavy with braid that it flashed like a halo about his head in the sunlight, and he was ordered not to wear it until the ladies came, under penalty of arrest. It delighted Clay to find that it was only the beautiful things and the fine things of his daily routine that suggested her to him, as though she could not be associated in his mind with anything less worthy, and he kept saying to himself, "She will like this view from the end of the terrace," and "This will be her favorite walk," or "She will swing her hammock here," and "I know she will not fancy the rug that Weimer chose."

While this fairy palace was growing the three men lived as roughly as before in the wooden hut at the terminus of the freight road, three hundred yards below the house, and hidden from it by an impenetrable rampart of brush and Spanish bayonet. There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms, which was the name Langham had selected for his father's house. And when it was finally finished, they continued to live under the corrugated zinc roof of their office building, and locking up the Palms, left it in charge of a gardener and a watchman until the coming of its rightful owners.

It had been a viciously hot, close day, and even now the air came in sickening waves, like a blast from the engine-room of a steamer, and the heat lightning played round the mountains over the harbor and showed the empty wharves, and the black outlines of the steamers, and the white front of the Custom House, and the long half-circle of twinkling lamps along the quay. MacWilliams and Langham sat panting on the lower steps of the office-porch considering whether they were too lazy to clean themselves and be rowed over to the city, where, as it was Sunday night, was promised much entertainment. They had been for the last hour trying to make up their minds as to this, and appealing to Clay to stop work and decide for them. But he sat inside at a table figuring and writing under the green shade of a student's lamp, and made no answer. The walls of Clay's office were of unplaned boards, bristling with splinters, and hung with blue prints and outline maps of the mine. A gaudily colored portrait of Madame El Presidente, the noble and beautiful woman whom Alvarez, the President of Olancho, had lately married in Spain, was pinned to the wall above the table. This table, with its green oil-cloth top, and the lamp, about which winged insects beat noisily, and an earthen water-jar—from which the water dripped as regularly as the ticking of a clock—were the only articles of furniture in the office. On a

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shelf at one side of the door lay the men's machetes, a belt of cartridges, and a revolver in a holster.

Clay rose from the table and stood in the light of the open door, stretching himself gingerly, for his joints were sore and stiff with fording streams and climbing the surfaces of rocks. The red ore and yellow mud of the mines were plastered over his boots and riding-breeches, where he had stood knee deep in the water, and his shirt stuck to him like a wet bathing-suit, showing his ribs when he breathed and the curves of his broad chest. A ring of burning paper and hot ashes fell from his cigarette to his breast and burnt a hole through the cotton shirt, and he let it lie there and watched it burn with a grim smile.

"I wanted to see," he explained, catching the look of listless curiosity in MacWilliams's eye, "whether there was anything hotter than my blood. It's racing around like boiling water in a pot."

"Listen," said Langham, holding up his hand. "There goes the call for prayers in the convent, and now it's too late to go to town. I am glad, rather; I'm too tired to keep awake, and besides, they don't know how to amuse themselves in a civilized way — at least not in my way. I wish I could just drop in at home about now; don't you, MacWilliams? Just about this time up in God's country all the people are at the theatre, or they've just finished dinner and are sitting around sipping cool green mint, trickling through little lumps of ice. What I'd like—" he stopped and shut one eye and gazed with his head on one side at the unimaginative MacWilliams—"what I'd like to do now," he continued, thoughtfully, "would be to sit in the front row at a comic opera, *on the aisle*. The prima donna must be very, very beautiful, and sing most of her songs at me, and there must be three comedians, all good, and a chorus entirely composed of girls. I never could see why they have men in the chorus, any way. No one ever looks at them. Now that's where I'd like to be. What would you like, MacWilliams?"

MacWilliams was a type with which Clay was intimately familiar, but to the college-bred Langham he was a revelation and a joy. He came from some little town in the West, and had learned what he knew of engineering at the transit's mouth, after he had first served his apprenticeship by cutting sage-brush and driving stakes. His life had been spent in Mexico and Central America, and he spoke of the home he had not seen in ten years with the aggressive loyalty of the confirmed wanderer, and he was known to prefer and to import canned corn and canned tomatoes in preference to eating the wonderful fruits of the country, because the former came from the States and tasted to him of home. He had crowded into his young life experiences that would have shattered the nerves of any other man with a more sensitive conscience and a less happy sense of humor; but these same experiences had only served to make him shrewd and self-confident and at his ease when the occasion or difficulty came.

He pulled meditatively on his pipe and considered Langham's question deeply, while Clay and the younger boy sat with their arms upon their knees and waited for his decision in thoughtful silence.

"I'd like to go to the theatre, too," said MacWilliams, with an air as though to show that he also was possessed of artistic tastes. "I'd like to see a comical chap I saw once in '80—oh, long ago—before I joined the P. Q. & M. He *was* funny. His name was Owens; that was his name, John E. Owens——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, MacWilliams," protested Langham, in dismay; "he's been dead for five years."

"Has he?" said MacWilliams, thoughtfully. "Well—" he concluded, unabashed, "I can't help that, he's the one I'd like to see best."

"You can have another wish, Mac, you know," urged Langham, "can't he, Clay?"

Clay nodded gravely and MacWilliams frowned again in thought. "No," he said after an effort, "Owens, John E. Owens; that's the one I want to see."

"Well, now I want another wish, too," said Langham. "I move we can each have two wishes. I wish——"

"Wait until I've had mine," said Clay. "You've had one turn. I want to be in a place I know in Vienna. It's not hot

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like this, but cool and fresh. It's an open, out-of-door concert-garden, with hundreds of colored lights and trees, and there's always a breeze coming through. And Edouard Strauss, the son, you know, leads the orchestra there, and they play nothing but waltzes, and he stands in front of them, and begins by raising himself on his toes, and then he lifts his shoulders gently—and then sinks back again and raises his baton as though he were drawing the music out after it, and the whole place seems to rock and move. It's like being picked up and carried on the deck of a yacht over great waves; and all around you are the beautiful Viennese women and those tall Austrian officers in their long, blue coats and flat hats and silver swords. And there are cool drinks—" continued Clay, with his eyes fixed on the coming storm—" all sorts of cool drinks—in high, thin glasses, full of ice, all the ice you want——"

" Oh, drop it, will you?" cried Langham, with a shrug of his damp shoulders. " I can't stand it. I'm parching."

" Wait a minute," interrupted MacWilliams, leaning forward and looking into the night. " Some one's coming." There was a sound down the road of hoofs and the rattle of the land-crabs as they scrambled off into the bushes, and two men on horseback came suddenly out of the darkness and drew rein in the light from the open door. The first was General Mendoza, the leader of the opposition in the Senate, and the other, his orderly. The General dropped his Panama hat to his knee and bowed in the saddle three times.

" Good-evening, your Excellency," said Clay, rising. " Tell that peon to get my coat, will you?" he added, turning to Langham. Langham clapped his hands and the clanging of a guitar ceased, and their servant and cook came out from the back of the hut and held the General's horse while he dismounted. " Wait until I get you a chair," said Clay. " You'll find those steps rather bad for white duck."

" I am fortunate in finding you at home," said the officer, smiling, and showing his white teeth. " The telephone is not working. I tried at the club, but I could not call you."

" It's the storm, I suppose," Clay answered, as he struggled into his jacket. " Let me offer you something to drink." He entered the house, and returned with several bottles on a tray and a bundle of cigars. The Spanish-American poured himself out a glass of water, mixing it with Jamaica rum, and said, smiling again, " It is a saying of your countrymen that when a man first comes to Olancho he puts a little rum into his water, and that when he is here some time he puts a little water in his rum."

" Yes," laughed Clay. " I'm afraid that's true."

There was a pause while the men sipped at their glasses, and looked at the horses and the orderly. The clanging of the guitar began again from the kitchen. " You have a very beautiful view here of the harbor, yes," said Mendoza. He seemed to enjoy the pause after his ride, and to be in no haste to begin on the object of his errand. MacWilliams and Langham eyed each other covertly, and Clay examined the end of his cigar, and they all waited.

" And how are the mines progressing, eh?" asked the officer, genially. " You find much good iron in them, they tell me."

" Yes, we are doing very well," Clay assented; " it was difficult at first, but now that things are in working order, we are getting out about ten thousand tons a month. We hope to increase that soon to twenty thousand when the new openings are developed and our shipping facilities are in better shape."

" So much!" exclaimed the General, pleasantly. " Of which the Government of my country is to get its share of ten per cent.—one thousand tons! It is munificent!" He laughed and shook his head slyly at Clay, who smiled in dissent.

" But you see, sir," said Clay, " you cannot blame us. The mines have always been there, before this Government came in, before the Spaniards were here, before there was any Government at all, but there was not the capital to open them up, I suppose, or—and it needed a certain energy to begin the attack. Your people let the chance go, and, as it turned out, I think they were very wise in doing so. They get ten per cent. of the output.

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That's ten per cent. on nothing, for the mines really didn't exist, as far as you were concerned, until we came, did they? They were just so much waste land, and they would have remained so. And look at the price we paid down before we cut a tree. Three millions of dollars; that's a good deal of money. It will be some time before we realize anything on that investment."

Mendoza shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "I will be frank with you," he said, with the air of one to whom dissimulation is difficult. "I come here to-night on an unpleasant errand, but it is with me a matter of duty, and I am a soldier, to whom duty is the foremost ever. I have come to tell you, Mr. Clay, that we, the Opposition, are not satisfied with the manner in which the Government has disposed of these great iron deposits. When I say not satisfied, my dear friend, I speak most moderately. I should say that we are surprised and indignant, and we are determined the wrong it has done our country shall be righted. I have the honor to have been chosen to speak for our party on this most important question, and on next Tuesday, sir," the General stood up and bowed, as though he were before a great assembly, "I will rise in the Senate and move a vote of want of confidence in the Government for the manner in which it has given away the richest possessions in the storehouse of my country, giving it not only to aliens, but for a pittance, for a share which is not a share, but a bribe, to blind the eyes of the people. It has been a shameful bargain and I cannot say who is to blame; I accuse no one. But I suspect, and I will demand an investigation; I will demand that the value not of one-tenth, but of one-half of all the iron that your company takes out of Olancho shall be paid into the treasury of the state. And I come to you to-night, as the Resident Director, to inform you beforehand of my intention. I do not wish to take you unprepared. I do not blame your people; they are business men, they know how to make good bargains, they get what they best can. That is the rule of trade, but they have gone too far, and I advise you to communicate with your people in New York and learn what they are prepared to offer now—now that they have to deal with men who do not consider their own interests but the interests of their country."

Mendoza made a sweeping bow and seated himself, frowning dramatically, with folded arms. His voice still hung in the air, for he had spoken as earnestly as though he imagined himself already standing in the hall of the Senate championing the cause of the people.

MacWilliams looked up at Clay from where he sat on the steps below him, but Clay did not notice him, and there was no sound, except the quick sputtering of the nicotine in Langham's pipe, at which he pulled quickly, and which was the only outward sign the boy gave of his interest. Clay shifted one muddy boot over the other and leaned back with his hands stuck in his belt.

"Why didn't you speak of this sooner?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, that is fair," said the General, quickly. "I know that it is late, and I regret it, and I see that we cause you inconvenience; but how could I speak sooner when I was ignorant of what was going on? I have been away with my troops. I am a soldier first, a politician after. During the last year I have been engaged in guarding the frontier. No news comes to a General in the field moving from camp to camp and always in the saddle; but I may venture to hope, sir, that news has come to you of me?"

Clay pressed his lips together and bowed his head.

"We have heard of your victories, General, yes," he said; "and on your return you say you found things had not been going to your liking?"

"That is it," assented the other, eagerly. "I find that indignation reigns on every side. I find my friends complaining of the railroad which you run across their land. I find that fifteen hundred soldiers are turned into laborers, with picks and spades, working by the side of negroes and your Irish; they have not been paid their wages, and they have been fed worse than though they were on the march; sickness and——"

Clay moved impatiently and dropped his boot heavily on the porch. "That was true at first," he interrupted, "but it is not so now. I should be glad, General,

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to take you over the men's quarters at any time. As for their not having been paid, they were never paid by their own Government before they came to us, and for the same reason, because the petty officers kept back the money, just as they have always done. But the men are paid now. However, this is not of the most importance. Who is it that complains of the terms of our concession ? "

"Every one ! " exclaimed Mendoza, throwing out his arms, "and they ask, moreover, this : they ask why, if this mine is so rich, why was not the stock offered here to us in this country ? Why was it not put on the market, that anyone might buy ? We have rich men in Olancho, why should not they benefit first of all others by the wealth of their own lands ? But no ! we are not asked to buy. All the stock is taken in New York, no one benefits but the state, and it receives only ten per cent. It is monstrous."

"I see," said Clay, gravely. "That had not occurred to me before. They feel they have been slighted. I see." He paused for a moment as if in serious consideration. "Well," he added, "that might be arranged."

He turned and jerked his head toward the open door. "If you boys mean to go to town to-night, you'd better be moving," he said. The two men rose together and bowed silently to their guest.

"I should like if Mr. Langham would remain a moment with us," said Mendoza, politely. "I understand that it is his father who controls the stock of the company. If we discuss any arrangement it might be well if he were here."

Clay was sitting with his chin on his breast, and he did not look up, nor did the young man turn to him for any prompting. "I'm not down here as my father's son," he said, "I am an employee of Mr. Clay's. He represents the company. Good-night, sir."

"You think, then," said Clay, "that if your friends were given an opportunity to subscribe to the stock they would feel less resentful toward us ? They would think it was fairer to all ? "

"I know it," said Mendoza ; "why should the stock go out of the country when those living here are able to buy it ? "

"Exactly," said Clay, "of course. Can you tell me this, General ? Are the gentlemen who want to buy stock in the mine the same men who are in the Senate ? The men who are objecting to the terms of our concession ? "

"With a few exceptions they are the same men."

Clay looked out over the harbor at the lights of the town, and the General twirled his hat around his knee and gazed with appreciation at the stars above him.

"Because if they are," Clay continued, "and they succeed in getting our share cut down from ninety per cent. to fifty per cent., they must see that the stock would be worth just forty per cent. less than it is now."

"That is true," assented the other. "I have thought of that, and if the Senators in Opposition were given a chance to subscribe, I am sure they would see that it is better wisdom to drop their objections to the concession, and as stockholders allow you to keep ninety per cent. of the output. And, again," continued Mendoza, "it is really better for the country that the money should go to its people than that it should be stored up in the vaults of the treasury, when there is always the danger that the President will seize it ; or, if not this one, the next one."

"I should think—that is—it seems to me," said Clay with careful consideration, "that your Excellency might be able to render us great help in this matter yourself. We need a friend among the Opposition. In fact — I see where you could assist us in many ways, where your services would be strictly in the line of your public duty and yet benefit us very much. Of course I cannot speak authoritatively without first consulting Mr. Langham ; but I should think he would allow you personally to purchase as large a block of the stock as you could wish, either to keep yourself or to resell and distribute among those of your friends in Opposition where it would do the most good."

Clay looked over inquiringly to where Mendoza sat in the light of the open door, and the General smiled faintly, and emitted a pleased little sigh of relief. "Indeed," continued Clay, "I should think Mr. Langham might even save you the

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formality of purchasing the stock outright by sending you its money equivalent. I beg your pardon," he asked, interrupted himself, "does your orderly understand English?"

"He does not," the General assured him, eagerly, dragging his chair a little closer.

"Suppose now that Mr. Langham were to put fifty, or let us say, sixty thousand dollars to your account in the Valencia Bank, do you think this vote of want of confidence in the Government on the question of our concession would still be moved?"

"I am sure it would not," exclaimed the leader of the Opposition, nodding his head violently.

"Sixty thousand dollars," repeated Clay, slowly, "for yourself, and do you think General, that were you paid that sum you would be able to call off your friends, or would they make a demand for stock also?"

"Have no anxiety at all, they do just what I say," returned Mendoza, in an eager whisper. "If I say 'It is all right, I am satisfied with what the Government has done in my absence,' it is enough. And I will say it, I give you the word of a soldier, I will say it. I will not move a vote of want of confidence on Tuesday. You need go no farther than myself. I am glad that I am powerful enough to serve you, and if you doubt me—" he struck his heart and bowed with a deprecatory smile, "you need not pay in the money in exchange for the stock all at the same time. You can pay ten thousand this year, and next year ten thousand more and so on, and so feel confident that I shall have the interests of the mine always in my heart. Who knows what may not happen in a year? I may be able to serve you even more. Who knows how long the present Government will last? But I give you my word of honor, no matter whether I be in Opposition or at the head of the Government, if I receive every six months the retaining fee of which you speak, I will be your representative. And my friends can do nothing. I despise them. *I* am the Opposition. You have done well, my dear sir, to consider me alone."

Clay turned in his chair and looked back of him through the office to the room beyond.

"Boys," he called, "you can come out now."

He rose and pushed his chair away and beckoned to the orderly who sat in the saddle holding the General's horse. Langham and MacWilliams came out and stood in the open door, and Mendoza rose and looked at Clay.

"You can go now," Clay said to him, quietly. "And you can rise in the Senate on Tuesday and move your vote of want of confidence and object to our concession, and when you have resumed your seat the Secretary of Mines will rise in his turn and tell the Senate how you stole out here in the night and tried to blackmail me, and begged me to bribe you to be silent, and that you offered to throw over your friends and to take all that we would give you and keep it yourself. That will make you popular with your friends, and will show the Government just what sort of a leader it has working against it."

Clay took a step forward and shook his finger in the officer's face. "Try to break that concession; try it. It was made by one Government to a body of honest, decent business men, with a Government of their own back of them, and if you interfere with our conceded rights to work those mines, I'll have a man-of-war down here with white paint on her hull, and she'll blow you and your little republic back up there into the mountains. Now you can go."

Mendoza had straightened with surprise when Clay first began to speak, and had then bent forward slightly as though he meant to interrupt him. His eyebrows were lowered in a straight line, and his lips moved quickly.

"You poor —" he began, contemptuously. "Bah," he exclaimed, "you're a fool; I should have sent a servant to talk with you. You are a child— but you are an insolent child," he cried, suddenly, his anger breaking out, "and I shall punish you. You dare to call me names! You shall fight me, you shall fight me to-morrow. You have insulted an officer, and you shall meet me at once, to-morrow."

"If I meet you to-morrow," Clay replied, "I will thrash you for your im-

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pertinence. The only reason I don't do it now is because you are on my doorstep. You had better not meet me to-morrow, or at any other time. And I have no leisure to fight duels with anybody."

"You are a coward," returned the other, quietly, "and I tell you so before my servant."

Clay gave a short laugh and turned to MacWilliams in the doorway.

"Hand me my gun, MacWilliams," he said, "it's on the shelf to the right."

MacWilliams stood still and shook his head. "Oh, let him alone," he said. "You've got him where you want him."

"Give me the gun, I tell you," repeated Clay. "I'm not going to hurt him, I'm only going to show him how I can shoot."

MacWilliams moved grudgingly across the porch and brought back the revolver and handed it to Clay. "Look out, now," he said, "it's loaded."

At Clay's words the General had retreated hastily to his horse's head and had begun unbuckling the strap of his holster and the orderly reached back into the boot for his carbine. Clay told him in Spanish to throw up his hands, and the man, with a frightened look at his officer, did as the revolver suggested. Then Clay motioned with his empty hand for the other to desist. "Don't do that," he said, "I'm not going to hurt you; I'm only going to frighten you a little."

He turned and looked at the student lamp inside, where it stood on the table in full view. Then he raised his revolver. He did not apparently hold it away from him by the butt, as other men do, but let it lie in the palm of his hand, into which it seemed to fit like the hand of a friend. His first shot broke the top of the glass chimney, the second shattered the green globe around it, the third put out the light, and the next drove the lamp crashing to the floor. There was a wild yell of terror from the back of the house, and the noise of a guitar falling down a flight of steps. "I have probably killed a very good cook," said Clay, "as I should as certainly kill you, if I were to meet you. Langham," he continued, "go tell that cook to come back."

The General sprang into his saddle, and the altitude it gave him seemed to bring back some of the jauntiness he had lost.

"That was very pretty," he said; "you have been a cowboy, so they tell me. It is quite evident by your manners. No matter, if we do not meet to-morrow it will be because I have more serious work to do. Two months from to-day there will be a new Government in Olancho and a new President, and the mines will have a new director. I have tried to be your friend, Mr. Clay. See how you like me for an enemy. Good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night," said MacWilliams, unmoved. "Please ask your man to close the gate after you."

When the sound of the hoofs had died away the men still stood in an uncomfortable silence, with Clay twirling the revolver around his middle finger. "I'm sorry I had to make a gallery play of that sort," he said. "But it was the only way to make that sort of man understand."

Langham sighed and shook his head ruefully.

"Well," he said, "I thought all the trouble was over, but it looks to me as though it had just begun. So far as I can see they're going to give the governor a run for his money yet."

Clay turned to MacWilliams.

"How many of Mendoza's soldiers have we in the mines, Mac?" he asked.

"About fifteen hundred," MacWilliams answered. "But you ought to hear the way they talk of him."

"They do, eh?" said Clay, with a smile of satisfaction. "That's good. 'Six hundred slaves who hate their masters.' What do they say about me?"

"Oh, they think you're all right. They know you got them their pay and all that. They'd do a lot for you."

"Would they fight for me?" asked Clay.

MacWilliams looked up and laughed uneasily. "I don't know," he said. "Why, old man? What do you mean to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," Clay answered. "I was just wondering whether I should like to be President of Olancho."

(To be continued.)

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A BYSTANDER'S NOTES OF A MASSACRE

THE SLAUGHTER OF ARMENIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

By Yvan Troshine

THE month of August is always an interesting period to the inhabitants of Constantinople. The anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid II. falls on the 31st of that month. During weeks before the day, preparations for so joyous a celebration occupy the thoughts and deplete the purses of all who would stand well with the Government of Turkey. Ammunition factories run at full time manufacturing the fireworks which shall beautify heaven and earth in honor of the event. Officials of the Department of Justice laboriously collect beforehand the names of criminals who have completed two-thirds of their allotted durance, in order that on the auspicious day they may be let loose to add, in return for pardon, their effective prayers to the chorus which shall then ascend for the long life of the sovereign. Local newspapers give columns to the gracious deeds of His Majesty and the epithets with which they express their surprise thereat. Princes of the blood royal, pashas of all degrees, and a whole army of lesser functionaries begin early in the month to rear, in front of their dwellings, ornamental frames to be hung with unnumbered lamps in token of their gratitude to the Guardian of their Mercies, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Upbuilder of the Universe, and the Dispenser of Peace and Prosperity to all the Nations of the World. And finally, as the month approaches its close, the police in each ward of the city make lists of the Government officials, the army contractors, the holders of concessions for public works, and the foreigners otherwise enjoying Government patronage, in order that they may watch the scale of preparation adopted by such for the illuminations, and that they may comment in a convincing manner upon any shabby economy appearing in the plan of the preparations. To the patriotic Turk Accession Day is, in short, as though he were deprived of national holidays for a year, and were given a Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day and Thanksgiving Day rolled into one, to lay the glory of the deferred rejoicing at the feet of him whom the police delight to cause to be honored. The whole month reflects the dawn of the great day with which it is to close.

August of the year 1896 was nevertheless far from a happy month at Constantinople. Crete was in open rebellion, Macedonia was overrun with bands of filibusters, which, though too small to be easily caught by the perspiring troops, were too aggressive to be contemptuously ignored. Europe was pounding at the door of the Sublime Porte with warnings of the possible consequences of delay in appeasing the discontented Cretans and Macedonians. In Syria all resources of the Government were absorbed by a heavy military force occupied in playing hide-and-seek with rebellious Druses among the crests of Anti-Lebanon. In the other Asiatic provinces of Turkey the favorite Turkish policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg was once more proving poverty to be its legitimate and predestined fruit. Fierce orders to the tax-gatherers in those unhappy regions to collect money by any and every means brought reply from these worthy men that they could find no purses which had not already been squeezed flat as a pancake. The custom-houses were receiving from duties barely money enough to pay the expenses of their maintenance. The officials, the troops, and the unnumbered pious pensioners throughout the country had received no pay for months. In its desperation the Treasury was debating

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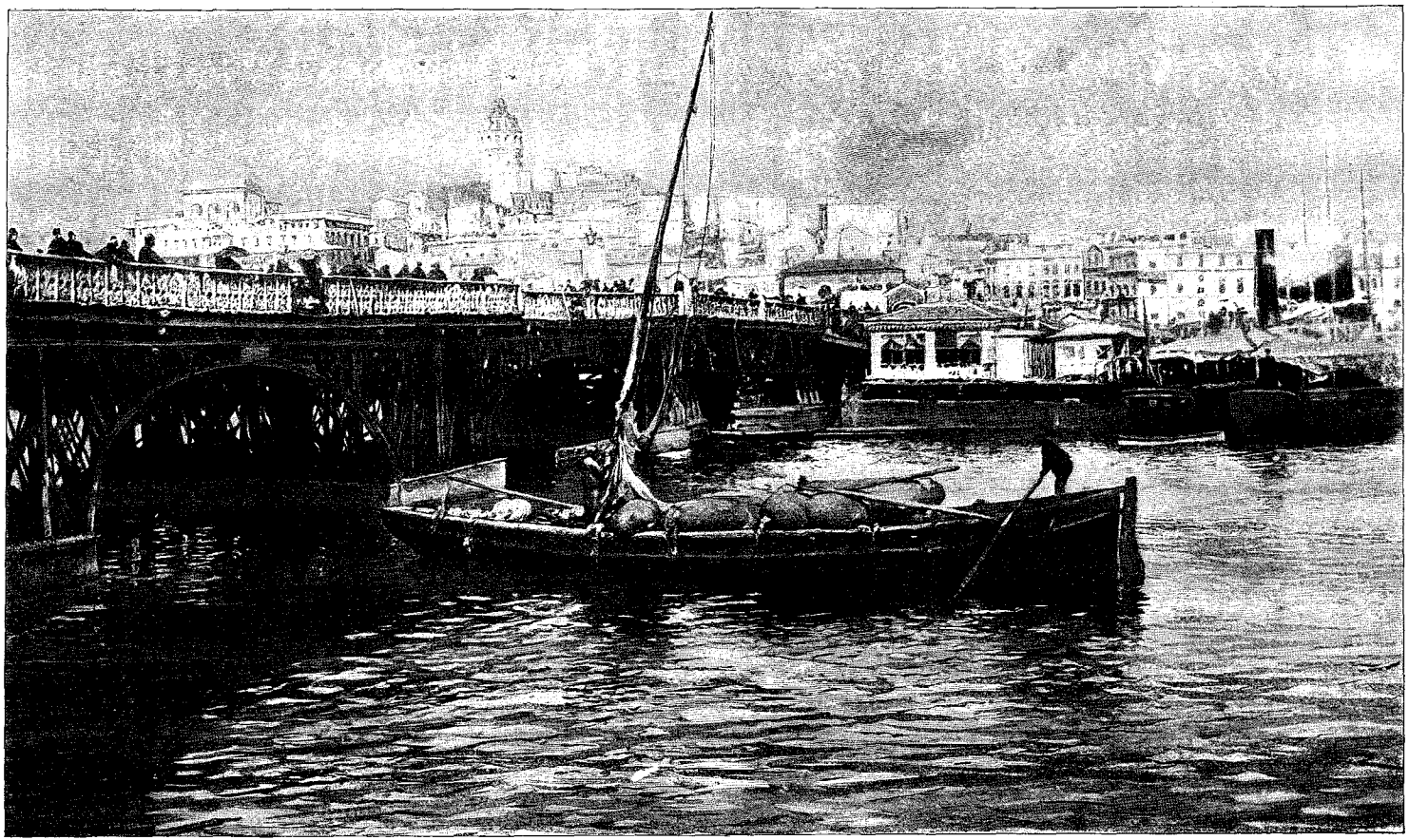

The Ottoman Bank.

THE GALATA BRIDGE

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the possibility (not the propriety) of relieving itself from the importunities of the army and the civil establishment by an issue of irredeemable paper-money. A horror of financial ruin rested upon both the capital and the provinces. Furthermore, the Armenian revolutionist party had lately several times warned the Embassies that the failure of all promised reform would force them to make new demonstrations against the Government. This meant that some small band of men would commit some outrage so heinous as to arouse the worst passions of the Turks, relying upon the Turkish principle that where "Giaours" are concerned there is small distinction between innocent and guilty, to produce some fiendish outburst which would force the intervention of Europe. But such warnings had before been proved to be the empty vaporing of foolish and pretentious young men. So now the population heard of them with a mere momentary catching of the breath. Their chief effect was to excite the police during the latter part of August to phenomenal activity in discovering criminal intent among well-disposed and innocent people. The police found even the pastimes of foreigners to be suspicious occupations. They attempted to prevent cricket and lawn-tennis on the ground that assemblies are prohibited in Turkey. In one case of this sort the intervention of an Embassy, and in another the judicious use of a garden-hose upon a policeman who attempted to dig up the tennis-court of an irascible German, defeated this part of the operations of the police with ignominy. One night with a few friends I was on the upper Bosphorus. In two boats we had rowed into midstream, and were letting the boats drift in a current mighty with the latent power of a score of Niagaras, but majestic in its silence of supremacy. The boats were near together, some of the party were singing softly, and all had lost touch with the troubled world about us, under the glamour of the silvery light that played upon the glassy stream pent between the dusty hills of the two continents.

Suddenly we heard behind us the quick, measured plunge of many oars skilfully wielded, and then a man-of-war's boat, rowed by eight Turkish sailors, dashed into the space between our boats, and there stopped with great swirling of water about the oars now held rigidly to break the impetus of that hasty swoop. Our sensations were as if a pirate chief had pounced upon defenceless merchantmen and sat gloating over his easy capture before seizing upon the plunder. In the stern of the boat sat two naval officers who looked solemnly at the face of each member of our party. Then, without a word to us, they ordered their men to give way, and their boat shot out of sight into the dark shadows of the Asiatic shore. Our boatmen, explaining this curious onset, said that the police now suspect every boat which crosses the Bosphorus at night. They said that if we had not been foreigners we should certainly have been sent to the lock-up for being found so near the Asiatic shore at so late an hour. But even this police vigilance caused no anxiety to such as could become familiar with the surveillance without reason to dread it.

Toward the latter part of the month two notable events caused a momentary flurry of anxiety in Constantinople. The pious and fearless Armenian Patriarch, Matteos Izmirlian, was forced to resign his office by pressure from the Turkish Government through Armenians of rank in the Turkish service. Bishop Bartolomeos, who looked to the palace of Yildiz for his comforts in this world and the next, was illegally chosen by the intervention of the Government to take his place as *locum tenens* of the Patriarchate. The fury caused among the Armenians by this new invasion of their rights seemed to portend outbursts of violence. A little later, anxious expectation of evil was excited among the Christians of Constantinople by the arrival, by express command of the Sultan, of a regiment of the infamous Hamidieh cavalry, made up of Kourds from the Eastern provinces of the Empire, who had been ravaging the Armenian villages during a year or more. The Christians of Constantinople distrusted the motive which brought to Constantinople such past-masters in massacre and plunder.

But when the regiment arrived the men were put into uniform and sent to barracks outside of the city limits, in order to be drilled and brought under some discipline

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before they should be subjected to the eyes of foreign military critics. They gave no sign of ferocity, and the people felt reassured.

Notwithstanding all these disquieting circumstances of life in Turkey, in August, hopes existed in the minds of the people that the worst of the crisis had passed. Either from motives of broad statesmanship, or because of its anxieties in Crete, Syria, and Macedonia, the Government seemed to be using less stringency toward the Armenians. All indicated that no more licenses to massacre would go into Asiatic Turkey. If this were the case, the Armenians, seeing a chance that they might preserve their lives, would begin to recover confidence. With the recovery of confidence the trading instinct would begin to assert itself; commerce with Europe would gradually revive, and taxes, that is to say, the comfort of hungry officials, would soon make glad the faces of those in power. The hopes of the population were based on the firm belief that if the Sultan really desired quiet and its accompanying revenue, he would certainly have it.

So it came to pass that I stumbled upon a veritable surprise on the morning of the 26th day of August. Happening to be in one of the suburbs of Constantinople, upon the other side of the Bosphorus, I met a friend, an Armenian, who told me, with considerable excitement, that a disturbance was to take place in the city in the course of the day. "Last night," he said, "the revolutionists warned their friends here not to go to the city, and to keep within doors as much as possible. The revolutionists are now well supplied with dynamite, and the outbreak is to last several days." My friend added that he did not dare to go to the city, and very strongly intimated that I would do well to keep away also. While we were talking, the city lay before us, basking under the noon-day sun. Its stately mosques, with pyramidal outline, dignified, while the deep blue of the surrounding sea enriched the beauty of the capital of the Sultans. It was a very ideal of serene, unconcerned,

A European Merchant's Office as Left by the Looters.

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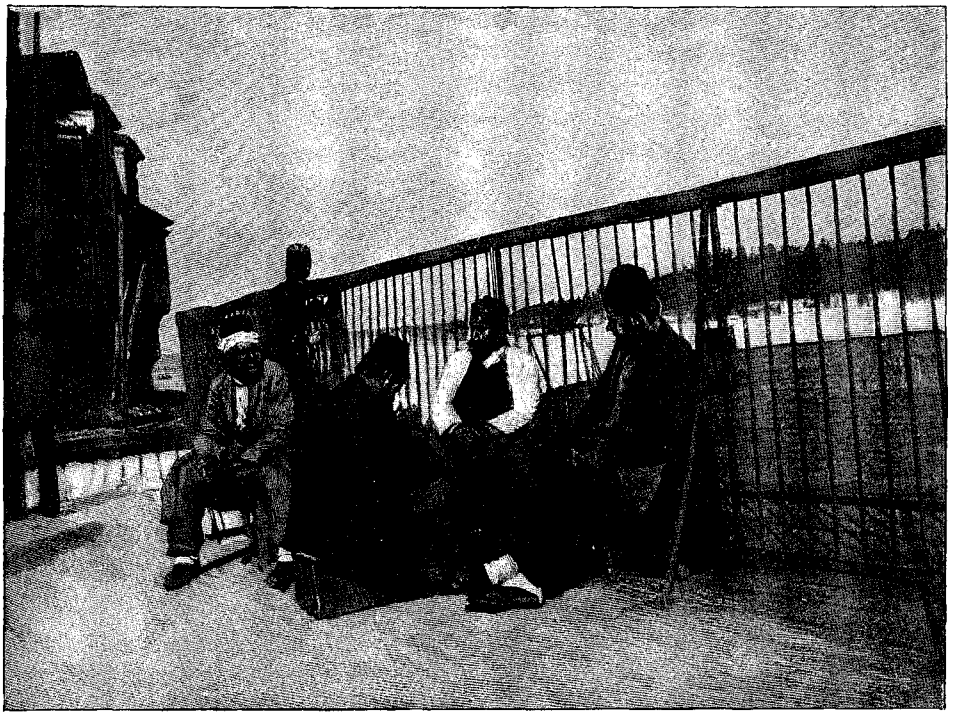

Water-side Loafers.

assured enjoyment of life. I decided not to follow the advice of my friend.

After this warning of impending trouble the faces of Turks whom I met seemed unusually anxious. Armenians there were none, either on the streets or on the steamer that took me to the city. We had crossed the Bosphorus and entered the harbor. All was quiet as usual. It was one o'clock, and I was just reflecting upon the deserts of men who torment their fellows with false alarms, when two loud explosions thundered out to meet us from Galata. A moment more and there was another, followed by shots fired in rapid succession. The faces of the Turks on the steamer grew pale, and they gathered in little groups upon the deck to exchange views. One said to another, "The Armenians are beginning again!" "God curse all swine of Giaours!" was the passionate rejoinder. "Until every one of these fellows has his throat cut," said another, "peace will not return to the world." "This work is the work of Europe," said the first speaker. "These cowherds and porters and clodhoppers from Anatolia go to Europe and are told that we do not treat them well. Do they not reflect that if we had chosen we could have taken away their language and their religion and cut off their heads besides, five hundred years ago? Is it nothing that they are let live to-day?" "What can you do with such people," said another, "as soon as one of them goes to Europe he puts a hat on his head and thinks that he is something. They will end by spoiling the whole country!" Then the men, observing me, lowered their voices, and drew a little apart, as if some barrier had suddenly been placed between us.

The silence of the passengers waiting on the landing at the bridge was oppressive. "They are attacking the Bank," whispered one, close by me. "Who are attacking the Bank?" I asked. "How should I know!" answered the Turk, as he slunk away, unwilling to talk to a foreigner. The bridge itself, a place where all the nations of the earth jostle shoulders every day, was almost deserted. Those who were upon the bridge were standing in little groups looking anxiously toward the Bank building towering high above its

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lesser neighbors. Explosion followed explosion. I remembered the remark of my friend about the dynamite, and understood the hard, wicked expression of the louder explosions. Then suddenly it came over me that all the people upon the bridge seemed to be Turks, many of them unpleasant-looking fellows from the lower classes. They were evidently stirred to the depths of their sluggish nature by each new roar of bombs or of musketry. Mine was the only hat in that company of people, and I felt suddenly as though lost in a wilderness of unknown extent. The end of the bridge at Galata was barred by troops. So I went to the office of a friend in Stamboul.

From this building we could look across the Golden Horn to the Bank. With a glass soldiers could be seen in all points of vantage in the streets which ran steeply up the hill above the Bank. They were firing toward the building from every corner. On the roof of the Bank were other men, also firing. Once in a while one of them would run forward and throw something down into the street, when a loud explosion would follow. The wildest stories were flying about. The Bank had been attacked by Turkish troops who were tired of waiting for their pay; Armenian revolutionists had tried to rob the Bank in order to get the sinews of war more speedily than by the usual method of intimidation; the attack was an attempt to kill the directors for having given financial aid to the Turkish Government; Sir Edgar Vincent, the Chief Director, was dead, and his body had been seen carried away on a stretcher; the attempt to kill the directors was because they would not give financial aid to the Turks. All these stories seemed equally credible until a man came in, directly from Galata, who was able to assure us that the Bank had been seized by a group of Armenians, who were going to hold it until the Sultan should grant their demand for an autonomous Armenia. The men on the roof of the Bank were revolutionists, firing and throwing bombs at the troops.

In the streets near us patrols of soldiers were leisurely sauntering along. In front of all the shops the shopkeepers stood peering uneasily in various directions, or holding council with their neighbors. Then a group of rough-looking Kourds came to the corner of the street, and paused, evidently deliberating some important matter. Instantly all the shops were closed, the shutters going up with a noise like musketry. But a patrol came hurrying up, ordered the Kourds to move on, and the shopkeepers to reopen their shops; for there was absolutely nothing to be frightened at. The shops were reopened, though business was impossible. Evil-looking men, bearing clubs of sinister aspect, began to pass along the street singly or in groups of four or five. The massacre of September 30, 1895, was in the mind of all. Deep distrust of the promises of the patrols ruled the public mind, and all Armenians who were brave enough to venture upon the streets sought some more secure district of the city.

By four o'clock reports began to come in that Armenians had been killed while peaceably walking the streets. Then came news that a second outbreak of revolutionists was in progress at Samatia, in the part of the city which extends along the shore of the Sea of Marmora toward the Seven Towers. Shortly before noon a party had seized a stone school-house in that district, and were firing and throwing bombs from the windows, after the fashion of those in the Bank. This was serious news. It ended all pretence of business. Every man, of no matter what nationality, closed his shop and stole away, skulking along the walls like a criminal. The peculiar attitude of the Turkish mind toward unbelievers placed every Christian in as much danger as if he were in an enemy's country in time of war. My friend and I walked together toward the bridge, to take steamer for the Bosphorus, where we might be out of this seething hot-bed of rumor, distrust, and terror.

Numbers of Turks were assembled at the street corners, many of them carrying clubs or rough billets of wood. But we saw no violence toward any Christian. Troops were scattered along the street in parties of ten or twelve. There seemed good reason to hope that they would prevent mobs from forming to attack Christians. A year ago the mob of Turks had killed many Christians in these very streets, after an Armenian outbreak. But the storm of indignation which these mas-

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sacres had caused had been a lesson to those in authority. If the Turkish Government should now show self-control, holding down the mob as it now seemed to be doing; should take the Bank and the Samatia school-house by storm, and limit its vengeance to those actually engaged in the outbreaks, it would win the sympathy of Europe. It would ruin the cause of the so-called patriots who were now hurling their bombs from the Bank; for unless they could cause a general massacre by their proceedings, their course would be judged in its true light. These reflections were quite comforting. The good sense of the Turks seemed almost proven by the quiet of the streets through which we were walking. Just then a procession of four or five scavenger carts met us. The first one passed without notice. Over the second a piece of matting was thrown, and from under the matting protruded the hands and feet of dead men. The third had no covering over its ghastly load of four or five bodies thrown in, doubled and twisted as they chanced to fall. The uppermost body was a horrible spectacle, with only a broken mixture of skin, hair, and blood in the place where the skull had been. In those carts were more than a score of bodies of Armenians of the poorer class, who had been killed, not with weapons, but by beating with clubs. The Turkish bludgeonmen had been at work on the streets, and the municipality had placed its carts at their disposal to remove the evidences of their crime. The victims had been battered to pieces merely because they belonged to a hated race. The contempt for their fate shown by the Government officials in thus indecently piling their corpses like offal in the scavenger carts, and in parading the evidence of its heartlessness before the eyes of club-bearers who were waiting opportunity for similar achievements, swept away every trace of sympathy for the Turks wronged by the anarchical proceedings of the Armenians at the Bank.

From the bridge another horrible sight could be seen. Men were at work gathering dead bodies of Armenians out of the water. Almost immediately upon the outbreak at the Bank the Kourdish porters employed at the Custom-House on the Stamboul side of the harbor, more than a mile from the scene of disturbance, had killed all whom they could catch of their Armenian associates, and had thrown them into the sea. The police were now having the bodies dragged from the water in order to be taken away by the carts; and some of the wretches were still alive. But now there was a sudden rush of many feet on the square at the head of the bridge over which we had just come. There was a sort of hoarse murmur, "Curses on the Giaour!" there was a sudden brandishing of clubs in the air, and a poor fellow in the midst of a maddened crowd went down not to rise again. Mounted police were sitting on their horses not far away, and after the clubs dealt their blows they swept in, scattering the crowd. The question of the policy which the Government had chosen hung upon the action of the police, now that the deed was done. If they should arrest the murderers, it would show that the Government intended to protect the innocent. But when they saw that the man was dead the police could see no duty left to them but to call the scavenger cart. The bludgeon-bearers, and we too, then knew the meaning of the inaction of the police. Turkey had learned nothing from the indignation of the world at the massacres of the last year.

At the steamer-landing on the bridge were numbers of foreigners, Greeks and Armenians, who had come through Galata, and had further light to throw upon the situation. The firing at the Bank was still going on, but the rifle-balls of the troops hurt no one outside of that building, except as the lack of instruction in marksmanship caused the soldiers to hit the opposite side of the street instead. All who came to the steamer testified that they were well treated and assisted by the police to pass through the crowds. Ladies there were who had been caught in the storm while shopping in Pera; although they arrived almost fainting with horror of the scenes which they had witnessed on the way, when they could not screen from their eyes the hideously mutilated bodies of Armenians among which they had to pick their way. Merchants there were who had been extricated from their offices near the Bank building by gentlemanly Turkish officers, who spared no pains to reassure them with declarations that

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there was not the least cause for anxiety. Even the Armenians who had found their way to the steamer to go to their homes in the upper Bosphorus testified that no one had molested them or made them afraid. All this spoke well for the purpose of the Government to keep the mob from repeating the dreaded excesses of our previous experience. But on the other hand it was clear that the lower classes of Armenians were being killed wherever they were found, notwithstanding the fact that no outbreak had occurred in Galata or Pera besides the one at the Bank. Two of the employees of the British post-office had been killed by the bludgeon-men almost in front of the closed doors of the post-office, and the police, standing idly by, had not offered to arrest the aggressors. But the most depressing fact was related by an Englishman, who had chanced to be in the street near the Bank when the Armenians commenced their attack. Immediately upon the first explosions Turkish rowdies began to assemble at the street corners. The most of them were supplied with heavy clubs. Those who had no clubs broke up the tables in front of the cafés in order to utilize the table-legs for their purpose. Within twenty minutes after the explosion of the first bomb some three hundred of these fellows had assembled in the street a few blocks above the Bank building. It seemed as if a force of auxiliaries was being collected for an assault upon the building. But soon a group of men came running up the street from the direction of the main police station of the district. These gave some word to the waiting ruffians, and immediately the whole three hundred dashed off, not toward the fight at the Bank, but in the opposite direction, down the hill toward Cassim Pasha, where numbers of Armenian workmen from the eastern provinces had their lodging-places. And the next day it turned out that some hundreds of these poor workmen at Cassim Pasha had been killed in cold blood by this mob before they had even heard of the outbreak which formed the excuse for the attack upon them.

All these bits of information proved beyond a doubt that we were already in the midst of one of these dreadful outbursts of fanatic fury of which Turkey has seen so many. Serious questionings were in the minds of all, whether such a mob would hold its hand before it had attacked all Christians in the city. The indications of an understanding between the mob and the police were not reassuring. The utter lack of common interest between Turkey and the rest of the world, owing to the Turkish idea that Islam has still a divine mission of conquest, makes all confidence at such a time a baseless dream. The meditations of the Christian population, even in the perfect quiet of the Bosphorus villages, were not tranquillizing on that Wednesday night.

Thursday morning, the 27th, dawned brilliant and quiet as an old New England Sabbath. It brought revived hope that the worst was over. The early-morning baker's man, the acknowledged substitute among the native families for the morning paper, brought word that the revolutionists in the Bank had surrendered during the night, that the parties at Samatia and at the Phanar had been captured by the troops, and that all was now quiet. The Turkish morning papers, which arrived a little later, also had a reassuring tone. The official account of the affair of the previous day was a note of about ten lines. This was all that the censors would allow the paper to publish on the subject; but it said that a party of Armenian revolutionists had seized the Bank building; that the Government, apprized beforehand of the intention of the outlaws, had suppressed the outbreak without allowing it to extend to other parts of the city; that quiet had been restored, and the criminals had been handed over to the civil authorities for punishment in accord with the gravity of their crime. The implication was that all of the anxieties of the populace were now at an end, and business might go on as usual.

A mere glance at the situation after arriving in the city that morning showed how much the official notice in the papers left to be desired in point of accuracy. The reports from eye-witnesses of the deeds of the night were terrible. At Samatia, and in Balad, and the region of the Adrianople Gate in Stamboul, attacks on Armenians in their houses were somewhat intelligible, because of the revolutionist outbreaks in the immediate vicinity. But at Hasskeuy, on the opposite side of the

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Golden Horn, where there had been no Armenian outbreak, the whole Armenian quarter, containing some six thousand inhabitants, had been attacked during the night, and several hundred persons had been killed. The mob had crossed in boats from Stamboul, and had assembled from the brickyards beyond Hasskeuy after killing the Armenian workmen employed in the yards. Jews of the district had acted as guides to the Turks, showing which were the Armenian houses. The mob forced the doors, killing all the men whom they could find, but, happily, not touching the women. The frightened people fled in the darkness, some to the open country behind Hasskeuy, some to throw themselves into wells and cisterns, where they remained standing in and out of the water for forty-eight hours, and some succeeded in reaching the great stone church, where 1,400 found refuge. A foreigner, who lives in that region, says that the shrieks from Hasskeuy through all the long night were such that he will never recover from the impression of anguish within reach which he was impotent to relieve. The pillage of the houses went on through the night, and, in fact, continued through all the day of Thursday. After the Turks had carried off all the more portable valuables from the houses, they actually had leisure allowed them to sell to the Jews the right to carry off the heavier furniture. During the night the furniture of a well-conditioned Armenian house in Hasskeuy could be bought for $10, at buyer's risk. In some cases, after the Turks had left, the Armenian owner would reappear from his hiding-place and try to drive off the Jews who were carrying away his furniture. Then these thrifty merchants would appeal to the mob for help against the "rebel," the bludgeon-men would come back to make good their sale to their clients, would kill the Armenian, and go on with their work in other houses. After the Jews had cleared the houses, a horde of Gypsies came into the place to gather up the sweepings, and to lament that the rapacity of the Jews had left them so little worth carrying off. Every one seemed free to the use of Armenian houses except the rightful owners. It is only fair to add that the Turks declare that the Hasskeuy massacre was "caused" by the act of one Armenian in firing a pistol Wednesday evening, and thereby killing one of His Imperial Majesty's soldiers of the marine service. The Armenian was condemned to death for this crime. But at the trial it came out most clearly from the testimony for the prosecution that when the revolver was fired a mob had already surrounded the house in order to pillage it, and that the soldier was killed in the darkness simply because he formed a part of the mob. There was no Armenian outbreak to provoke this terrible slaughter.

As to the suppression of the outbreaks of the revolutionists at Samatia and the Phanar the story of the baker's man in the morning was substantially correct. After ten hours of ceaseless firing the troops had taken the Samatia school-house, and found in it four Russian-Armenian revolutionists, of whom one was a woman. The similar outbreak at the Phanar had been quelled about the same time of the night, the revolutionists having been destroyed by the use of artillery. With the surrender of the Bank the Armenian outbreak ended at about one o'clock in the morning of Thursday. The story of the Bank affair we learned only after it was all over, and it is worth while to detail it here: Twenty-four young Armenians from abroad, under the command of two Armenians who were Russian subjects, went to the Bank as if to deposit bullion, which they carried into the bank in bags on the backs of porters. Part entered the building in this way and part remained outside until a preconcerted signal was given. They then attacked the door-keepers, killing one and wounding another. A police patrol hastened up at the noise of this disturbance and fired upon the revolutionists before they could close the doors of the Bank. The Armenians then threw bombs at the police, which dispersed them, but at the same time killed two of their own number. This effect of the bombs was to give the Armenians time to close and barricade the doors of the Bank. One of the humors of the occasion was that the material used for the barricade was the bags of specie found in the Bank. Probably silver was never before used as General Jackson used his cotton-bales. As soon as the Bank had been placed in a

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condition for defence, and the effect of the bombs in keeping the troops at bay had been tested, the young leaders of the Armenians drew up a regular manifesto, written on Bank paper, in which they made known their demands. These were that the Sultan agree to execute the Reform Scheme of 1875 under European supervision, that there be no promiscuous massacres in the city on account of the outbreak; that the members of the band in possession of the Bank be given safe conduct out of the empire, and that pending negotiations the troops be withdrawn from the vicinity of the Bank. In case of refusal the Armenians would blow up the Bank, with themselves and the whole staff of the establishment.

The manifesto was sent out by two of the Bank officials. It became the subject of anxious deliberations at the Sultan's palace and at the embassies for some hours. The troops kept up their fire at the Bank until after midnight, but the Armenians, reduced, through casualties, to seventeen in number, continued to hold the army at bay. After midnight representatives of the Sultan and of the embassies, and some of the high officers of the Bank, made their appearance. These dignitaries stood in the street and pleaded with the Armenians for nearly an hour. It required the most melting eloquence of Mr. Maximof, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy, to convince the Armenians that they had gained enough in gaining safety for themselves and a promise from the Sultan that he would consider the question of reform. Finally the Armenians yielded, and were taken through the long lines of vainly waiting troops to the water's edge, were sent to a vessel, and on to the other side of the Bosphorus, and the next day were transferred to a French steamer sailing for Marseilles. So ended the most formidable of the three outbreaks of the revolutionists.

It seems heartless to note the comic elements of this story, when thousands who had nothing to do with the affair died in the city for the act of these men before the revolutionists made their triumphant exit from the stage. The success of these twenty-four smooth-spoken, gentlemanly young Armenians in capturing the Bank at midday in a city heavily patrolled by troops is one of these comic elements. So also is the submission of over a hundred Bank employees, who remained prisoners to the redoubtable twenty-four until the terms of the capitulation set them free. Then again the revolutionists were not only allowed a safe conduct out of the country after their exploit, but each was furnished with money to spend in France on arrival; and, finally, as the Gironde was leaving with the revolutionists on board, one of the leaders kissed his hand to a lady on the tender, saying, with a humor—the grimness can only be understood by those who had seen the results of the presence in the city of the man and his gang—"*Au revoir*. We will be back in two weeks."

All these amusing features of the Bank affair were discussed with relish on the Thursday morning. This was possible because it was assumed that the reckless work of the Turks would end with the Armenian outbreak. But it did not. Immediately on entering Stamboul the state of the streets showed the assumption that order would be restored to be a sanguine fallacy. All shops were closed, even to the tobacconists and the water-sellers. Here and there blood stained the pavement, or loose paving-stones with a sharp corner covered with gore told a tale of the use to which they had been put. In many shops jagged rents in the iron shutters showed where the Turks had broken in during the night for pillage. Within ten feet of the chief police station of the district stood the shop of an Armenian jeweller and watchmaker, its front shattered and its contents gone except for the iron safe, scarred with the blows of sledge-hammers, and the *débris* of a lot of clocks which the ruffians had not cared to take away and had destroyed in sheer wantonness of hate to the owner. All the streets from the end of the bridge to the Vienna railway station were littered with broken boxes and wrapping-papers, and bits of glass from the pillage of the shops. It was as if a tornado had swept through the place and had scattered the *débris* far and wide. Patrols of police were numerous, as usual, but unimpressed. Not an Armenian was to be seen, and what few Christians of other race ventured upon the streets sought to diminish the tempta-

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tion which their presence might offer to the mob by making themselves as inconspicuous as possible in the depths of cabs. Everywhere the bludgeon-men were standing about or sauntering along in groups. The persistence of this crowd was a puzzle. They might be lying in wait for Armenians to show themselves; they might be planning new pillage, or it might be that the police had them under close watch and were forcing them gradually to disperse by giving them no chance to exercise their peculiar talents. On entering a byway, where patrols and other passers might be supposed to rarely enter, I received light on these subjects. A crowd of Turks were beating in the doors of a large dry-goods establishment, and soon the goods were being carried away in great profusion. It was the old story of the morals of the Orient—to seem right is better than to be right. The bludgeon-men on the corners in peaceful inaction were on exhibition in order to show that the Turkish populace was quiet and well-disposed.

Such men as the bludgeon-men one does not often see in the streets of Constantinople. Of the better class of Turks there were none among them. They were of a class like the wharf-rats and 'longshoremen of Western lands. They were of all shades of color, from the white-skinned Laz and Circassian, to the brown and hook-nosed Kourd, and the coal-black Nubian from Africa. Their faces were a study of fearful passions. There were faces seamed and scarred like the head of a fighting bulldog; faces distorted by malice and greed; faces seared as by fire, case-hardened in ignorance of all except vice, and ferocious as an angry tiger. Some of those faces burnt their way into my memory and remained for days; a haunting revelation of brutal instincts and beastly desires which made one wonder how it was possible to have lived in safety for weeks in a city containing such men.

These men were not armed in the common sense of the word. Some of them had revolvers, and the most of them had knives. But they seldom used either; for awkward questions might be raised if the police were called to account for failing to arrest armed civilians on the streets. Carrying axe-helves, pick-axe handles, heavy clubs, like base-ball bats, jagged fragments of broken scantling; carrying anything that can crush the skull of man, this horrible rabble flooded the streets of all Christian quarters of the city, like an all-desolating tidal wave, silent but irresistible. Their silence by day was almost as terrible as their howls by night. They would be seen going along the street, when they would meet an Armenian, who had ventured to attempt to reach his home. Without a word they would break in his skull and go on their way, entirely unmoved, and hardly having spoken a loud word. If resistance was offered, they had only to say, "The Giaours resist!" and a horde of their fellows would come running from all directions to destroy one who had proved his seditious quality by daring to resist a Mussulman. In one case two of these ruffians seem to have met their deserts. Two of them came along a street in Pera where the dead body of an Armenian porter was lying. The fellows began to pound the dead body with their clubs, as though they had not yet found a living victim on whom to vent their hate. This sight was too much for the stomach of a Greek who lived just opposite the place, and he came to his door and began to flout the fellows for attacking a dead body. The men turned upon the Greek and swore that they would serve him the same way. The Greek dodged their clubs, whipped out a long knife, and in two passes of his skilled Cephaloniote arm he had killed them both. The two Turks lay by the side of the Armenian, whose body they had abused until the scavenger carts came along to take the Armenian, in contumely to the cemetery trenches, and to call the neighbors to take the Turks to the nearest mosque that they might be buried with becoming honor as martyrs. It should be added in regard to the men of the bludgeon as a class, that while they did things whose cruelty astounded the foreign population of Constantinople, they did not do many things which one was prepared to expect from their hands. As a rule they did not molest women, and they rarely killed a man or broke into a store by day when the police were actually watching the beginning of the fray. They preferred to be able to give their own account of the first cause of each crime.

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One felt singularly out of place when in the neighborhood of these men of the bludgeon. What was to prevent their knocking a foreigner on the head as well as an Armenian. I took an early opportunity of escaping from their vicinity into a business house belonging to a European. But there was still opportunity of watching the peculiar methods of the mob. From the windows of the house could be seen a large building where several Armenian merchants had their offices. It was a building of the kind known in Constantinople as Khans. The street was full of bludgeon-men, when several shots were fired from the windows of this Khan. Probably the mob had been trying to force the doors. At all events some of the men rushed off to the captain commanding a patrol that was not far off, and we heard them explain, "The Armenians in the Khan have fired on the Mussulmans." "And have you killed the beasts? Have you suffered them to live until this moment?" answered the captain, brutally. The police came up. The mob was cleared away, and then the police, with their Winchesters, began a regular fusillade at the windows of the offending Khan. One can imagine the terror and despair of the inmates of the building, beleaguered by a mob, firing their pistols to drive them off when they attempted to break in the doors, and then finding the police coming to attack them as rebels, because they, Christians, had dared fire at Mohammedans. The firing of the police continued for an hour or more. Once I saw some one in the Khan firing his revolver into the air, aiming at no one, and not even looking to see if the balls hit the clouds or the ground.

Meanwhile the mob, having been ordered away from the vicinity of the Khan, could not see the effect of the firing of the police. Left without occupation they fell to examining the shops immediately in front of them. Passing policemen warned them not to touch those shops, since they did not belong to Armenians. Soon a patrol drove them away from the place. This brought them opposite to an alley in which was a shop belonging to an Armenian. Again the mob found this idle standing and waiting for the police to finish the attack on the Khan irksome work. We could see the genesis of the idea of sacking that Armenian shop. One of the bludgeon-men sauntered across the street and began to try the solidity of the wooden shutters of the shop. Then another man went over to the alley and joined the first in the effort to wrench off the shutter in an unobtrusive manner with his hands. The men next took a survey of the scene and noted that no patrol was in sight, while the policemen firing at the Khan could not see into the alley. Then there was a sudden rush of the mob; heavy blows shattered the shutters and the glass of the windows, and in a moment the shop was stripped. After it was cleaned out the police came rushing up, seized the clubs from two men, and arrested a third who had an old tin dish, his share of the spoil; and drove the rest of the mob a short distance away from the alley. This new movement brought the crowd directly opposite the building where I was. The iron shutters and the heavy iron gates of this building had been prudently closed when the firing broke out at the Khan. The mob again had nothing to do but study the possibilities of interesting operations on the building in front of them. Doubtless they saw visions of untold wealth behind those closed doors. Whatever those men expected to do they would do in cold blood, with the fullest calculation of risks and possible gains. It was anything but an excited mob. The singular combination of caution and bloodthirstiness seemed to offer opportunity for taking a characteristic snap-shot. I was just picking out the best point of view, and meditating which window to open in order to bring my camera into action, when a little weazened-faced fellow in a mauve gown and a white turban, and with a nose which looked as if the tip of it had been welded to its root by the kick of a horse, stretched out a bony finger at me: "There are Armenians in that building," said he, "lots of Armenians. I can see one of them now." The languid crowd was instantly galvanized into life. Two hundred eyes were uplifted, and a hundred hands were pointing to the windows. "There! there!" said a dozen voices. They were sure that they had found a plan for getting into the building now, if they had seen Armenians there. Anyone who has observed the peculiar watering of the

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mouth that shows itself in a cat just about to spring at a bird, can imagine to himself the look on the face of each of those men. A score of them rushed across the street and began to try the strength of the iron shutters. If the fact that Armenians were in the building would be held to justify attack upon it by the mob, the opening of a window, and the presentation to their view of a hand-camera, would be certain to insure a massacre. Nothing could persuade that ignorant crowd that the camera was not a most infernal kind of a bomb, which, by some happy accident, had not gone off to the detriment of the Mussulman worthies at which it was directed. So I lost the opportunity of a lifetime, and left my camera in its case. Meanwhile the police ordered the crowd away, telling them that they had nothing to do with the buildings of Europeans. But the bludgeon-men insisted that Armenians were assembled in that building, and were preparing to attack the Mussulmans. As the police drove them away, they returned again and again to argue and plead against the verdict of the police captain. Finally a squad of cavalry was brought up, which formed line, and advancing at a trot, cleared the rabble entirely from the street. Here was an accurate picture of the course of events at hundreds of places in Stamboul, Pera, and Galata. The mob would form a plan to pillage a certain building. If difficulties offered themselves, they had only to convince the police that Armenians were in the place, and were inclined to attack the harmless members of the mob, when they could induce the police to let them work their will upon the house and all that it contained. I never knew what was the fate of the Armenians in the Khan which the police were firing into all this time. It now stands entirely empty. The chance of being again besieged by the mob in that building was not enticing. Deep distrust of the police control was the result of my observation up to this point, and I concluded to profit by the momentary dispersal of the mob to go across the bridge into Galata.

On passing into the street I hailed a Turkish officer and asked him if it was safe to go to the bridge. He was polite in the extreme. "Safe?" said he, "certainly it is safe. This business does not affect your safety. Do you not see that the city is perfectly quiet under the protection of His Majesty!" Inasmuch as the popping of shots was incessant, while a large mercantile establishment was at that moment being plundered within a block of where we stood, and inasmuch as from the window that I had just left I had seen the Turks on a high roof a few rods away firing into a neighboring building in order to kill some wretched Armenians who had taken refuge there, the old liar's euphemism about the quiet and safety of the city seemed quite a monumental effort. But no untoward incident hindered my progress to the bridge through many hundreds of the bludgeon-bearers. The explanation of the safety of Europeans among these fellows, even where the police were absent, is probably to be found in the tentative character of the Turk's violations of right and of law. In doing what is wrong he always begins an abject coward, gaining courage with impunity. The mere fact that a European would walk straight through a crowd of the bludgeon-men, jostling against them in an unconcerned manner, convinced them that for some reason he was not a safe man to attack. In some cases Armenians walked safely through the mobs on the street simply by pushing their way with a determined air. In every case where an Armenian ran from them, or even hesitated on meeting them, his only chance of life was gone. The tentative character of Turkish aggressions is not sufficiently borne in mind. At the beginning of a wrong, even a sultan will draw back when he sees that his course is resented by one whom he knows to have the right, and believes to have the force to do so.

The attitude of the police toward the club-bearers seemed inconsistent and unintelligible. Time and again I saw a policeman rush at one of these men with a most determined air, take away his club and curse him. The fellow would gently submit, and then go off to find another club; while the policeman would hurl the bludgeon into some nook of a by-way where those who sought such things would be sure to find it. Once I saw a policeman pounce upon a man in the midst of a crowd. There was no

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reason for seizing this man any more than fifty others who were all in a part of the city where they did not belong and which they could not have visited with any honest intent. The fellow turned about with some confusion ; and when the policeman thrust his hand into the bulge of the man's vest and drew out a worsted shawl and a case presumably containing jewelry, the rascal was really frightened. But he recovered his coolness in a moment, for the policeman contented himself with taking the spoil, and let the robber go. An officer whom I slightly knew was walking with me in the street. Two peculiarly villainous-looking rascals were amid the crowd of looters, each of the two carrying the half of an untrimmed six-foot stick of stove-wood. The officer attracted their attention by a sort of hiss, and motioned to them to throw the sticks down. The men looked at him incredulously, grinned sheepishly when he repeated his sign, and then hid their sticks behind their backs as they skulked out of sight among the crowd. The officer did not further disturb them. Upon this I said to him, in a tone of languid indifference, "I observe many of these fellows carrying clubs. Why do they carry clubs ?" "Ah !" said my friend, much relieved at finding so receptive a market for his finesse, "they are forced to carry them by the horrid deeds of the Armenians. They are afraid to be on the streets without means of defence." The police declare that bombs were thrown from several different houses in Pera and Galata in the course of Thursday. Unhappily there is no independent testimony on this point. At the Ministry of Police I was assured, in explanation of the number of Armenians who were being brought in under arrest, that the patrols and the helpless Mussulman populace were being fired upon from Armenian houses all over the city. There is some reason to believe that after the general assault upon Armenians became apparent local revolutionist committees did order their members to attack the Turks from their houses. But even after making every allowance for such cases which escaped the notice of casual observers, the conduct of the police includes an amount of indifference to the doings of the mob which is simply inexplicable without violence to the professions of the Government respecting the keeping of order. All foreign banking-houses and mercantile establishments in Constantinople have had Armenians for porters, night-watchmen, coffee-makers, and messengers. They are faithful, industrious, and cheap. These Armenians seemed to be specially sought after by the police on Thursday. Wherever they could lay hands upon them they arrested them. At the Vienna Railway Station the police demanded of the company the surrender of fifteen Armenian porters connected with the railway. The company gave them up, and the men were taken away. But in the square in front of the Railway Station the mob fell upon them and killed them all while they were in the hands of the police. The bludgeon-men seemed to have great skill in scenting out the buildings in Galata and Pera where Armenian porters were huddled together trembling behind the doors that were left in their charge. The story was always the same : "They have fired on the servants of God ;" and the police always declared this to be the case in accounting for the slaughter of the men and the pillage of places where they were employed. A walk through Galata showed a considerable number of business offices and stores belonging to Europeans which had been entirely sacked ; the desks and files ransacked, the furniture broken, and all portable valuables carried off, while the safes were taken from their places and turned upside down in the attempt to find a vulnerable spot, but in most cases abandoned unopened after the sledge-hammers had smashed every projecting point in vain. One horrible occurrence took place while I was crossing the bridge about half-past twelve on Thursday. An old gentleman, an Armenian, stood at the ticket-office of the Steamboat Company, buying his ticket to go to the upper Bosphorus. A policeman came up and rather roughly searched his person. The old gentleman naturally remonstrated with some warmth. The policeman instantly knocked him down. The poor old man picked himself up, and the policeman knocked him down again. Upon this a Turkish army officer came out of a coffee-shop, and rebuked the policeman for his brutality to an old man. To justify himself the po-

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liceman declared that the old man had cartridges in his pocket. Then someone yelled "Kill the Giaour!" In a moment a crowd of ruffians sprang forward from no one knows what lurking-places, and in less time than it takes to tell it they had beaten out the old man's brains on the planks in front of the steamer wharf. Two small Armenian boys stood by, paralyzed with terror at this sudden exhibition of passions of which they had no idea. One of the bludgeon-men noticed them and shouted out, "These also are Armenians!" In a moment more the crying, pleading boys had been beaten to death before the eyes of the officers and of the horror-stricken passengers who were waiting for the steamer. But neither officers, nor police, nor passengers had aught to say to the murderers. And the men whom I believe to have been the perpetrators of this crime are every day hanging about the steamer wharf to carry luggage, and are as absolutely contented and happy as an innocent of three years old. It is worth while to note that almost at the same time as this occurrence the European Embassies were remonstrating with the Sultan's ministers upon the license given to the mob, and were receiving, as convincing answer, the declaration that there was no mob and no license in the city, and that no Armenians had been harmed in person or in property except those engaged in revolutionary enterprises against the Government, who, naturally, had to suffer the consequences of their own acts.

The attitude of the police on the harbor was the same. In the inner harbor the Mohammedan boatmen killed the Armenian boatmen whose competition had been a trouble to them; making forays by land and by sea for pillage, and making themselves a terror to all the vicinity. A foreigner has a steam flour-mill on the upper part of the Golden Horn. His superior management and superior machinery have made him obnoxious to the Turks of his own trade, while his employment of Armenians as porters and watchmen has set against him the Turks and Kourds of the neighborhood who wished to have the work. On this Thursday the rabble of this part of the city decided to sack that mill. So they declared to the police that two or three hundred Armenians with arms were hidden in the mill, waiting a suitable opportunity to sally forth to attack the Mussulmans. The police resisted the tale at first, but later showed signs of wavering. The miller then made a diversion by cutting loose three or four lighters moored to his wharf. As soon as the lighters were seen to be drifting away with the current, boats put out from all the neighboring shores. The ruffians in these boats swarmed up over the sides of the lighters, and instantly rushed to the hatches to make sure that no Armenians were concealed within. They took boat-hooks and made furious lunges into the sides of the narrow holds, into which they did not dare look until certain that no one was there. At last, satisfied on this point, they fell to dismantling the lighters, and in an incredibly short time they had loaded their boats with the sails, the rigging, the blocks, the odds and ends from the hold, and even the oars and boat-hooks. Wherever an Armenian had left his lighter unprotected, these fellows made a clean sweep of all that it contained. The harbor police did not interfere with these operations, or at least interfered only so far with them as to compel the men not to land their plunder too near the police stations. As to the ironclads of the Turkish fleet, which lie at anchor in the part of the harbor where these things were going on, their officers merely watched the murder and pillage with listless eye. All that they did to prevent such crimes was after the work was over, and the boats laden with plunder began to come down the Golden Horn seeking a market. Then they seized some of the best of the stolen goods, "in order to save it against the appearance of an owner to claim it."

At the same time there is no question that the police authorities were commonly ostentatiously polite to foreigners during these terrible occurrences. Afterward they obtained, in some cases, testimonials that the conduct of the troops had been absolutely correct. The actual fact as to the principle on which the authorities acted, I believe was unconsciously revealed by the words of a high police official with whom I had occasion to talk of the danger which even Europeans might incur should the mob rule be prolonged. He said, "You need have no fears. We have

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orders to protect all foreigners. In fact we have instructions also to protect Greeks and Roman Catholic natives. If you have friends among them who are alarmed, you may tell them confidentially of this fact. But you must tell it to them very confidentially, for if the Armenians should hear of it they would all be calling out 'I am a Catholic, or I am something else,' and demanding to be protected." This remark, with its significant omission of the Armenians from the parties to be protected, seems to explain the curiously inconsistent and even fickle actions of the police.

The magnitude of the catastrophe which had burst over the city as a revenge for the acts of the anarchists, hardly dawned upon the minds of most of the European residents of Constantinople before Thursday night. Up to this time murder and pillage had been limited to the city of Stamboul, to parts of Pera and Galata, and to Hasskeuy. In Scutari and Kadikeuy, on the Asiatic shore, mobs had been formed with intent to put the Armenians there also where they would do no more harm. But the General in command had declared that the thing should not be, and the "servants of God" were forced to return home unsatisfied in the deepest of their desires. But no such enterprises had been undertaken in the direction of the Bosphorus. After the doings of Thursday began to be understood, it was evident that the robber instinct let loose in this way would, probably, sooner or later, involve us all in its ruthless destruction. Even in the quiet of the Bosphorus villages few slept peacefully that night. Parties of ruffians from the city appeared in several of the villages and pillaged Armenian houses, killing a number of people without pretence that any seditious act had been committed by the victims, some of whom were women. Then the police pounced upon them, and drove them off in dismay. The Sultan at last had ordered the massacre to stop.

On Thursday afternoon several of the representatives of the European Powers went in person to Galata and Pera, from their summer residences on the upper Bosphorus, in order to see for themselves the fact as to the mobs. Earlier in the day they had protested at the Sublime Porte against mob license, and had been assured that no such thing existed. What Mr. Herbert, the British Chargé d'Affaires, saw of murder and pillage, and especially of the pillage of the offices of Englishmen, led him at once to order a force of marines ashore for the protection of British property. Afterward the ambassadors met together and did what is probably unique in the history of diplomacy in Turkey. They sent a collective telegram to the Sultan himself, informing him that the license allowed to the mobs had compelled them to order the landing of armed marines for the protection of the embassies, and expressing profound regret for the impunity allowed rapine in the city. Upon this the Sultan gave orders for the suppression of the mobs. Firing and looting continued unchecked until about eight o'clock in the evening, and then it suddenly stopped all over the city. As the common people expressed the sense of the orders received by the police, "There was no more permission to kill Giaours."

So at last on Friday morning the Christians of Constantinople found that they could breathe freely again. The police suddenly acquired great ability in the matter of preventing Mussulmans from attacking peaceable people on the streets. They took away unceremoniously the clubs from any Turks who ventured to appear on the streets with these ornaments still in their hands. With commendable impartiality they also seized the canes from the hands of European gentlemen who were serenely promenading the streets. In such cases they closed their ears to remonstrance and entreaty, declaring that they were informed that sticks had been used to kill people, and that they had been ordered to gather them up from any persons who carried them on the streets. Thus several gentlemen of considerable self-esteem were led to reflect on the results of seeing ourselves as others see us. But at least the police did make it tolerably safe for all classes of the people to go about the streets.

Turkish officials talking with sensitive foreigners always claim that the religious question does not enter into proceedings like those here set forth. The only question is the suppression of rebels, dynamiters, and anarchists. But there is another source of information in the discus-

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sion. During the massacre in Constantinople, and in the days immediately following, many Mohammedans assured Christians that the only chance of escape from sharing sooner or later the fate of the men dumped into the Armenian cemeteries by the scavenger carts was acceptance of the Mohammedan religion. Not the least grewsome of the feats of the mob at Cassim Pasha on the Wednesday night was the public circumcision, in the midst of the massacre, of an Armenian boy of thirteen, who had been converted to Mohammedanism by persuasion of the bludgeon-men. Women begging that their children might be spared, in several instances found the condition on which alone people would grant the request to be a formal promise to become a Mohammedan. After the massacre some of the Turks openly announced that the Armenian men having been killed, the Mohammedan law directs the women to be divided around among God's people as their right. Acting on this theory a Turk walked into the house of an Armenian widow, and in her presence, chucking her daughter under the chin, he told the girl that he had selected her for his share and she must be prepared to come to his house in three days. The attitude of the police in such cases was to hold that a man making such a proposal could not be repulsed; to turn all their energies upon hunting down a woman, who having received asylum during the massacre on condition of becoming a Moslem afterward escaped from fulfilment of her promise; and to assume that "conversion" to Mohammedanism annuls the ties of blood, so that the parents of the boy circumcised in the midst of the massacre at Cassim Pasha may not see him again for any purpose. Moreover, in their conversation among themselves, or with their own people, Government officials habitually denounce Armenians not as dynamiters but as "Giaours," and enlarge on their sedition less than on their audacity in claiming to have equal rights with the people of Islam. Such facts of the massacre at Constantinople make it difficult for those who understand Turkish to champion the claim that religion has no connection with the Armenian question in the mind of the Turk.

Yet in many cases Turks showed considerable humanity toward Christians who were in danger of being killed. At the brick-works which line the shore of the yellow stream at the crook of the Golden Horn, where it begins to emerge from the river of the Sweet Waters of Europe, the workmen are mainly Armenians. They come from the eastern part of the Empire to earn bread for their families left in the devastated villages of the highlands. On the north shore of the Golden Horn the Armenian workmen at these brick-works were nearly all killed. But on the south side they were carefully protected by the soldiers guarding the Imperial Fez Factory. In one case an Armenian clerk in a European store in Galata was returning to the store, ignorant of what had taken place, an hour or two after the attack on the Bank commenced. The mob was in full control of the streets of the region which he was approaching, and he would infallibly have been killed had he gone on. But a Turkish gentleman, who had often bought goods of him, met him, took him to his own house, and kept him three days, until it was again safe for him to be seen on the streets. In Stamboul a mob was chasing two harmless Armenians, when a Mohammedan teacher, one of those white-turbaned gentlemen whose general tribe is known to foreigners indiscriminately as the Softas, placed himself between the mob and the fugitives. The bludgeon-men held back from the holy man, but demanded that he allow them to seize the Armenians. "No," said the Turk, "they are unarmed and harmless." "But we have permission to attack the Giaours, for the people of their kind have killed many Turks." "I tell you, you shall not attack these men," said the teacher. The mob appealed to a passing patrol. The officer in command heard the story, and commanded the white-turbaned gentleman to mind his own business, since he had no authority to interfere in the management of the city. But the teacher still refused to let the mob take the Armenians, who were cowering behind his flowing robes. A loud altercation ensued, which drew one and another of the Softas to the side of their teacher. The patrol, seeing that the affair was likely to be a thorny one,

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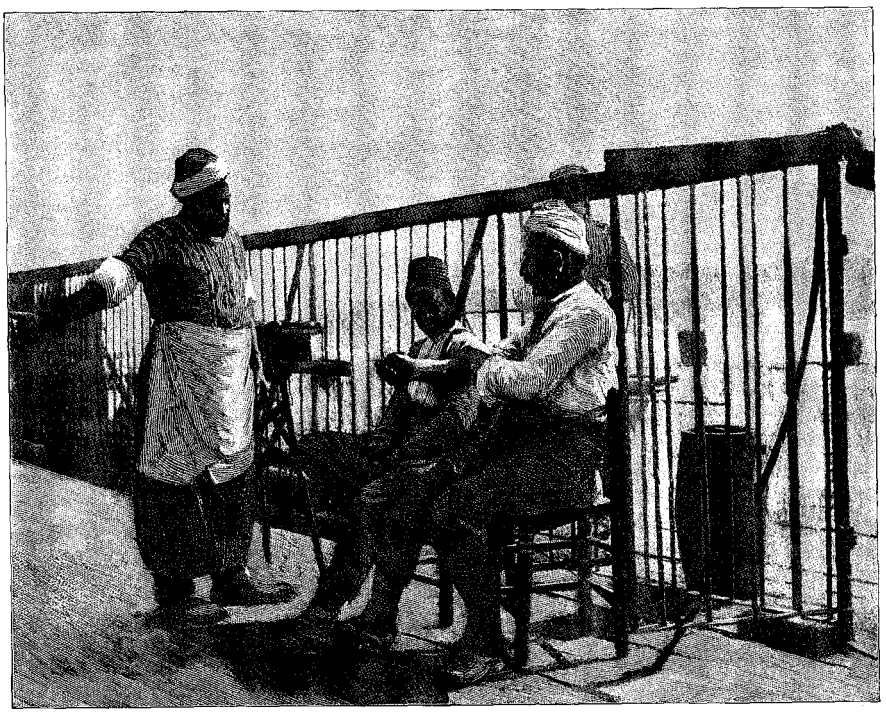

Water-side Loafers.

finally withdrew, pleading urgent business elsewhere. Then the teacher took the grateful Armenians into his seminary, and the next day escorted them himself in safety to their homes. It may be added that the dreaded Softas, in general, had nothing to do with the massacres; their chiefs having early taken measures to keep them out of the way of temptation in this direction. Similar cases of interference of Turks to protect Armenians occurred at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. No explanation appears of such differences in treatment of Armenians, except that some of the Turks are humane men, and some are more enlightened than those who devised the massacre. It is also true that a large part of the more educated Turks of Constantinople had a firm belief that the European Powers would at once send in their fleets to punish the slaughter of Armenians. In that case they preferred to be on the right side, and loudly condemned the whole proceeding. Weeks having passed, no harm having befallen any of the murderers, and the European Powers having limited their action to mere Platonic denunciation, some of these gentlemen, it must be confessed, have now changed their minds, and bitterly regret their failure to have a share in the plunder. If another outbreak occurs such men will not let any fear of Europe lead them to repeat the experiment of saving the lives of Christians.

Two spectacles upon this Friday and the succeeding Saturday greatly moved the hearts of Europeans in Constantinople. One was the families of pillaged Armenians, coming for shelter from Hasskeuy and Samatia, where the looting had included the utmost shred of their household possessions. They came in numbers to the Galata Bridge, on their way to take refuge with relatives in other parts of the city. Pitiful, broken-hearted groups they were; weeping widows huddling their orphaned children together; old men, feeble with the weight of years, yet trying to hold themselves erect as becomes a man suddenly placed in the office of protector to a younger brood; and here and there a young man who had escaped the mob by some miracle of agility. All were in their night-clothes; the women and girls cov-

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ered with some faded shawl or some pitiful fragment of quilt, as with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks they hastened to the steamers, where they might hide themselves from the curious gaze of the public. A dressing-gown or a tattered work-day coat formed the outer garment of the men, and both men and women had only slippers upon their bare feet. These people stood before us just as they had escaped from their houses when the bludgeon-men broke in the doors; and they wore all that remained to them from the furnishings and comforts of their homes.

The other moving spectacle of these days was the spectacle of the rows of dead cast headlong into the Armenian cemeteries from the scavenger carts of the municipality, and left for the Armenians to bury in long trenches, filled with uncoffined and mangled victims. The corpses lay upon the ground in the worn garments of poverty; they were to be counted by the hundred, and every one was bruised and hacked and mutilated. No one who went to one of these cemeteries on those days came away without the feeling that men who will linger to beat and batter and mangle in this manner those whom they have killed, have reached a depth of degradation such as the inhabitants of Christian lands have never suspected.

There will never be any trustworthy report of the number of Armenians killed during the thirty-six hours of the massacre of Constantinople. Some of the officials seem to have two sets of records—both equally wrong. One report was prepared for the Sultan's eyes. In the hope of commendation for zeal in repressing rebellion, actual and possible, it places the total of Armenian dead at more than eight thousand. The other report was made out for consumption in Europe, in the hope of convincing the world that nothing has occurred worthy of condemnation. It declares the number of Armenians dead to be eleven hundred. The actual fact, probably, is that between four thousand and six thousand persons were killed from sheer hate of race, besides any few scores of actual revolutionists who may have fallen through their own folly. Of Turks, military and civilian, their own authorities say that less than one hundred and fifty were killed. Nevertheless the official documents declare that the whole of these disorders were the work of Armenians. So far as the Turkish official utterances are concerned, not one particle of regret, or shame, or remorse is felt for the destruction of these thousands of helpless creatures.

These disagreeable subjects now being disposed of, let us return to the illuminations prepared for the anniversary of the Accession of the Sultan. Accession Day fell on the Monday after the massacre. Thousands of people in the city were yet sitting dazed by the double blow of national and personal bereavement in this blood-curdling manner. Thousands of others were hungry and half-naked, paralyzed by the loss of all that they possessed. Tens of thousands were white with terrible expectation of the renewal of these dreadful scenes within a few hours. The hasty burial of the dead was hardly completed; the most diligent washing had not yet removed the blood-stains from the houses, the pavements, and the planking of the bridge. A natural gloom, which invited compassion, rested upon the whole Christian population of the city. Upon that day the police, with eyes like saucers, reported to the palace that the ambassadors were not preparing to illuminate their dwellings as usual. Straightway the palace worthies sent to remind the embassies that the celebration of the accession was to take place that night. Beyond measure these gentlemen, too, were astounded to learn that the ambassadors partook of the feelings of that large part of the population of the city which was plunged in grief, and regarded the time as one for mourning, not for rejoicing. The idea that any one not a confessed sedition-monger can feel, much less express, sorrow for the slaughtered Armenians, and sympathy for the survivors, had never entered the heads of the men at the management of affairs. But they chose to deem the answer of the ambassadors as one of those incomprehensible vagaries of European feeling and action which so often blight the comfort of true believers. So they proceeded with their rejoicings. In order to prevent misunderstanding by the ignorant Mohammedan populace, who might mistake, the proclamation said, the explosion of rockets for the sound of fire-arms or bombs,

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the Government prohibited the use of rockets on that day. In order to prevent these same gentlemen of the lower orders from undertaking further pillage or massacre under cover of the night, it prohibited all people from leaving their houses after sunset that evening. Under these circumstances, throughout the city, and through the whole length of the Bosphorus, the houses of Turkish officials and grandees, and the houses of such Christians as make their bread by serving the Turks, were brilliantly decorated with thousands upon thousands of candles. But the candles burned themselves out in the dead silence of vacant streets, or wasted their light on the waters of the equally silent and empty Bosphorus. There was no one to see the illuminations. Even the gentle swishing of the current of that stream which no steamer and no steam-launch and no smallest mite of row-boat disturbed on that night, seemed to be a sighing in harmony with the sorrows and the terrors of the silent city. And so was celebrated the Nineteenth Anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid Second, the Conqueror.

Snap-shot on Galata Bridge.

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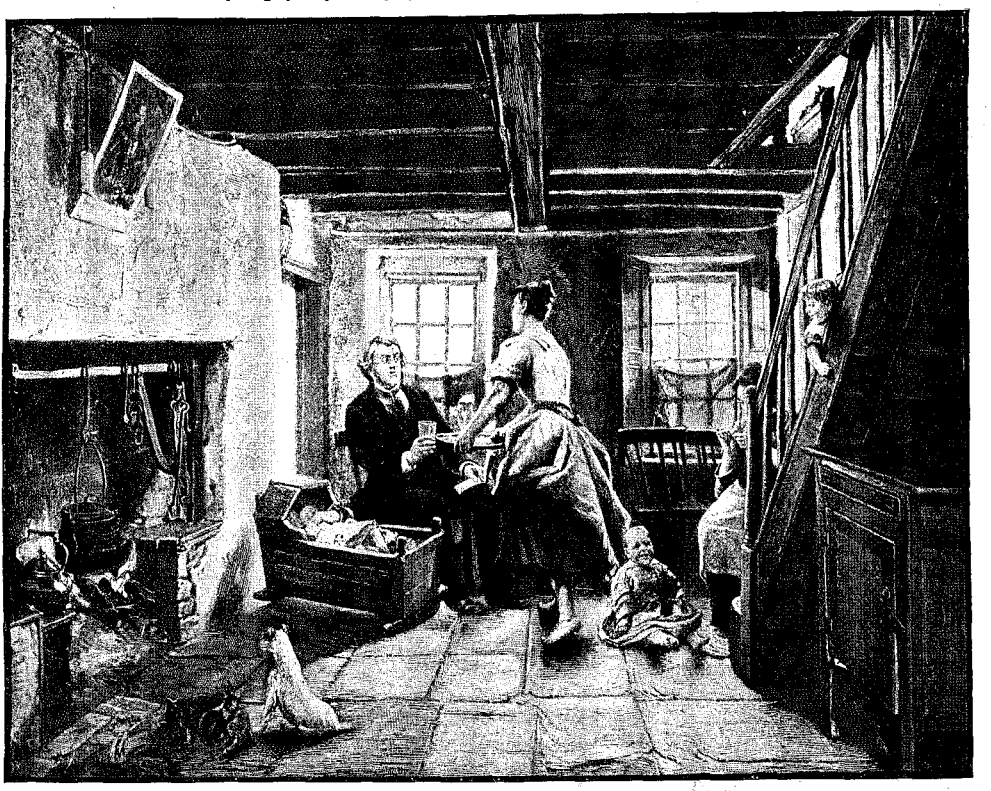
THACKERAY and "PEG OF LIMAVADDY" in the bar-room of the bait-house described in the ballad in his "Irish Sketch-Book."

From photograph of picture by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. Copyrighted by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.



THACKERAY'S HAUNTS AND HOMES

By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

THACKERAY struck the true keynote, as regards the surroundings of the illustrious among us, when he said, in one of his "Roundabout Papers" of the year 1860: "We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or knowledge." Wit, eloquence, and knowledge may fairly be said to be comprised in the compass of his literary powers. While, therefore, it is still possible to do so, I have undertaken to garner a sheaf of sketches giving the outward look of his habitations, before the inevitable house-wrecker sweeps away these literary vestiges. As he has pointed out, a few rough strokes of the pencil will be more helpful in this respect than the most elaborate descriptive sentences can be. While following in approximate chronological sequence the connecting links, omitting the Charter-House School, which has been ably illustrated beforehand, I give, without further comment, the sketches, worked out *in situ*.

Thackeray's first tentative effort at the mastery of a liberal profession was that of becoming a pupil of a special pleader, then the recognized method of mastering the intricacies of legal practice, since gone out of date. He chose a successful master of the craft, Taprell, and enrolled

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himself as pupil. His chambers were on the ground floor of *No. 1 Hare Court.*

Through the courtesy of Mr. Shackleton Hallett and Mr. William T. Raymond, the present tenants of Taprell's chambers at No. 1 Hare Court, I was allowed to make the sketch on p. 73. It enables one to realize the scene of the grateful pupil's endeavors to master the intricacies of law, as he sat in that same room upward of sixty years ago; staying till nigh six o'clock in the afternoons with his master. The panel-oak wainscot, into which numerous book-shelves are inserted, holding convenient folios for reference in search of precedents, is still here, helping the thick brick walls, which withstood the Great Fire of London, further to deaden all sounds but that of the postman's knock on the oaken door. It is whispered that in former days, "after office Hoirs in the evening," much merriment, including dancing, took place in this capacious apartment. The guitar, which may be noticed ensconced in a top-shelf recess, reminds one of the old Queen Anne days, as recorded in Dick Steele's "Spectator," when the musically inclined barrister used to wake the Temple echoes with the sonorous hautboy, ending by piteous appeals to the Benchers to stop the noise. Briefs, bound in official red tape, strew the tables, at which you notice the most comfortable arm-chairs, inviting careful perusal. This is in accordance with modern ideas of comfort and with the dignity of the legal aspirant; but in Thackeray's letters he seems to dwell with semi-splenetic humor on the fact that backs to seats were not encouraged in his days. In a letter to his mother he sketched himself as sitting on a high stool; he adds, "the high stools do not blossom and bring forth buds"—in Taprell's chambers. He had his own residential chambers, I believe, in Hare Court, but he probably shared them with another, as did Pendennis with Warrington; so his name doesn't appear in the Taprell list of residents in 1831–32. The glimpse through the windows shows the chambers of Pump Court, which in summer-time are screened from sight by the green leafage.

He soon left Hare Court altogether, and bid good-by to wig and gown, for student days in Paris. His biographers say he lived in the Latin Quarter.

The actual atelier in which Thackeray worked in Paris is at present only conjecturally to be guessed at. In his admirable paper on the "French School of Painting," first published in *Fraser*, and afterward incorporated in his "French Sketch Book," he says: "There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and under the eye of a practised master learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a year." The tradition is that he joined the ranks of *Gros's atelier*, the nursery of many famous painters. When David was banished from France, as his favorite pupil, Gros continued his work and maintained his master's traditions. He came every morning at nine o'clock, and remained for two hours giving loud *viva voce* hints, so that what was a lesson to one, became the property of the remainder, thus multiplying daily for the benefit of all his individually expressed remarks.

One rule, however, was insisted upon at the outset. This was to copy in chalk a study from the antique, the work of Gros himself as a student at Rome, to be worked out in one sitting. This was the representation of "Ajax Lifting the Body of Patroclus."

One can fancy the grim sense of irony suffusing the features of the great Titmarsh, who, in many passages, has derided this academical practice as time wasted, when invited to fulfil this uncongenial task. Be this as it may, he wrote to his kind mother: "I go to the atelier steadily every day," and with a cheery note to say he felt he was improving in his practice.

He describes, in the above-mentioned essay, "the score of companions he met with, all merry and poor, working in a cloud of smoke, amid a din of puns and a choice French slang and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea who has not been present at such an assembly."

How vivid this is! and it is true to this day. The modest pay remains at the same low figure; but the master visits the school at rarer intervals; the modern notion being that the pupil is

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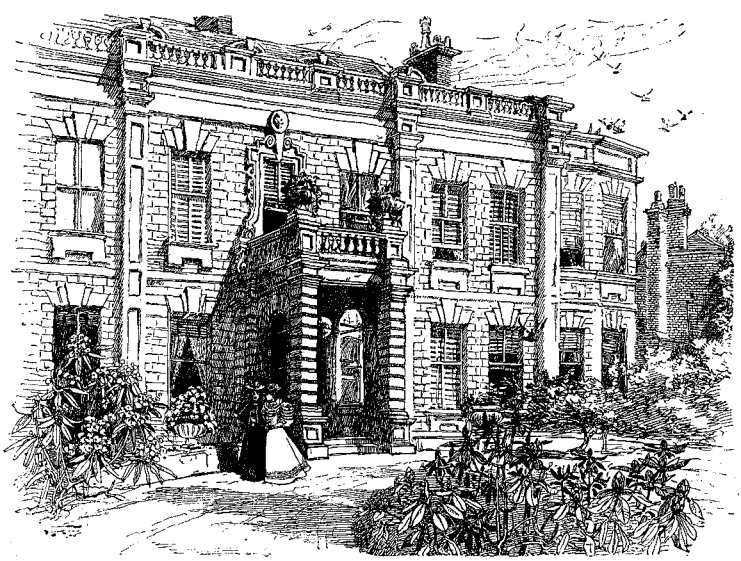
best left more to his own resources, aided, it may be, by kindly advice from his co-workers, when nonplussed in his endeavors. Gros's atelier, it may be added, was situated, at that date, in the inner court of the Institute, the entrance to it being next to that of the Mazarine Library, familiar to most art lovers for containing the famous small sketch-books of Leonardo da Vinci, as well as the almost anatomical sculptural figure of Voltaire by Pigalle, which so scandalized Voltaire's admirers, as a questionable tribute of affection to their yet living philosopher and friend.

The class hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon. After a brief interval for lunch, throwing off the atelier blouse, the students, then as now, crossed the Bridge of Arts, and wound up the day in the practise of copying the old masters in the Louvre Gallery. Here it was, in the waning hours of the summer noon, that I recollect seeing Thackeray making very deft and pretty water-sketches, alike from the Dutch and French masters.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1848, appeared a review of "Vanity Fair." The article was written by Mr. Hayward and states that "he remembered ten or twelve years ago finding Thackeray day after day engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre, in order to qualify himself for his profession." The time mentioned should have been put earlier by two or three years, as he was writing for the *Constitutional* up to July, 1837, having married, and given up the brush practice, with a view to a profession, a year before that time.

Thackeray's common-sense was manifested here by the fact that his copies were not the usual lengthy ponderings over one canvas, with the comparatively tedious superposition of coats of oil paint one on top of the other, but rapid seizure in water-colors, and in small compass, of the salient features of the old masters before the eye became dulled by labored effort. He shifted his easel often, and really took in a great store of art knowledge of effects, of schemes of composition, and an insight into technique, giving him wonderful advantage when he enlisted his keen perceptive



Thackeray's Last House at No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington.

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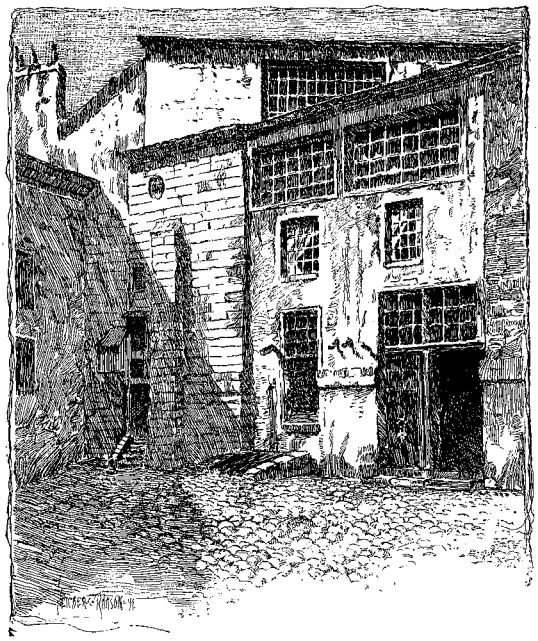
powers in art criticism. The peaked wide-awake hat, the long, dishevelled hair, and the attire of painters at this time gave him capital bits of character to study from, and were pictorial digressions he largely indulged in.

It was in August, 1836, that Thackeray was married to Miss Shawe, at the British Embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, who was chaplain of that place. He took apartments for himself and his wife in the *rue Neuve St. Augustin* (p. 75). He was then correspondent of the *Constitutional*, and a reference to its columns at this date show Titmarsh as a most violent anti-Louis-Philippist. I give a sketch of the exterior of the street, though unable to point with exactness to which of the two structures was the real abode, whether the one on the extreme left, to which I incline, or that next to it. My apology must be the great length of time since then—half a century ago. Still vivid, however, is the impression of the charming grace and modesty of the hostess, who was lithe in figure, with hair of the tinge Titian was so fond of depicting, bordering on redness. This pleasant time of newly married folks, which is so touchingly found hinted at with delicate hand in the "Bouillabaisse" ballad, has not been chronicled in the short lives of the author hitherto published. The day's work over they would stroll off by the arched entrance, and through that lively thronged Passage Choiseul, at the far end of which they would emerge on the street of the Little Fields. At No. 16 was the now immortalized restaurateur. I find in the old Paris Guide-book of that date: "Terré Jeune, Restaurateur; house noted for Spanish dishes, and for good wines, and more especially for the Marseilles dish, 'Bouillabaisse.'" Those curious as to its exact ingredients will find them enumerated in Larousse's Dictionary—some of them so scarce as to require a journey to Marseilles itself.



Atelier of Baron Gros, Paris, 1834, in the Court of the Institute of France on the Quay.

Drawn from a print.

Some months passed, when I recollect frequently having the privilege of meeting the gentle and modest wife of Thackeray. She could sketch, too, but the brimming humor of Thackeray's pencil caused us, in boyish selfishness, to look preferably over his shoulders whenever he took a fancy to evolve pictorial drolleries on paper. The *Constitutional* having ceased to exist as a newspaper, and Paris correspondence lapsing in consequence, Thackeray and his wife left for England. They settled again at *No. 18 Albion Street*, Hyde Park, for a brief while (p. 76). Here, it may be mentioned, was born Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, their eldest daughter. The unpretending household has therefore a double interest as their home, first, and secondly, as the nursery of two generations of romance writers.

Forsaking Tyburnia and leasing a new residence at *No. 13 Great Coram Street*, Brunswick Square (p. 74), Thackeray found himself anchored in London for about four years. My visit there in the early years of 1839 was one of the delights of this boyish time. He had ample store of portfolios full of sketches made in Paris, and would, to my great amusement, send me whichever I chose to carry off and copy. I had come to stay

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with Andrew Doyle, of the *Morning Chronicle*, afterward its editor, who kindly asked me over to see London life. With Doyle I used to spend some pleasant moments at the prandial hour here; Mrs. Thackeray having our welfare at heart, was quite delightful at her own fireside. Thackeray talked of possible contributions of his own to the *Chronicle*, at that time a power in the land, under Black's editorship. But the sentences which caught my juvenile ear were Thackeray's noble acknowledgment of the great powers of "Boz," whose *nom de plume* covered the walls of London at that time. Without acerbity, but as plain matter-of-fact, Thackeray added plaintively, "he sells thousands of copies to my small hundreds." If the remembrance of the past is connected with the sprightly, cheerful time I now speak of, the present aspect of it causes a melancholy revulsion of feeling. In former days John, the red-breeched butler, used to usher you to warm welcome and good cheer; he was the old retainer of whom so much has been said, who found a niche in a vignette of Pendennis, where he is seen hugging a basket of Madeira with a grin suggestive of mirth to come. He opened the parlor door, which has a gentle elliptical turn just to avoid the angle of the room. There it is to this day. The house now is parcelled out into lodgings, the door has a weather-worn aspect, the area is full of waifs blown in by the gusts and not removed, even the railing requires adventitious sustenance of wire ties. As I sit on the stairs sketching the hall I ask the friendly interlocutor looking over me the cause of the general aspect of decrepitude of this tenement and that of its companions. He answers that a murder next door, about twenty years ago, has acted as a spell on the place, which has not survived the ban. This brings back to one the wonderful description Thackeray has given in *Fraser* of the night spent in this very house in July, 1840, as he tossed on his pillow, thinking all night of the wretch Courvoisier, the Swiss valet, whose exit is described in "Going to see a Man Hanged."

Taprell's Chambers, No. 1 Hare Court, Temple, where Thackeray studied law in 1832.

Of course the lodging-houses of *Margate* (p. 77), whither Thackeray went in the later summer months of 1840 in search of fresh air, are delightful when peopled with the vivacious characters which have been assembled in the wonderful "Shabby Genteel Story," written there at this time. Here, therefore, the characteristic appearance of one out of numberless specimens

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of the same type and construction may suffice. But how vapid they look! In the absence of Fitch, the *h*-dropping painter, we get so fond of, in spite of this blank in his vocabulary, or the widow Carrickfergus, Thackeray's lodgings are untraceable—they may be demolished—as is also the little arbor, three miles out, where he ensconced himself to write his review of Fielding's works, which appeared in *The Times*.

For reasons which need not here be told, as they are well known, the family home was now broken up, and Thackeray spent the coming winter months of 1840 in Paris. He used to stroll into the Louvre, where I often saw him, although he had dropped the pencil and brush, for mere copying purposes, in this year. At the close of it came the exciting time causing much preliminary speculation, when the remains of Napoleon I. were brought back to Paris. Of course every one has read the stirring account Thackeray gave of this "Second Funeral of Napoleon." The small sale of that effusion, which was coupled with the "Chronicle of the Drum," was always to me a matter of surprise; as great as my wonderment, on seeing an original copy of its first edition, to discover it only measured 4 by 6½ inches. On this famous 19th December I did not accompany him to the interior of the Invalides church, but I stood on one of the numerous sloping platforms, to which you were admitted by privileged tickets. They commanded a full view of the line of procession from the Quai to the church itself. Two salient facts dominate his graphic description of the pageant—first, the intensity of the cold inside the noble fane; and the mastery of hunger over the usual proprieties in a church. The cold I can vouch for, as I felt it when pinned motionless for such a length of time in the open air. My companion had the laudable foresight to carry a mysterious handbag with him from the Hôtel Mirabeau (the "Mirabew" of James Delapluche), which was a source of speculation as to its contents all that morning. But at the appointed time he told me to squat down on the floor, upon which he spread and carved a chicken; that, and a gulp of sherry from a flask, made us objects which no doubt would have been coupled with the groups

Interior of Taprell's Chambers, No. 1 Hare Court, Temple.

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of hungry soldiery, emptying their pouches of provender, as chronicled in Thackeray's letters to Miss Smith on the same occasion.

Thus fortified, in spite of deprecatory glances from less fortunate wights near us, we presently saw a general stir in the crowd, and heard cries of "Vive la Vieille Garde;" Polish lancers, Roustam, Napoleon's Mameluke orderly, who had survived for the occasion, naval and military dignitaries, kept filing between the rows of National Guards, till at last the beflagged monument of gold and velvet, the catafalque, topped by the Napoleonic sarcophagus, came in sight, and as soon had passed out of view, as it was brought into the church, there to join the remains of the other great French warrior, Marshal Turenne.

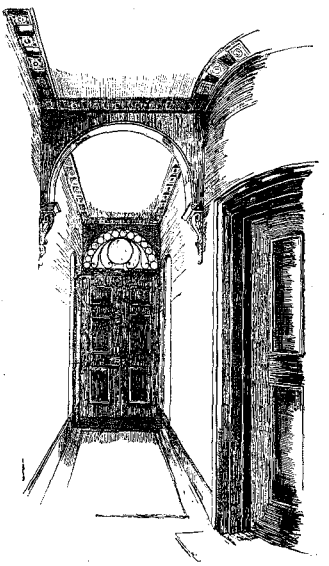
At four the whole pageant was over, and the dispersing crowds gave way to mingled admiration and jeering comments at the life-sized plaster-casts of imperial heroes lining the road of march, some sculptors having nearly come up to the occasion, others the reverse. Of the whole series, as far as memory serves, only one figure, the dominant one of that day, the bronze effigy of Napoleon I., by Baron Bosio, has been preserved to us. It stood at the end of the Invalides esplanade, and a short time afterward was hoisted up to the top of the column on the Boulogne cliffs.

The veteran whose achievements dwell uppermost in the memory of English sojourners at Boulogne is Colonel Newcome. Thackeray, while evolving his noble figure in his mind, dwelt in an old château called *Brequerecque*, which lies on the outskirts of the town, pleasantly nestled in trees and shrubberies, and surrounded by a wall high enough to screen it from the gaze of the profane public without (p. 77). The resources of the furnishing part of it seem to have been somewhat scanty, as Thackeray complained, when paying a visit to Dickens, living the same year at the Villa du Camp de Droite—close to Napoleon's Column, that the landlord, a baron, had only allowed one milk-jug as sufficient crockery for the whole establishment.

Like Pendennis, Thackeray used to make the *Hôtel des Bains* his head-quarters (p. 78). He liked to peer out from any one of its fifty windows looking toward the bustling Quai, watching the groups of fishing folk, wistfully looking at the smoking steamer's funnels, and packing up his traps, would go off to his equally liked quarters at the Folkestone "Pavilion." The latter had the great advantage of being so near his home; he could go and return, interview his publisher, revise his proofs, and then seek the restful nook over placid seas once more.

Thackeray's Residence at No. 13 Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, from 1837 to 1841.

In 1842 Thackeray went to Ireland. His book is still an admirable guide to the Emerald Isle, affording at once a helping descriptive comment by a shrewd observer on places seen, and a means of testing the great improvements which have taken place during the lapse of half a century.



Entrance Hall of House at No. 13 Great Coram Street.

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We take the train to Belfast, and without stopping go on to *Newtown-Limavaddy*, and the first anxious search is to find the home of "Peg," the humble bait-house immortalized by Thackeray. Here is the cheery interior with the simmering pot of murphies, and the indwellers, as the wonderful verses described—drawn by him who pens these lines, who can only record his delight at the discovery of this country tap-room quite unchanged (p. 68).

Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris, A.D. 1836.

Thackeray, in the "Sketch-Book," revels in the beauties of Glengariff. Here is the etching of the cheery *Eccles's Hotel*. The views from the windows are a delight, as you look out on the island-dotted bay (p. 78).

Thackeray's footsteps bring us to his next book of travels, in the East. Whilst writing its finishing chapters, on his way homeward, at Rome, Thackeray wrote his ballad "The Three Sailors of Bristol City," to be found in Mr. Samuel Bevan's discursive "Sand and Canvas." That author sent Thackeray a rough copy of these verses, asking permission to publish them in his book. With his astonishing *bonhommie* and anxiety to humor a friend's wish, Titmarsh consented, repairing the vocabulary where faulty, and making a present of what is the gem of that work. This was not done without a feeling of compunction, as may be gathered from an exclamation of his, blurted out to me to this effect: "He might just as well have let me publish the verses myself, when I should have pocketed the fiver, to which I felt entitled." The generosity was genuine; the lament whispered in mock gravity.

Not liking to perform the slow task of transferring his intended illustrations of Eastern life, which were to be woven with the text, on to the wood-blocks for the cuts, he confided the task to me. I used to go early in the morning, and to work away under his directions in his Jermyn Street lodgings. I had nearly finished the whole set, when a sudden happy thought struck the author; he would have his own portrait drawn to be placed upon the book cover. He pulled out from a drawer a bright new costume he had purchased at Cairo, and soon appeared in full Oriental garb. With the red fez cap and blue tassel on his head, a crimson silk caftan round his body, and sleeves pendent, baggy breeks and red papouche slippers, he ensconced himself on a low divan, grasping a long cherry stick, and crossing his legs sat immovable till I had finished my outline.

Father Prout happening to call, Thackeray, still thus attired, pulled out a portion of his MS., and read out to us "The White Squall." The last lines, expressed with tearful accents, elicited a subdued but sincere, "That'll do," from Mahony.

Soon divesting himself of his grand

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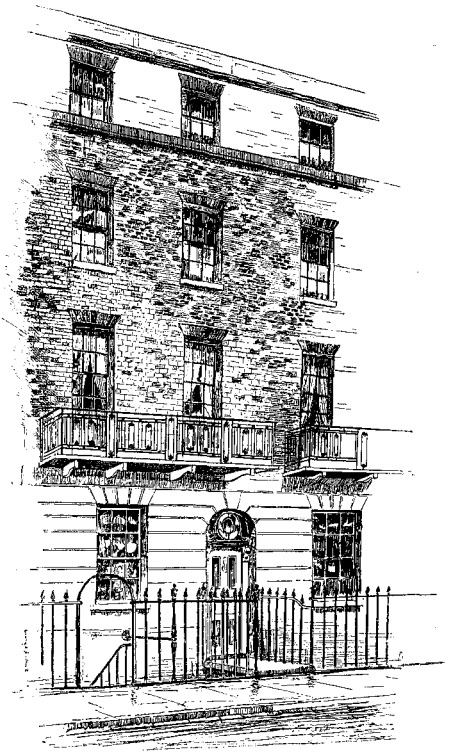
Cairo costume, Thackeray asked us to go with him and have a look at his new chambers, which he had just taken at *No. 88 St. James's Street.* We did so, and we found these more spacious, airy, and



Thackeray's House at No. 18 Albion Street, Hyde Park.

brighter than those he was leaving. Mr. Rideing, in his pleasant gossipy pages called "Thackeray's London," has adopted the statement, first made in "Thackerayana," that the house has been pulled down since. This is premature; the house, on the contrary, stands secure enough. The post-office is on the ground floor; men of letters are all over the place, not to mention the immediate vicinity haunted by ghosts of these; next door used to be the St. James's Coffee-House, where Swift wrote his "Stella" correspondence; Gibbon died a few doors off; Hood used to issue from his house in Cleveland Row to go into Club-land, and so the air seems a genial one for wits.

Very quiet and restful were these chambers. Besides original authorship Thackeray undertook the sub-editorial business of the *Examiner*, consisting mainly in scissors' clipping from the daily papers, which then strewed the floor. Here Thackeray wrote his amusing note to Macvey Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, protesting against his too liberal use of the shears when cutting out well-pondered jokes of Titmarshian humor.

Thackeray next removed to *No. 13 Young Street, Kensington* (rechristened now No. 16) (p. 79). His family came over from Paris to keep house for him. His Boston friend, Mr. James T. Fields, has given an amusing account of his first visit to it, when Thackeray playfully told him to go down on his knees, as "Vanity Fair" was written there. My first glimpse of the structure was before this time, on his taking possession and when that famous book was still in embryo. On turning to the left, coming from a walk along the Parks, out of High Street, into Young Street, and suddenly catching sight of the two bulging half-towers which flank the central doorway, he thought the house had the air of a feudal castle, and exclaimed, "I'll have a flagstaff put over the coping of the wall, and I'll hoist a standard up when I'm at home!"

It is needless to describe in detail the interior arrangements of this household. The study has been made the subject of pictorial treatment by Ward, R.A. Some little time back the kindly tenants of the house, Mr. O'Neil, the well-known painter, and his wife, allowed me to renew my old impressions of the place. The first floor bedroom, where Thackeray lay dictating "Esmond" all day, while whiffing his cigar, had been enlarged with the window for a studio; otherwise it was scarcely altered.

I might recall the strange imbroglio caused by an irate gentleman, who fancying a relative had been maligned in some satirical description, sent to Thackeray to come over and settle the business, else he threatened to castigate him publicly. In pursuit of revenge he wrote that he had taken a room opposite, and that he would await his arrival on a certain day and hour. The appointment to meet him was made. On that day Thackeray thought fit to take the precautionary measure of inviting a brawny-armed ar-

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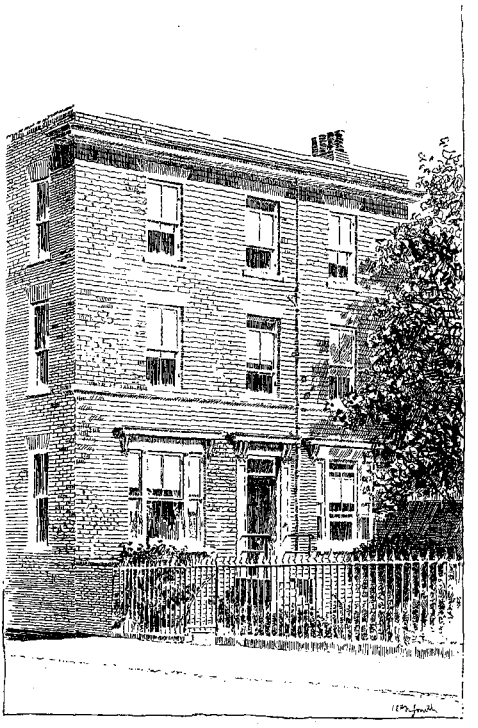
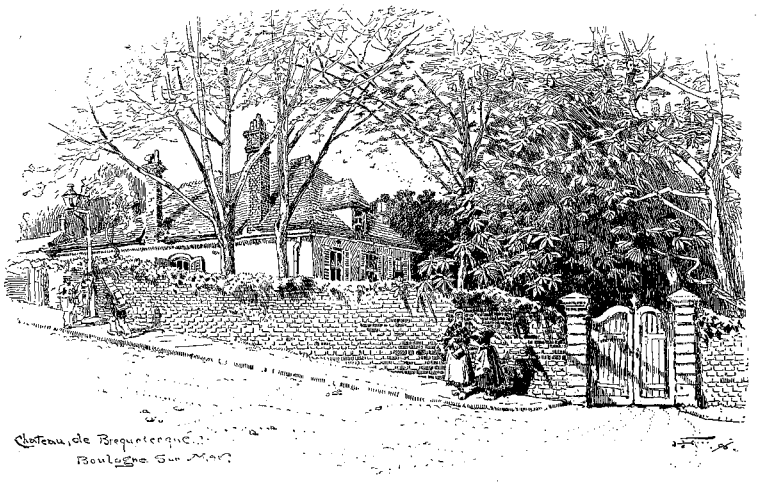
tist, Alexander Christie, Head Master of the Edinburgh School of Design, an ever-welcome boon companion, as well as myself, to assist at the meeting so far as to be on the watch for fisticuffs, should matters come to that pass. Presently Thackeray rose up from the dinner-table, armed himself with a small rattan stick, and walked across the street. Christie rapidly divested himself of his coat, tucked up his sleeves revealing, I was glad to note, a good biceps, and looking anxiously out of the front bay-window, squared his elbows and clenched his fists in true pugilistic trim, ready for the signal to rush across. I did the same. After awhile, to our relief, we noticed our host emerging from the doorway unscathed, cool and erect. What had happened? we inquired. He replied that he at first found the gentleman in a state of suppressed fury, thinking some relative of his had been slandered, and he wanted reparation. Thackeray seems to have proved easily the groundlessness of the charge to his opponent's satisfaction. So the matter ended, without indiscreet divulging of any names. In Anthony Trollope's "Life" of our friend, he fastens the incident upon the quaint Hibernian mixing up of Catherine Hayes, the famous singer, with the character of the murderess of the same name whom Thackeray wrote about; but that story, as told by the supposititious Ikey Solomons, Esq., Jr., appeared more than half a dozen years before this time; the solution must be traced to the license often taken by the romance writer, rather than to possible history.



Milford House, Northumberland Road, a Typical Second-rate Margate Lodging and Boarding House. Like home of the Ganns in "Shabby Genteel Story."

Besides works of comparatively slow growth he produced the weekly illustrations for *Punch's* pages, which charm as a rule by their natural ease, suggestive of spontaneous rapid conception. That this was not always the case was once made clear, when at the appointed time for collecting manuscript, the printer's boy was announced and was told to wait in the hall. Thackeray, pacing the room in which the brain-cudgelling was taking place, exclaimed: "Well,



Château de Brequerecque, Boulogne-sur-Mer, where Thackeray lived in 1854.

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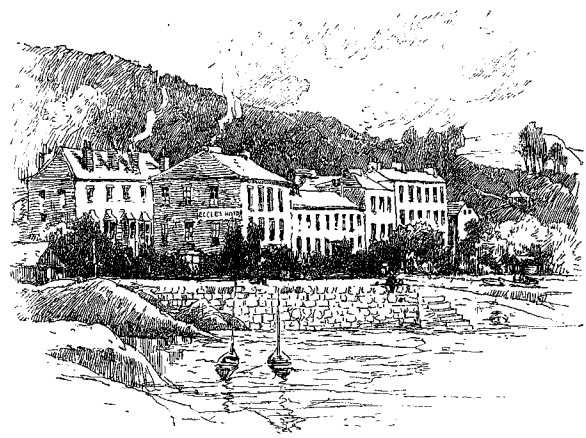
I must be funny in five minutes." With pluck he sat down at his desk and shortly after the printer's devil was off with the needed copy.

"The Snobs of England, by One of Themselves," papers which appeared in the same favorite periodical, were not thrown off with any such perfunctory despatch, and week after week they were clutched at with avidity from February, 1846, to the same month in 1847. When they were completed and were on the point of issue as a separate volume, Thackeray, ever on the alert for an appropriate dedicatory preface, thought of his old friend W. G. Lettsom, whom he had known as Embassy Attaché at Weimar, Munich, and other places. It was, however, owing to earlier association as undergraduate at Cambridge, that he was deemed fit recipient for a dedicatory notice, as Lettsom with Thackeray was one of the writers in the short-lived university paper called *The Snob*. We can imagine the sparkling sentences which would have surged up as a record of that old time. But strange to say the honor was declined, and this spurning of immortality became a personal loss to most people. There is no dedication to the "Book of Snobs" in consequence.

I was in Paris when the first numbers of "Vanity Fair" came out, and like the equally immortal "Pickwick Papers," the preliminary chapters were not accepted with the enthusiasm accorded to the future developments. Toward the closing months, on my return to England, and in rambles in the evening from Young Street, accompanied by Thackeray, and others, the talk was generally not alone about the prodigious success already achieved, but as to the probable *dénouement* of the story. It was Thackeray's humor to baffle enterprising inquisitiveness by evolving different lines and modes of winding up the career of Becky, Dobbin, and the others, having doubtless already well settled mentally how they were finally to be allotted their dues. One exceptional instance I remember in which a suggestion was accepted as

Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne-sur-Mer. Entrance in Rue Victor Hugo.



Eccles's Hotel, Glengariff.
See "Irish Sketch-Book," Chapter IX.

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Thackeray's Home at No. 13 Young Street, Kensington, from 1846 to 1853.

valuable. It occurred in June, 1848, one day when Thackeray came at lunch-time to my father's Hampstead house. Torrens McCullagh, happening to be one of the party, said, across the table to Thackeray, "Well, I see you are going to shut up your puppets in their box!" His immediate reply was, "Yes; and, with your permission, I'll work up that simile." How skilfully that chance phrase was worked up in the prefatorial "Before the Curtain," all his readers well know.

About this time—it may be two or three months previous — De Noé, the illustrator of French manners and customs, came over to England, and was hospitably entertained at Young Street. Though I didn't meet him here at this time, he was an old chum at the Delaroche atelier. Like Thackeray, though assiduous for awhile at the class for drawing, he only assimilated enough skill for carrying out his fertile grotesque delineations chiefly in the pages of *Punch's* precursor, the French *Charivari*. His parody of the annual salons was always delightfully comic, and the recipients of his good-humored chaff were the first to join in the laugh.

Quite the opposite in character was M. Louis Marvy, who was welcomed to Thackeray's home at Kensington during his short sojourn, as related in the "Landscape Painters of England," the materials for which he got together here. These were a score of mezzotint etchings executed in the manner known in France as *vernis mou*, in which he was an adept. Thackeray had obtained the permission of noble owners of galleries to single out specimens of English masters from their collections, and when done, offered the prints to a publisher. The latter only consented conditionally on Thackeray himself furnishing the text for them. A severe illness at this critical time laid Thackeray prostrate, and the "Pendennis" monthly issues were stopped for four months by a bilious fever. When he rallied, however, with wonderful powers of recuperation, we were delighted to note that his former vigorous appetite had returned. He even went so far as to declare that the dish of roast-pig with its crackle coating, of which he with relish partook at my father's table, had given the finishing touch to his convalescence.

His first benevolent thought on recovery was to fulfil his contract with the printer, so as to endeavor to help the replenishing of Marvy's coffers. With this object he wrote to me, on November 7, 1849, the following letter:

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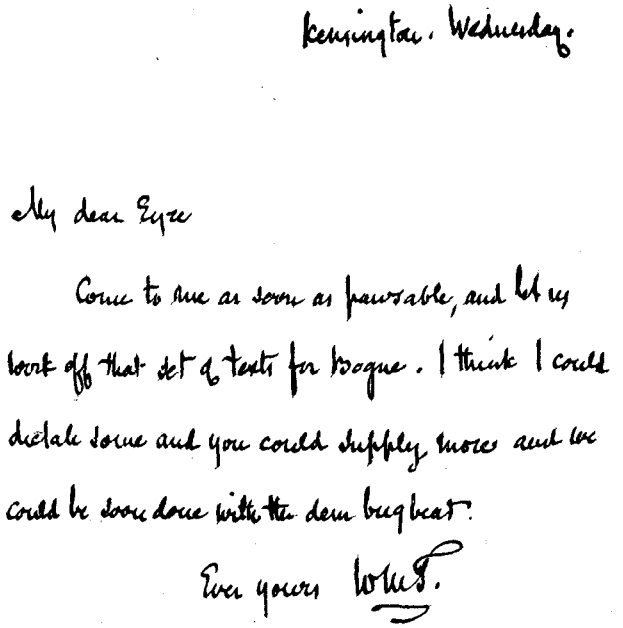

Kensington. Wednesday.

My dear Eyre

Come to me as soon as pawsable, and let us work off that set of texts for Bogue. I think I could dictate some and you could supply more, and we could be soon done with the dem bugbear.

Ever yours W. M. T.

Come in the earliest morning you can to breakfast; bring the plates with you & let us go to work.

KENSINGTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR EYRE

Come to me as soon as pawsable, and let us work off that set of texts for Bogue. I think I could dictate some and you could supply more, and we could be soon done with the dem bugbear.

Ever yours W. M. T.

Come in the earliest morning you can to breakfast; bring the plates with you and let us go to work.

I went next morning as requested. Thackeray began with the first plate, that of Turner (also the most important one), preparing paragraphs full of discriminating phraseology, with a dash of banter at the later phases of the painter's career, which seems to me even now the perfection of a brief summing up of noble qualities, and equal to the subject in hand. As the others followed, it afforded me an opportunity of assisting at the welding operation, by which fragmentary sentences of my own became fluent prose and mere matter of fact was enlivened as if by a magic pen.

When I recently finished my drawing of the Kensington house, I strolled down the well-known street in search of rest in the greenery of Kensington Gardens—a grateful relief to the eyes after dwelling upon the sullen colors of old brick-work. Vast piles have arisen in the neighborhood, forming a medley of stores, houses, and hotels which cater to the wants of the ever-increasing population of the once courtly suburb.

Following this period, *No. 36 Onslow Square*, for ten years or more, was the next of the author's homes; and there, on the second floor, was the study, in which so many well-known tales, essays, romances, lectures, etc., were written. They are all enumerated in Mr. Shepherd's useful Bibliography of the author. The house, with its portico, its balcony, iron framed, even the smaller top windows near the coping, recalls structurally those found in older London squares, which doubtless served as models for these later imitations. A recently published volume, Dr. Shirley's pleasant "Table Talk," tells us of an interview in this "den" with the writer, at that time looking worn and ill. The den, so called, was a most cheerful one; its windows commanded a view of the old avenue of elm-trees. The walls were decked with woodland water-color scenes by his favorite, Mr. Bennett, and quite in a central place was the beautiful mezzo-

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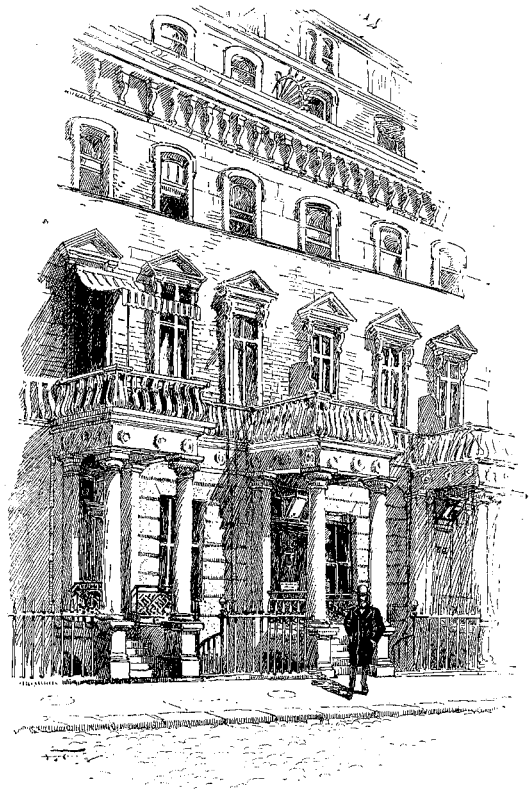
tint print of Sir Joshua's "Little Girl in the Snow," a playful terrier and robin redbreast as her companions. As a change he would at times prefer the ground-floor room, and dictate while lounging on an ottoman—too often battling with pain in later days. The little bronze statuette of George IV. on the mantelpiece had the look of an ironical *genius loci*, when the work of hammering out the lectures of the Four Georges was on the anvil.

Connected with these a little digression may be here permissible. He gave these lectures at Cupar, Fife, among other localities. Happening to stroll along one of the principal thoroughfares of that town—Cross Gate—he was tickled at seeing an emblematic picture over the doorway of the "Battle of Waterloo" Inn.



House at No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton.

"What," he exclaims, in his "Small Beer Chronicle," in the *Cornhill Magazine* of July, 1861, "what do you think the sign is? The 'Battle of Waterloo' is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broadsword." Happening to be in Cupar I sketched it, as shown on page 82. Local tradition has it that a veteran Highlander, of the name of Kennedy, Sergeant in the Seventy-ninth Regiment, who survived the slaughter of that day, sat for the portrait here reproduced. He was for many years the Governor of Cupar jail. I was mortified, on seeing the sign at a later date, to find that panel painting altered, as shown in another outline on page 83.

In the year 1861 the firm of Jackson & Graham built for Thackeray the beautiful brick house at *No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington*, which alone of all his homes has the privileged Society of Arts oval commemorative tablet inserted in its wall, announcing that he here lived and died (p. 70). An old house stood on its ground when he purchased the site; but after mature consideration he wisely gave up the notion of patching that up with additions, and instead razed the old walls and built up the new. I recollect with what mingled feelings I trod upon its mortar- and brick-bestrewed floors for the first time; it seemed so much too vast for comfort; and how this impression was reversed, when on its completion he invited friends to a housewarming. These warm admirers had to be divided into two sections, as the rooms, though as yet barely furnished, couldn't hold all the invited guests in one lot. This housewarming took place on February 24 and 25, 1862, when our host's play of the "Wolves and the Lamb" was admirably acted by amateurs, those I recollect being the daughters of Sir Henry Cole, Mrs. Caulfield, Follett-Synge, Quinten Twiss, and Thackeray himself; he, in dumb show, dressed as a pastor blessing the assembled actors

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at the close of the performance, which was much applauded. My modest contribution was a painting of Mrs. Milliken as she leans upon her harp, an adaptation from an outline illustration in "Lovel the Widower," the novel founded upon this two-act play afterward.

In this house Thackeray was actually placed astride the two parishes of Westminster and Kensington; the boundary line of both running discreetly into the lawn at the back, where a stone denoting the division has been placed.

John Kennedy, Sergeant in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This portrait was the original sign over Waterloo Tavern.

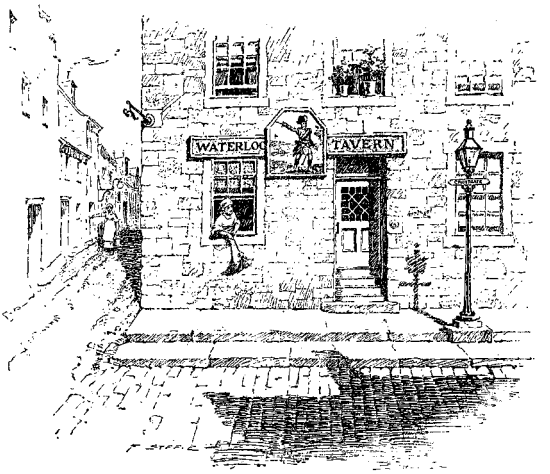
Thackeray was always a great lover of bric-à-brac shops, the glitter of old silver enticing him to look in at the windows; and ample scope was given in this house for gathering together valuables to fill his rooms.

Not satisfied always with the places assigned to his antiquated pottery, it was one of his fitful hobbies to search for fresh nooks to store them in—a glittering vase ornamented with cauliflowers being given special attention. Two Sèvres sauce-boats also were favorites, and were purchased at the sale of his effects, on April 1, 1864, for the South Kensington Museum. A large gilt Italian mirror was purchased at the same time for the museum.

As I look at this handsome dwelling I not only think of the author's noble presence, so soon snatched away after a too brief realization of its comforts. It also keeps alive the fond memory of a sister, Amy, whom he so nobly befriended, who was married from this home to Thackeray's kinsman, Colonel Edward Thackeray, V. C. She succumbed to the trying Indian climate.

Besides his own immediate homes Thackeray, as all know who follow his descriptive peregrinations, sought relaxation in what might be called his second homes, the clubs—of which the Garrick and the Reform Club and the Athenæum were the three principal favorites. The immortal Foker has been singled out as a well-known figure at the first-named one, and others doubtless recognized their photographic likenesses in "Club Snobs;" but the banter was always playful, and added to the popularity of the realistic limner whenever he merely gossiped or dined or joined the evening smoking-groups.

An instance of his kindness of thought, among many, occurs to my mind. Professor Fawcett, not yet M.P., but evidently contemplating a proximate election for some lucky borough, took the initiative step for a Liberal candidate, and joined the Reform Club. He was sitting solitary at lunch-time, and, in his blindness, only hearing an indistinct hum of voices around him. Thackeray, seeing this, beckoned to Bernal



Waterloo Tavern, as described by Thackeray in the "Cornhill Magazine" of July, 1861.

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Osborne, asking him to come and cheer him up. "I don't know him," was the reply; but soon the three notable and quaintly contrasted personalities were to be seen forming an interesting group. On another occasion Thackeray had invited a young friend to dine with him at the Reform, a day or two before departing for India. His guest appeared emerging out of a cab, without a hat, which he considered an encumbrance, and stated he had gone about London all day without head-gear. This amused our host, who grinned and muttered at the end of our repast, "Hatless," as if this would work up as a future character in a novel.

I recall several curious slips of the pen which repeated editions of Thackeray's works have failed to correct. These only prove that he, too, was mortal. An instance may be cited from the "Irish Sketch-Book." In the middle of Stephen's Green stands the equestrian statue thus described in Thackeray's pages: "In the whole of Stephen's Green I think there were not more than two nursery-maids to keep company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the middle of the garden, the horse having its foot up to trot, as if he wanted to go out of town too." Of course Thackeray's remonstrance is here directed at the exclusive shutting up of the gardens. But everybody can now enter, and this enables you to read the inscription on the statue, *Giorgio Secundo*. Why not alter the number in Thackeray's book now that we can do so?

Present Sign over Waterloo Tavern.

Waterloo Tavern as it is To-day.
Drawn from photograph.

On Tuesday, December 21, 1863, Thackeray attended as a mourner at the last rites of a relative, Lady Rodd. He came afterward and sat down, possibly to write words of condolence, at a favorite seat at the writing-table of the Lower Room of the Reform Club. His extreme pallor struck me as unusual with him, as in spite of pain his face seldom appeared bloodless. Thus seen, with his silvery locks, against the sombre array of Parliamentary volumes behind him on the shelves, his noble, massive countenance took on the air of a classical antique bust. For nearly twenty-three years (he having been elected a member in March, 1840) he had often sat down here grasping the pen which was so soon to drop from his hands. Three days after, on the day before Christmas, came the announcement of his death, terrible in its suddenness to those, like myself, who had only his countless benefactions to dwell upon.

A post of honor was afterward assigned, in what is called the "Strangers' Room" of the Reform Club, to an admirable likeness of him done by his friend Samuel Laurence, from studies made

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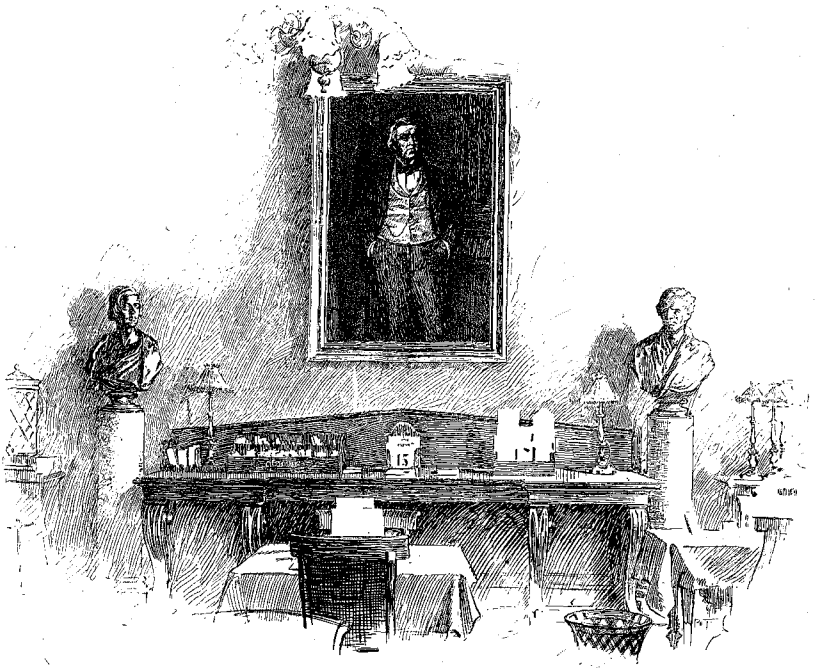
when he was making his famous crayon life-size drawings. This portrait was appropriately placed between busts of two of his distinguished Parliamentary friends, Sir William Molesworth and the Hon. Charles Buller. Immediately beneath is to be seen the accessory, so usual in old days, of a sarcophagus-cellaret — in its empty condition suggestive of bygone festivity and hospitalities of his own, of which this room was often the actual scene.

Stranger's Room, Reform Club, London, showing portrait of Thackeray by Samuel Laurence in 1880, and busts of Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller.



PERVERSENESS

By Rupert Hughes

Voluminously silent was the night:
Then was I mad for song and toil and light.

The day breaks forth like pealing mouths of bells:
And finds me homesick after dreamland fells.

On opportunity my plans are drawn:
When chance looms big—my lazy spirits yawn!

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STORY OF A SECOND MATE

By John R. Spears

THE good ship Celestia C., of Bath, one of the old-fashioned clippers whose handsome models, lofty spars, and bright and hardy masters carried the fame of the Stars and Stripes to the uttermost parts of the earth, was lying beside Pier 11, East River, with the lines that held her fast singled up ready to be let go at a moment's warning. A half-dozen stevedores, the remnant of a host that had been at work, were stowing away, in the main hatch, the last barrel of flour and the last packages of merchandise of the general cargo. Her mate, a tall, lean, somewhat humped, but powerful, man, with his moist brown flannel shirt open at the throat, his sleeves rolled above his elbows, and his trousers supported by a stout black leather belt, was at one moment on the rail bawling in hoarse tones to a set of riggers who were bending on the maintopsail and at the next was leaning over the open hatch and expressing the hope that his soul might go to everlasting perdition if there would not be a "purty mess atween decks" once the ship was in deep water and started "some of that ere dunnage adrift."

Alongside the ship was a fat side-wheel tug bringing to, with the intention, plainly, of taking a line whenever any one was ready to pass it over the rail to her—bringing to with the ding and the dong of the flat bell in the engine-room, the snort and puff of escaping steam, and the slapping and chugging of revolving paddle-wheels.

Over on the pier two big truckmen, each on his own huge carrier, were anathematizing each other in loud and sulphurous language because of a difference of opinion as to the right of way and the probability that one of them would be obliged to "smash hell out of the ship's gangway" to the pier before he could drive clear of "the bloody ape what's blockin' the way," while everybody and everything about the whole pier seemed to partake of the stir and life that animated the ship and her immediate vicinity and belongings.

In the midst of it all a brawny, full-bearded, aggressive-looking man, dressed in a white shirt and other shore clothes, came up the companion-way at the rear end of the cabin and walked a step or two out toward the rail. There he stopped, shoved his hands into his trouser's pockets and looked away forward over the deck, where the mate was driving the work. Next he gave a keen glance aloft and then scowled on the blatant teamsters upon the pier. Even a landsman might have guessed from his bearing, as well as from his actions, that this was the master of the ship, Captain Jonathan Vance of Newburyport, as he always wrote his name.

But before he had quite finished his survey of the ship and its surroundings something down the companion-way attracted his attention, and bending over it with a smile, he helped a handsome young lady up to the deck—a young lady who, in spite of her almost girlish beauty, had something in her looks and bearing that suggested the stalwart man by whose side she took her place.

A student of human nature would have found the two most interesting during the next few minutes, for there is a fashion peculiar to seafaring fathers who find themselves, after a long interval, in the presence of grown-up daughters—unexpectedly grown-up daughters, so to speak—and it is a fashion in which there is an alternation of the dictatorial, the deprecatory, and the companionable that can rarely be found in other families.

But this pleasing little comedy was of short duration. The snarl between the trucks on the pier suddenly untangled itself, and then, as if from the midst of it, appeared a young man coming up the slight incline of the ladder to the ship's rail.

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He was a well-built youth, but he was light-haired and so nearly smooth-faced—he really had a mustache, if one looked closely—and was in every way so boyish-looking that only a careful observer would have noticed that his chest was lifting his shirt-bosom each time he drew a breath, or that the bend of his arm filled the upper part of his coat-sleeve. His dress was particularly interesting, for it was of stylish cut and of rich material, while a fine Panama hat was on his head, fine kid gloves on his rather large hands, and patent-leather shoes on his particularly small feet. And all this is to say that he was a notable figure in that part of town, though common enough in the fashionable part of Broadway.

Captain Vance's attention was just at that moment directed to the riggers on the topsail-yard, but the daughter, Miss Louisa, was looking down at the pier.

A slight flush came over her face as her eye fell on the young man. Turning to her father, she said:

"My! this sun's awful hot. My nose is beginning to peel already, isn't it? Now look and see; don't tell me it isn't when it is. I'm going to get my parasol, anyhow." And with that she disappeared down the companion-way.

The captain turned from her once more to the topsail-yard, and the youth walked up the ladder and stepped down into the gangway between the rail and that part of the cabin that showed above deck.

The next minute the mate, Mr. Torrington, came ploughing along aft to speak to the captain, and accidentally lurching into the youth, knocked him half over the rail.

"Look alive, boy," he said. "Don't get in a man's way at a time like this," and on he went to the captain. A minute later he was away forward again, and then Captain Vance, who had seen the collision between the two in the gangway, turned and said, in a gruff voice:

"Well, young man?"

The youth drew an envelope from his pocket and with a civil bearing offered it to the captain, saying:

"I have a letter of introduction to you, sir, that will explain my errand, if you will please read it."

The captain took the envelope, and after a glance at the printed card on one corner drew the sheet from within and read:

DEAR CAPTAIN VANCE: This will introduce to you my young friend, Frank Bickford. He comes to apply to you for the vacant berth on the Celestia C. I am willing to go bail for him.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. ROWLAND,
Managing Owner.

"Um," said the captain. "So you are a friend of Captain Rowland's, are you?"

"He has always been a very good friend to me, sir."

"And you want to go to sea, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"On account of your health, I suppose?"

"No, sir. My health is very good."

"So? Well, you look like you'd just come from some sort of a school. I should think you might do better ashore than slushing around at sea, but that's your own lookout. If you want the berth, you can have it, though I don't remember telling Captain Rowland about it. Steward!"

The last word was bawled down the companion-way. A moment later a bald-headed man with a diplomatic air came up the companion-way, hastily wiping soap-suds from his hands with the tail of a long white apron.

"Ay, ay, sir," he said, as his head caught the glint of the sunlight.

"Steward," said Captain Vance, "here's a young man from the company's office who wants to make the voyage with us as helper to you and the doctor. Think you can teach him to peel potatoes and stir up a plum-duff?"

"Ay, sure for it, sir, if he don't put on too many airs," said the steward, with a glance at the youth.

"I beg pardon," said the young man to the captain, "you didn't understand."

"What's that? Didn't understand what?"

"Captain Rowland told me you needed a second mate, sir."

The captain turned square around to face the youth, and then he looked him over, with astonishment showing in every move.

"Second mate? *You?* Well, *I* am damned," he ejaculated.

The steward snickered and backed quickly down the companion-way. The

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young man with his face unchanged looked the captain in the eyes. Just then Mr. Torrington came bowling along aft again, and as he rounded the corner of the cabin Captain Vance said:

"Look a-here, Mr. Torrington, this kid from the office has come down here to apply for the second mate's berth. Now, whatever do you think of that?"

Mr. Torrington looked the youth over with a brief glance.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I think it's time to tell the bo'sun to pipe up the fool-killer. The hatches is on an' the tug's alongside, sir. Blount says his riggers 'll be done agin we're to anchor in the bay, an' can come ashore on the tug if you want to haul out now. That soap-faced Klein has brought the crew—there they are, sir, an' I'll go for'ard an' tally 'em—an' they're the devil's own or that Klein has made a mistake. You can trust him for a liar in all watches."

"All right, Mr. Torrington," said the captain. "Off she goes." Then he turned to the youth, glanced once more at the letter, as if to make sure of what it contained, and said:

"Look me in the eye, Mr. Bickford."

The youth was already doing that, and the captain continued:

"Did Captain Rowland *send* you or did you ask him for this letter?"

"I asked him for the letter."

"Why didn't you come to me first?"

"Because you knew nothing about me."

"Did Captain Rowland tell you anything about me? Did he advise you to look for another berth?"

"He has told me a good many things about you, but he advised me that you could teach any sailor——"

"Did he tell you I was a hard man?"

"He did."

"And do you know what that means?"

The youth did not instantly reply. Instead his eyes partly closed, and his lips were compressed until only a thin red line could be seen in their place.

"I do," he replied, scarcely opening his mouth.

"And you are willing to force yourself into an officer's berth here with a letter from the owner when you haven't enough oakum and tar about you to caulk a butt."

The captain was growing excited.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Vance," said the youth, "I'm no landsman. I have done a man's work aboard ship, as Captain Rowland will tell you, and I've had the advantage of a special course in astronomy and navigation at the best school in Bos——"

"Oh-h. Now we have it," interrupted the captain. "You know your work, eh? Got it at school. You're one of them book-sailors, are you? Got any eye-glasses? You ought to have one—one of the barnacle kind—at least. I suppose you've got your books with you—the 'Epitome,' an' the 'Kedge Anchor,' an' 'Maury's Sailing Directions?'"

The youth did not seem to notice the captain's sarcasm, for he replied as if he expected to make a favorable impression.

"Why, yes, sir. I've bought and read everything printed in English and French on the subject of seamanship and ship-building that I could hear of. There are a couple of works in German I'd like to have, but I don't read that—not yet."

The captain turned away filled with disgust. As a boy of twelve he had fled from a home so poor that he had had no shoes to wear at any season. He could remember when he had gone to the stable in winter to milk the cows and felt grateful because of the warmth he found in the bedding of the cattle. The transition from that home to a life at sea, hard as the sea life was, had brought an increase of comforts. He made boast that he had not had a day's schooling from the time he climbed over a ship's rail. He had taken the hardships of life "butt end to." There was not a rope, or a sail, or a plank, a stanchion, or a spar that he had not learned by contact. He had thumped his way into the forecastle, thumped his way to the top of the forecastle ladder, and then had thumped his way aft into the captain's state-room. If there was any one man in the world that he despised, it was "the owner's pet," who, with fine clothes and "book seamanship," was able to "blow in through the cabin windows." He had been shipmates with them, but not since he was master—not much—but now here was one of them asking for the second mate's berth on the Celestia C., the clipper that for three years had carried

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the broom in the Rio Janeiro trade; and he was bound to get it, too, for there was no denying the implied request of the managing owner.

Turning back to the youth, Captain Vance said:

"Young man, Mr. Torrington was right. You can have the berth, but the fool-killer ought to relieve us of the imposition."

II

THERE was a vigor in the northerly breeze that came hustling from over the Jersey hills next morning as the Celestia C. swung uneasily at her anchor off Bedloe's Island — a vigor that, though it was the month of August, made the air seem almost chilly. To some of the crew, who had been for a considerable time on shore before shipping, it seemed chilly, but there was not one of them all but came on deck barefooted and with trousers rolled up when Mr. Torrington routed them out. They all knew very well the task that was before them. If there was any one piece of work about which the mate was more careful than any other, it was the washing of the decks and keeping all parts of the ship clean and sweet.

Nevertheless, Mr. Torrington was in a most disagreeable state of mind as he drove the men to the pump and coupled on the hose and set them scrubbing and sweeping; for he himself must hold the hose-nozzle as he directed the work, when the second mate should have been there to do it.

"No fear of any owner's pet a-showin' up afore they has to," he said to himself. "But jes' wait till he has to! Maybe the Celeschy C.'ll be a soft berth for a fine hair an' maybe it won't. Maybe there'll be suthin' for him to do when he gets here—well most likely. Huh!"

And then there was the crew—as big a lot of blackguards as ever raised the devil on a Black-baller.

They finished it all after two hours of unceasing work, and the mate was watching a man go forward carrying the coil of hose when a Whitehall boat appeared around the stern of a big bark lying not far from the Celestia C.

Mr. Torrington was at the point of telling the cook to "go ahead with the grub forward" when Frank Bickford sprang over the rail, and dropping to the deck, touched his hat and said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Torrington."

The mate cocked his head a bit to one side as he looked at the youth and then returned the salute with a prolonged flourish.

"Ah, *is* it you?" he said. "I'm delighted to see you in such fine fettle, Mr.-er-what's-yer-name? We 'lowed ye'd be here in time fer breakfast, an' so we tarned to 'arly an' got her all washed down fittin' an' proper to receive ye. There isn't a thing left to worry yer mind about—lest it's the baggage you've brought. You've a few Saratogies you'd like histed in, I suppose?"

"I have quite a little dunnage," he said, respectfully, "but I shall be able to hand it all in a trice except one piece, and one of the men can lend me a hand with that, if you please."

He turned toward the group of sailors, and two men, who had not shown any amusement at the mate's remarks, both stepped forward together. Bickford's face lighted the moment he saw them.

"Hello, Nick! Well, Salem! So we're shipmates again, eh? You're partners yet, I suppose? Just pass the end of the royal halyards down to the boat. That old chest of mine's heavier than it was the other voyage."

Both men stepped forward to assist, and just then the captain came up the companion-way and called the mate, who hurried away aft. There he talked busily with the captain for a couple of minutes, when both stopped to gaze with curiosity as they saw Bickford and the sailors hoist a substantial leather trunk over the rail—a trunk that had without doubt cost more than all the other sailor-chests on board put together. Not a word was spoken by either officer at the sight, and in continued silence they saw two large leather valises, a canvas clothes-bag, that had no more of its space filled than would be occupied by oiled clothing, and sea-boots follow the trunk, while last of all came two considerable bundles of books secured with stout leather straps.

"Huh! our fine young gentleman is well found, especially in liter'chure," remarked the mate.

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The captain snorted.

"If he don't get the conceit taken out of him inside of a week, then my name's not Jonathan Vance of Newburyport," he said. Then he nodded to the steward, who had come aft to ask if he should ring the breakfast-bell.

A minute later he was sitting at the head of the table in the saloon, with his daughter on his right, the mate at the foot, and the place at the left vacant. As the steward placed a platter of steak before him he looked around at the vacant chair with sour visage and then said:

"Tell Mr. Bickford to put a man on lookout and come away to his breakfast."

By the time the steak had been served young Bickford walked in. He was dressed in "sea togs" now, but they were such "togs" as were rarely seen on a second mate of a "wind jammer"—a fine blue flannel shirt with a wide collar, a pair of fine blue trousers to match, and a flowing silk handkerchief knotted loosely under the collar, which opened low in front, showing a depth of chest surprising in one whose figure was on the whole so slender. Over all was a loose silk house-coat, which had, of course, been put on for wear at the table only.

The eyes of the mate fell on the coat first of all, because he had come to the table in his shirt-sleeves, forgetting entirely that the proprieties demanded, since there was a lady on board, that he wear a coat. He at once concluded that Bickford had put on an extra fine coat for the sole purpose of emphasizing the absence of any such garment on his superior officer.

Before taking his seat Bickford bowed formally to those at the table. Miss Vance bowed without a change of face. The captain frowned slightly, but neither spoke nor bowed, while the mate relieved his feelings by bolting a piece of steak twice as large as he usually put in his mouth.

Thereafter the meal went on in silence, the men all eating rapidly, and it was soon over. The mate finished first. Pushing back his chair, he glanced at the clock and slammed out on deck. The captain leaned back in his chair with a toothpick in his mouth, while he cut the tip from a cigar with a table-knife. Then the mate came to the companion-way and said:

"Pilot coming alongside, sir."

The captain went hastily on deck at that, leaving the young lady and the second mate alone together. Their eyes met in an instant.

"What possessed you that you should come aboard here? You said you should not sail any more when I saw you last," said the girl, speaking as if vexed.

"Why, I learned that you were coming and so——"

"What nonsense! You'll wish you hadn't, soon enough—you wish so now, I guess, if you own up. And if you must come, how perfectly absurd to come dressed as you did. And you never said a word about your experience. Father and Mr. Torrington perfectly despise you now."

"I know, but they'd be overbearing to me, no matter what I said, until I showed them what I could do. Please——"

"And then there's the crew—father says they're all brutes, while you're only a boy beside them."

Bickford smiled faintly.

"Ship captains always say that, Miss Louisa. I shall get on much easier with the forecastle than with the cabin, but——"

"Well, I don't care (with increasing vexation); you had no business to come where *nobody* wanted you."

Bickford looked up appealingly.

"Miss Louisa, please——"

At that moment Captain Vance came down the companion-way. Bickford was draining a coffee-pot, but the captain saw that he had been talking to the young lady.

"What are you sojerin' here for?" he asked in a burst of temper. "D'ye think ye can shirk work as well as sneak in at the cabin windows? Get away for'ard and tell Mr. Torrington to get the anchor. And here—come back here—I want you to understand that while you're able to get yer berth by owner's influence, yer influence stops at that, an' I'm not goin' to have any namby-pamby a-speakin' to my darter, or to me either, except it's in the line of duty. You may be stylish society on shore, but you'll think yer scum aboard ship before I get through workin' of ye up. Now, get out of this."

The young lady had fled to her stateroom the moment her father appeared. Bickford, who had bowed and started forward at the first word, stopped when or-

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dered to do so, gazing steadily at the floor the while, and then bowing, said, in a steady voice :

" Certainly, sir ; you will find me cheerfully obeying orders in every respect." And with that he ran forward with the word to Mr. Torrington.

III

Of all the work that fell to the lot of the man before the mast in the day of sailing-ships there was nothing so tedious as the tasks of pumping out the water from a leaking ship and getting the anchor when about to leave port. It was up and down, with all of one's strength at the end of a brake—up and down, with the hands at one moment far above the head and at the next down to the knees—up and down, while the windlass pawls fell monotonously into place, clip-clap, clip-clap, clip-clap, and every muscle was overstrained, and the back seemed breaking, and the forecastle and rigging swam before the eyes from the utter exhaustion and aggravation of it all.

But bad as it was under any circumstances, it was many times harder on the men when they had just come aboard ship, suffering from the after-effects of dissipation, as were most of the crew of the Celestia C. For the captain had selected a crew of men who were big and tough in more senses than one, and probably not less than half of them who answered the mate's bawling cry of " All hands up anchor " grasped the brake with hands that fairly trembled because of nervous weakness. Plain fare and regular diet would indeed tune those muscles in a few days, but now every stroke of the brake brought distress.

For a minute or two the brakes pumped up and down regularly, if slowly, and then the pace slackened perceptibly.

" Shake 'er up there," bawled the mate, turning in his place on the rail above the hawse pipe, where he could see the chain drag in link by link. " Shake 'er up. What the——"

The rest of the question was lost in the clip-clap of the pawls as the men spurted at the brakes. Once more the mate looked down at the chain and for a couple of minutes said nothing. Then with sullen looks, deepening into scowls, and on one or two occasions with lips turning white and eyes watering, the men let the pace slacken down slower than ever.

Instantly Mr. Torrington sprang to his feet. The " lazy dogs " must have their first lesson in the discipline of the Celestia C. sooner or later, and he'd just give it to them—with a wooden belaying pin, the handy and ever-present " billy " of the sailing-ship. He picked the pin from the deck as he jumped to his feet, but before he could make a single step toward the loitering crew a well-trained tenor voice broke into the strains of the old familiar windlass chantie :

Old Susan lived in Water Street,
Up and down
In New York town ;
Her smile was broad, her tongue was fleet,
Her nose was redder'n any beet.

Up and down
In New York town ;
Rouse 'er in an' off we go,
We're bound away for Rio.

Mr. Torrington had never sung a line in his life, so he had a feeling of contempt for singers in general. He often remarked that he " never knew a man who c'u'd sing real pretty that was worth a damn for anything else." Any kind of singing was bad enough for a man, but " of all pipin' things on airth there's nothing to ekal one o' them tenors."

The look on Mr. Torrington's face changed from vicious wrath to one of utter disgust as he heard the first line of the song—a disgust that was rendered deeper, were that possible, by the knowledge that Mr. Bickford was the singer. But the men at the brakes—it was worth while making a voyage on an old-time " wind jammer " just to see the effect of a well-sung chantie on a dispirited crew. The first line of cheerful song rang out clear and sweet as a solo, and then with a roar that was heard a mile away down wind, the men joined in the refrain.

Turning back to his post, Mr. Torrington dropped the belaying pin and sat down on the rail.

After a while the cable was up and down, and the mate plunged down among the men, snarling and yapping and sending them flying aloft to loosen the fore-and-aft

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sails. Down they came again, three or four imitating the second mate in sliding on a backstay, and flocked hither and yon to halyards and sheets, and with he-yoes and wah-hoos spread the canvas to the breeze.

The clipper began to tug so hard at her cable now that she dragged it slowly over the mud. Captain Vance, from his place on the quarter-deck, put the wheel hard over while Bickford led the men in a run forward once more to the windlass. A new song was started as the men clasped the brakes, the anchor was tripped, and with her jibs rap full and her spanker hanging loose in the brails the Celestia C. swung round on her heel till the great maintopsail swelled out round and firm under the impulse of the northerly breeze, and then the sharp cutwater began to turn the ripples in the long watery trail that led to Rio.

An hour later she was crossing the lower bay with all plain sail set and the tack of the mainsail hauled up to the yard.

Bickford had made the mistake, not uncommon among ambitious and capable youngsters, of letting it be known that he knew what to do next and how to do it regardless of his superior officer. He had, indeed, on two or three occasions all but usurped the prerogative of the mate in giving orders to the men. His offending in this was rapidly rousing the mate's ire to a dangerous point, when in his eagerness to pass a line around the anchor-stock he stepped directly in front of the mate and stumbled over his foot. Torrington swung his fist in an instant.

"Damn yer impudence," he said, "tramp over me, will ye, Miss Nancy?" and struck Bickford a blow that knocked him rolling from the to'gallant to the deck, where he landed with a slump that showed he was unconscious.

"Bully!" said Salem, in a whisper to one of the other men. "When ye see the kid pay that ere back ye'll want to kiss yerself."

IV

The Celestia C. sailed from New York on August 27th with a fair breeze to waft her down the bay and through the old channel, across the bar, and off to sea. For two days the good luck followed her, and then long seas began to come, while the wind fell flat and the big ship rolled, and pitched, and flapped, and roared, and groaned. Hours passed so—five weary hours she wallowed in distress and then came the gale.

Heeling to the blast until the lee chains were buried in the smother and the white bubbling water came spurting in through the scuppers, the Celestia C. fled away on her course. She had rolled and groaned in misery before it came, but now she winged her way, screaming up the long waves and then plunged down again, her bow crashing through the black hollows with a force that drove a rolling white breaker a half-ship's length off either bow.

That was the weather and that was the night to stir the soul of Captain Vance.

"Um, where's that aristocrat of mine? It's his watch," he thought as he paced the deck. Then he walked forward to find the second mate examining the lanyards of the standing rigging to see whether there was any "give" or not; re-coiling running gear that would have to be handled quickly were any sudden increase in the gale to come, and finally going away aloft, just what for Captain Vance did not learn until long after, though it was to see whether the old-fashioned rope topgallant halyards were chafing in the sheave in the mast. Anyway, there was no finding fault with a man who was looking alive in such fashion, and so Captain Vance went back to the quarter-deck to pace to and fro and look the wind in the eye and exult in the wild flight through the driving gale.

That was a night to try the spirit of a sailorman. By midnight the music of the gale had hardened to a whiz that rasped the ear, and it would soon become an ominous roar. When the men came aft to heave the log the vicious jerk given to the man holding the reel as the chip caught in the water well-nigh threw him to the deck, for the ship's speed was undiminished. But now when she plunged into the black hollows between the great waves the thunderous white roller under her bows rose level with the topgallant forecastle deck and she struggled on with every frame and spar quivering. Not even the liveoak from Hatteras—oak that had been nurtured and toughened by Hatteras gales—

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could stand that terrific strain for many hours.

Daylight came at last, but so slowly that no dawn in the east was seen. The light was diffused through the murk until the topgallant-sail became visible as the ship drove shuddering on.

"Get in that kite," said the captain to Bickford; and the sail was fisted with a will. For awhile the captain walked the quarter-deck and then went below for a look at the glass. When he came back he said:

"Topmast staysails, Mr. Bickford." The men furled them quickly, and a little later the captain had a look at the glass again, after which he came back and said:

"The jib, Mr. Bickford." That was an ugly job, for the ship was plunging her nose clear under at times. The second mate ran forward and the sail was hauled down, but the wind caught it so that the first plunge dipped it into the boiling foam.

"Come on, bullies," said Bickford, leading the way out on the boom. Three men followed. They got the sail lashed on the spar only after they had all been dipped into the sea repeatedly. Bickford came aft to report.

"Call all hands to shorten sail," said the captain. The hurricane was upon them in its might now, and there was need of haste. Bickford stripped off his useless oilskin coat and trousers and chucked them under the long-boat as he ran forward, and a minute later had the whole crew out, while Mr. Torrington came running forward, bawling out to settle away the foretopsail halyards and haul out the reef tackles.

That was in the days when whole topsails were still in use, and it was a boast of Mr. Torrington that no man had ever beaten him to the weather earring when the captain was on deck to take charge. As the men hauled out the reef tackles Mr. Torrington turned and nodded to the captain to let him know that all was ready for going aloft, and the captain, with his hands to his mouth, trumpet fashion, shouted:

"Lay aloft and close reef!"

Mr. Torrington had purposely taken time by the forelock, and was running for the weather rigging when Bickford leaped to the weather-rail, grasped a backstay and swung himself to a footing on the second ratline, as a circus athlete might have done.

Mr. Torrington, as already said, was one who despised a tenor voice, but never had such a voice filled him with such deep disgust as when, sitting astride the lee yard-arm a few moments later, he saw Frank Bickford pass the weather earring and start the old reefing chorus in a way that could be heard on deck in spite of the gale:

Way hay, hay hay,
To windwar-r-rd, ye bloody-y-y gay-lutes.

He heard the same song from the same disadvantageous position when the main was reefed, too. He thought to have a revenge when it came to furling the foresail.

As the men gathered forward to take in this sail the mate sent his favorite seaman—one who was probably the strongest man in the ship—to the tack, saying:

"Take off all but two turns and stand by."

The mate himself went to the sheet while Bickford led out clew-lines and bunt-lines for the men to man, and the mate was just easing the sheet when Bickford saw that the man at the tack would not be able to hold it fast, as the sail began to jump. With a shout to "hold fast all" he leaped to help the man, but a heavy blast struck the sail, and with a rip and roar as of a great gun the sail split and was blown smoking away from the bolt-ropes.

"What fool's that!" bellowed the mate, grabbing a pump-brake; "I'll larn ye to let go when I say stand by."

He made a rush at the man, but Bickford turned and stepped between the two, saying:

"Hold fast, Mr. Torrington. That was my fault, not his. I should have lent a hand sooner."

In spite of the gale and the work to be done it looked as if a fight were coming. Salem nudged a mate and said: "Now watch out."

"Oh-h, it was you, was it?" said Torrington, in more of a rage than ever. "Well, I'll do the two of ye."

He would have tried it, and this story might have ended there as a result, only that just then for the first time in that gale a great lump of a solid blue wave

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flooded over the weather-bow and swept both mates and man, clawing and struggling for their lives, down against the lee fore-rigging.

That stopped the fight. It was such a close call for a half dozen—they were so near going overboard—that they finished their work and the mate went aft.

A little later the breakfast-bell rang. She was snug enough now to suit the captain, and both he and the mate went down to eat. What the mate said at the table was never revealed, but when Bickford came down the captain was looking very sour, and his face did not brighten even when Miss Louisa came to the table. Instead he scowled all the fiercer on Bickford and said :

" Mr. Bickford, I've logged ye for losin' the fores'l. It's a good chance for ye that ye didn't try to lie out of it, as I expected ye to do, for in that case ye'd gone for'ard. Now ye know where yer berth 'll be next time yer book larnin' fails ye."

Then, forgetting that he was leaving Bickford alone with the girl, he slammed up the companion-way to the deck.

The girl looked up with flashing eyes.

" Have you no spirit that you must let them impose on you ? " she asked.

Bickford drew his hand across his forehead, and, with his eyes on his plate, said :

" The only way to stop it is to thrash someone, and I never struck a man in my life except in self-defence. I *must* wait."

The girl's mouth twitched with vexation as she rose from the table :

" That is a good excuse to tell a girl," she said, " but it looks to me as if you were a coward."

V

Two days later and during the forenoon watch the mate, who had the deck and was working around the forecastle, saw, as he happened to look off over the lee bow, what seemed to be the stump of a broken ship's topmast that at the instant seemed to be projecting a few feet above the water two miles or so away. A moment later, however, the spar began to rise and then a great wave lifted into view a wreck lying so low in the water that the waves were making a clean sweep over all but the forecastle deck. Only the one mast remained, and that was the foremast, with its broken topmast rising perhaps six feet above the cap. A stump of a mainmast was visible, but abaft that there was no sign of a spar, while the jib-boom had been broken short off at the cap of the bowsprit and disappeared altogether.

For a moment the mate gazed at the sorrowful spectacle, and then, as she rolled, an American flag fluttered from the after shroud of the weather rigging.

" Great God ! " he ejaculated, turning and leaping to the deck, " there's someone aboard that wreck ; " and away he ran to call the captain.

A minute later both he and the captain were standing at the lee rail aft, watching intently the rise and fall of the wreck as the waves tossed it about.

" That's a hard chance," said the captain, and so it was. The heart of the cyclone had passed and the Celestia C. was braced sharp up on the starboard tack. The wind had lost somewhat of its fury and the rain had ceased to fall, but the ugly cross-sea that was running strained the buoyant clipper almost as hard as had the waves at the height of the hurricane. And yet there was a wreck not only without sail or rudder to help her, but all the after part of the hull was continually under water, while somewhere about her was crouched her crew, or a part of them, staring death in the face, but hoping against hope for help from the Celestia C.

" Keep off for the weather side of the wreck. We cannot lose much time by taking a look," said Captain Vance to the man at the wheel ; and then he and the mate went forward. Word that a wreck was in view with a distress signal flying had been carried to the forecastle and the whole crew were gathered in the wake of the rigging.

As the Celestia C. drew near it was seen that the wreck was a lumber-laden craft, but she was breaking up rapidly, for the sea was strewn with boards and planks and timbers. A little later the captain, looking through his glass, suddenly took it from his eyes and passed it to the mate.

" There's a man in the weather rigging just below the top," he said.

The mate turned the glass on the wreck.

" True for it, sir," he said. " He's

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wavin' his ha—Christ! I thought he was gone that lurch. There's no more as I can see, sir."

He passed the glass to the captain again, who took another look at the wreck and then gazed around over the tossing sea and up at the sails of his own ship. Once more he looked at the sea, shifting his weight the while from one foot to the other and back again, and then turned to look at the long-boat carefully lashed over the fore-hatch. He shook his head as his eyes fell on the boat, and he turned once more to look across the waves.

"By the Lord! That's a hard chance. No boat can live in that sea," he said. "But we'll stand by for awhile and see."

They were nearly abreast of the wreck now and well to windward, so they luffed the Celestia C. up to the gale until her only progress was in sagging away before the wind.

For fifteen minutes, perhaps for half an hour, the Celestia C. lay in the wind, drifting slowly toward the wreck. They could see the man in the rigging plainly with the naked eye now. He was clinging fast to a shroud with one hand and swinging his hat with the other, but at intervals the wreck gave such a wild lurch that he threw his arms about the shrouds and held fast for his life.

"God! I can't stand and see that," said Captain Vance. "It's not in natur'. She's breakin' up hand over fist."

The mate looked around at the sea and said nothing, but the captain turned toward the long-boat again.

"It's the best of its kind—it ought to live," said he. "What do you say, Mr. Torrington?"

"She'll never get clear of the ship with this sea," said the mate; "but if ye can get the men to volunteer, I'll take the steerin' oar. I never refused orders, sir," said the mate.

"I'm not ordering anybody to a job like this."

"Well, sir," and here the mate took another look at the wreck, "you don't have to. I'm game to try."

The two turned to the crew.

"Look a-here, bullies. This is a call for volunteers," said the captain. "Are there enough of you willin' to take chances to save that poor devil in the rigging yonder? Mr. Torrington'll handle the steering oar."

Every sailor turned at the captain's words and looked first at him, then at the boat and then at him again, but not a man left his place at the rail. The captain eyed the men keenly and then looked away over the sea.

"Ye can't blame 'em," he said to the mate. "It *is* suicidin' to do it."

During all this time Frank Bickford had been standing on the rail just forward of the rigging with an arm around the swifter. He had watched every move that had been made during the talk about sending a boat, though he had neither spoken a word nor made a move save to turn his head. But the moment the men refused to listen to the appeal he leaped to the deck.

"Here you are, men," he cried; "who'll go with me to the rescue?"

To the utter astonishment of the captain and mate, every man answered with a yell and turned from the rail.

Then on an instant Salem stopped before the captain and said:

"That is, sir, we're ready if so be that *he* has the steerin' oar," and he jerked his head toward the second mate.

"The devil you say," said the captain.

"Ay, that's what I said, sir."

"Well, you're all a pack of blasted fools to trust your lives with that Miss Nancy. He's imposed on you with his books and his other nonsense. But it's your own lookout. Clear away the long-boat an' hump yerselves. There ain't no time to lose."

"Excuse me, captain," said the second mate, "you don't know me as well as a couple of my old shipmates do. If you'll let me have that dory on top of the galley, I'll make shift with two of the crew who are old Banks fishermen."

"All right," said the captain, in a surly voice, and then gave the order to the men.

In a trice the dory was on the deck. Then the second mate ran away to the cabin and returned with a keg and a box that seemed tolerably heavy.

"What the devil have ye there?" asked the captain.

"Water and food," replied Bickford.

"Bound fer the Bermudies, I suppose," said the captain. But Bickford made no reply.

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The thwarts were already in place in the dory, the oars were in hand, and the kit from the cabin was stowed quickly. Then the dory was lifted to the rail and her crew of three clambered up—Salem forward at the bow, Bickford at the stern, each balancing himself and bent over, holding fast the dory, while the third man stood just behind Bickford.

For a minute or two neither one made a move, and the crew in silence looked on.

The ship rose slowly against the wind, lifting them far above the water, and Bickford half turned his head to glance aft. He saw that Miss Louisa stood with her head above the companion-way looking toward them. She made no sign of recognition, however, and Bickford instantly looked at his dory again; but if he could have been close enough, he would have seen that the girl was gripping the rail until the blood was driven from her fingers.

Then once more the ship heeled to the wind and sagged down and down till the solid blue water rose almost to his feet.

"Now," said Bickford. The two men lifted the dory from the rail and, placing it in the swelling wave, stepped in, followed by the third, and as the water sank away again the dory floated clear of all and the oars were dropped into place.

A moment later she was drifting and driving away stern first toward the wrecked ship.

VI

Scarcely was the dory out of the way when Captain Vance turned to Mr. Torrington and said:

"Down to leeward."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate. "Wear ship! Jib halyards! Hard up yer hellum!"

With a thunderous flapping the big headsail was hauled up and sheeted aft. The captain meantime had himself eased off the sheet of the close-reefed spanker, and the Celestia C., with many a heave and plunge, turned from the wind and ran away before it to take a position as close in the lee of the wreck as possible.

As soon as she was fairly on this course every eye on board was turned to search for the dory, and a moment later it was seen as buoyant as a cork on the back of a wave that had broken just beyond it. It disappeared directly, but in a moment was seen again, this time on the face of a huge sea, the men bending to the oars in a fierce effort to pass the crest before the supreme moment of danger, but bending in vain, for the next instant the dory disappeared in the bursting, curling white mass of the breaker.

"Christ!" said Captain Vance under his breath; and his daughter, who had gasped at the sight, turned to look at him in astonishment. But she instantly turned to the dory again to find, instead of three men struggling beside an overturned craft, that it was floating, but a little less buoyantly than before, and that the two men were rapidly baling, while the second mate kept its head to windward. Then, as the men began backing water once more to drift it toward the wreck, the distance and the state of the sea served to hide it altogether, and the dory was seen no more until the Celestia C. rounded-to in the wake of the wreck.

The work of heaving-to there had been but just completed when everybody saw the dory just to windward of the wreck's bow. She seemed to be almost beneath the bowsprit, as a wave lifted the wreck into the air, and in imminent danger of becoming entangled in the mass of rigging hanging about the bow.

But Bickford knew what he was doing, for while the two men rowed the dory somewhat farther from the wreck he was seen to be shouting and waving one hand at the man in the rigging. Instantly the man swung himself to the forestay and slid down hand over fist to the knight-heads. For a moment he hesitated and then crawled out over the head of the broken jib-boom to a seat astride at the cap just as a huge wave passed.

The critical moment had come. The dory was just to windward with the second mate watching for the next swell of the sea, but the swell came as a cross-wave, and would not serve. A minute more and another wave arose to windward, piling up so high that the men in the dory swung their oars with all their might to meet it. They passed its crest in safety, but it broke with its whole fury against the bow of the wreck and knocked the unfortunate seaman from his perch and left him swing-

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ing by his hands just below the iron strap around the cap.

Then right on the back of this roller came the second mate with his dory, and as the trembling wreck sank into the hollow Bickford dragged the man from his peril and placed him on the bottom of the dory.

A single yell from a man in the waist of the Celestia C. was answered by a chorus of cheers from his mates, but the only comment heard on the quarter-deck was the remark of the captain, who said:

"A fool for luck."

A half-hour later the dory was fair under the lee bow of the Celestia C. A brawny sailor leaped to the ship's rail, and with one leg through the rigging hurled a heaving line across the cockle-shell boat. As it happened the line fell across the shoulder of the rescued sailor, who was sitting in the bottom of the dory with his hands full of the food Bickford had carried along. His back had been hitherto toward the ship; he had been too hungry and too busy eating to look at her, but now he turned his head. Instantly Captain Vance shouted:

"Well, by the Lord! Captain Wagoner! Is it you?"

"Right you are," replied the rescued one, "and safe at last, thanks to you."

A little later he clambered over the rail.

"And that's the Doremus?" said Captain Vance when the greeting was over. Wagoner turned and gazed at the wreck for a full minute without replying, and then very slowly turned his eyes away.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that all that's left of the Darius Doremus. She was more than home to me, and I've lost everything. The crew took to the long-boat after the masts went and she'd sprung a leak, but I couldn't leave her, captain. I'd rather stay with my ship than sneak away in a boat while she was able to float. And I'd sunk with her at last if you hadn't happened along and sent Frank after me. I couldn't ha' hung on much longer."

The two captains made their way to the cabin. They found Miss Louisa sitting at the table. Captain Wagoner looked at her in a half-puzzled way.

"You don't remember her, do you, Captain Wagoner?" said Captain Vance. "It must be nigh onto ten years since you saw her."

"Why it's Loie, as I used to call her," said Captain Wagoner. "Certainly I know her. Miss Louisa, I'm rather certain that it's to your presence on the ship that I owe my rescue. And if you won't mind my saying it, seeing your father is here, why, you've grown into the handsomest young lady I ever saw."

"That's what you used to say to all of us girls at school every time you got home from a voyage," replied Miss Louisa.

"I shall have to go through your slop chest to see if I can't find some togs to fit," Captain Wagoner said to Captain Vance. "Perhaps I can make a trade with Frank. He's about my waist, I guess, though I'm a bit taller."

"Do you know that youngster? Where's he hail from?"

"Why, don't you know who your own second mate is? He's yer owner's nephew. Captain Rowland's sister Melissa married Captain Henry Bickford of Chelsea. Guess you didn't know Captain Henry. I never saw him but once myself, but they say he was determined no son of his should go to sea. He didn't have any sons for several years—just girls only—no offence, Miss Louisa—and then Frank was born, and when he got big enough he was sent off somewhere to school, I don't know where. Anyway, the blood was in the boy, and to sea he must go, in spite of father and mother—fool like the rest of us. First he ran away and went fishing out of Gloucester, and that's where I met him. I never liked him overmuch—one of these softies that would rather sit in some parlor and read than see what fun was going along shore. 'Tain't becomin' in me to find fault with him, though, an' I don't mean to, only he ain't my kind. Did you see him handle that dory? Captain Elias Strong of the Gloucester smack Elsie told me that Bickford, as a boy of eighteen, beat any man on the Banks handling a dory, and after what I see of him this morning I'd believe it, sure pop. When did you leave New York?"

"The 27th. So he's Captain Rowland's nephew, is he? Well, I'd supposed there'd been better blood in him, then."

"Why, what's he done?"

"It's the way he got his berth, for one thing—letter from the owner, ye know. An' then he's a reg'lar coward. Torrington

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knocked him galleywest off the fo'castle deck the first day aboard, an' he's been as meachin ever since as a nigger cook."

Captain Wagoner looked astonished as Captain Vance spoke of the second mate as a coward, and seemed about to say something, but he checked himself, and a minute later began describing the doings on his own ship from the time he left Bath, with lumber for Buenos Ayres, until he was rescued, going into the details of the storm and the disaster and the loss of his crew, for he observed that Miss Louisa was listening with marked attention—even with admiration for the captain who stood by the ship when his crew deserted her.

After a little Captain Vance went on deck to look after his ship. He had scarcely gone when the second mate entered the cabin and found Miss Louisa deeply interested in the story of Captain Wagoner. Wagoner turned to thank Bickford once more for the rescue, and while saying some complimentary words noted, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the girl utterly ignored the young officer.

Seeing this, he was at pains to observe what effect it had on Bickford, and was still more pleased to see what he believed to be unmistakable signs of jealousy. Bickford not only flushed slightly as he saw the girl's indifference, but he was decidedly less cordial in his reply to Wagoner's thanks than he had been when they were expressed on the dory.

VII

After the storm had passed the Celestia C. jogged on with varying luck in winds, but there was never a day when she did not make something to the good even in the horse latitudes, while on most of the days she left many a merry dancing league behind her. It was a time of steady work for the crew. For Mr. Torrington was constantly after the men during the day. It was his boast that the sun never shone on his closed eyes, though in all this, of course, there was nothing to excite gossip among the crew, for that is the way of seafaring life.

Even the fact that the second mate was on deck as many hours as Mr. Torrington and was constantly at work when there, although entitled to his watch below, was not mentioned by the men in their talk over their mess-kids. Nevertheless, they found in one feature of the young officer's doings a source of endless comment and speculation.

Up to the time of the rescue of Captain Wagoner from the wreck of the Darius Doremus, Bickford's bearing toward both Captain Vance and Mr. Torrington had been deferential. He had shown every possible disposition to please them while striving at the same time to accomplish as much and as good work as possible. But since the storm had passed away there was a change in his bearing which the quick-witted sailors instantly detected.

It was not that he showed lack of respect; on the contrary, he was rather punctilious in his observances of the forms and customs of ship life. But when in the course of the work there was anything to be done his self-confident manner of giving orders or doing the work himself was not to be overlooked.

"'Tain't that he's carrin' chips on his shoulder," explained his old shipmate Salem. "Nixie. It's his natteral way—I know him of old. He was just gettin' of his bearin's afore."

Mr. Torrington, of course, noticed the change as quickly as any one, and just what to make of it or do about it was more than he knew. He certainly didn't like it, and there was where the crew, who saw that he didn't like it, were started speculating. There was sure to be a conflict between the two officers, and what they were guessing was when and how it would come about.

Meantime Captain Wagoner had been enjoying life as never before at sea. He had found that the clothing which young Bickford put at his service was not only a good enough fit, but was of superior quality. In this he arrayed himself with becoming taste, and then turned to by day to do a deal of useful work. He was an able seaman, and, although Captain Vance protested that the ship's guest ought not to do a foremast hand's work, Wagoner was at it with marlin-spike, and serving mallet, and palm and needle, as occasion offered.

A wide awning had been spread above the top of the cabin and the poop deck, and beneath this the cloths for a new fore-

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sail, that Captain Wagoner insisted on making, were measured off and the sewing began. Betimes Captain Vance himself lent a hand, and once the work was well under way Mr. Torrington, who was "a proper hand with the needle," put in a deal of his day watch below upon it.

But what was more interesting still was the fact that the needlework was so far infectious that Miss Louisa brought up a lot of embroidery and, seated in an easy-chair that was secured from slipping, passed not a little time working and chatting with the handsome sailmaker—a condition of affairs well adapted to please him.

Now it happened one morning as the Celestia C. was bowling along with more of a roll than was comfortable for the young lady, who had essayed, sitting as usual, to work under the awning and had been obliged to abandon the task, that Mr. Torrington came around to take a hand in the sewing, as was his wont. Captain Wagoner and Torrington had become very intimate over this work, for they were of like tastes in many matters, even though Captain Wagoner was considerably younger and an abler man.

The two croned away together perhaps for an hour, when Captain Wagoner put his hand into an inner pocket for some purpose, and when he drew it out a small packet, wrapped in waterproof silk, fell to the deck.

There the wind caught it and carried it forward and down to the lee, ripping off the silk-covering the while and promising to hurl it into the sea at every movement.

Both Captain Wagoner and Mr. Torrington leaped in pursuit, but all in vain, for they had been at work on top of the cabin, which stood level with the rail, and the packet was just starting on a last jump that would have carried it across the gangway and over the rail, when Frank Bickford, who had been bending over the end of a new main brace that he was pointing in the lee of the cabin, looked up, saw the package and caught it. As he arose to hand it back to Captain Wagoner the wind once more caught the wrapper and this time revealed the portrait of a handsome young woman with a baby in her arms.

He raised his eyebrows a bit as his eyes fell on the portrait. At that Captain Wagoner chuckled, and taking it from Bickford he showed it for a moment to Mr. Torrington and then re-wrapped it carefully.

Stowing it away in its place, he winked comprehensively at both of the officers, and half-turning back toward his work, said to Torrington:

"The wind has served me a pretty trick, hain't it? I didn't mean to let you or any one else know I was married. I supposed Frank there knew it till I saw his look of surprise, but that didn't worry me any, for I knew he was too much of a sailor to play tattle on a shipmate when there was a bit of gallivanting in hand, even—ahem—even when he was a gettin' cut cold by the same sweetheart. Eh, Frank?"

Salem, who was standing at the wheel, where he could see and hear all this, violently swung an arm and then kissed the back of his hand to attract the attention of some of the other sailors. The moment they had so long expected was at hand.

Bickford straightened up quickly, and both Captain Wagoner and Mr. Torrington, half-seeing his motion out of the corners of their eyes, turned to look at him.

Captain Wagoner's face paled a little instantly, but the color returned to it at once, and laughing half-heartedly, he plucked Mr. Torrington's sleeve.

"*Will* you look at the kid, once?" he said. "I'm blessed if I don't believe the green eyes has got him."

Torrington sneered, and said:

"Huh! To be sure, an' he's goin' to run an' peach on ye, the——"

There he stopped short, for Bickford had leaped to the top of the cabin, and with a light in his eyes that was unmistakable was coming for the two of them. Torrington, who was the nearer, half-crouched and swung his fist, but Bickford with a tiger spring gave him a full-weight blow that knocked him quivering to the deck of the cabin.

There was a howl from forward as the mate fell, and Captain Vance came running up the companion-way, but heedless of everything else, Bickford flashed around, drove his fist straight at the face of the loafer whose thought had insulted the girl, and the blow sent him spinning down the lee to fall headlong in the gangway. For there is no resisting the man whose whole heart is behind his fist.

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A wild scene followed. Captain Vance stepped from the gangway just in time to see his second mate leap at Wagoner. Old Salem dropped the wheel and began a sparring pantomime the moment the captain's back was turned. The next instant Captain Vance was clawing his way up to stop the second mate, who, he supposed, had suddenly become insane, and then the inevitable result of dropping the wheel of a weather-helm ship like the Celestia C. attracted his attention. The half-gale from over the quarter was whirling the ship's nose up to the wind with steamer speed, and she would be flat aback in a minute more. Giving one glance aloft, he turned on Salem:

"Hard up there!" he bawled. "What the hell have you been up to?" He would have knocked the sailor from the wheel, but for the effect it would have had on the ship. Instead, he ran with a curse to throw off the spanker sheet, and he had almost reached the cleat to which it was belayed when he tripped and fell heavily across the cleat he was reaching for. He was on his feet in an instant and cleared away the rope just in time to save the ship from coming aback. But the work done, he put both his hands to his side, coughed and gasped for breath, and with blood oozing over his lips fell once more to the deck.

VIII

THAT is about all there is to tell. The mate on recovering consciousness went straight to Bickford with his hand out.

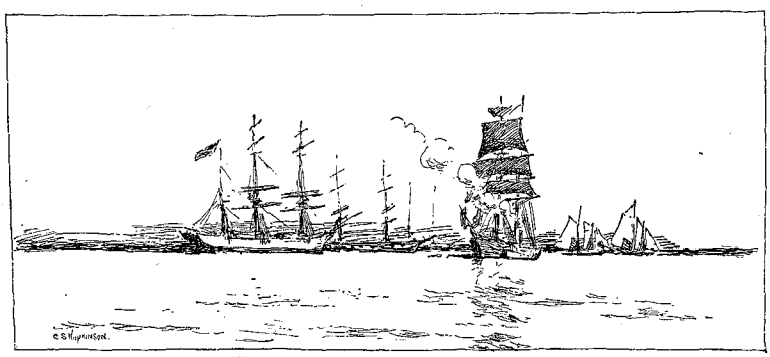
"Ye done it fair an' square, an' I can't do less 'n say I respect ye for it," he said, and that settled the trouble there; but Captain Wagoner was glad to spend the rest of his passage in the forecastle, unnoticed by any one from the cabin except the mate.

As for Captain Vance, he was more affected by the fight than either of those who had engaged in it. He had, first of all, broken a rib by his fall, and for two weeks he lay in his bunk, "well parcelled and sarved," before he felt able to go on deck again. More lasting still was the effect of the fight on his opinion of the second mate. As he said one day some time later to Miss Louisa, who was sitting beside his bunk:

"The cuss has got the makin' of a man in him, after all. *I* never saw such a clean job as he made of them two in all my time. Lord! It was eight bells with 'em before they could catch a second breath." Here he turned his head a bit for a side-long look at the girl, and then continued:

"Terrible smart, not to tell me you'd knowed him all these years, wasn't you? But I want you to understand that it was a breach of discipline that wasn't much short of mutiny, an' I'm goin' to have him in irons for it, do you hear, just as soon as the ship can spare him."

Whereat Miss Louisa wrinkled her nose at her father, and then, with a soft light in her eyes, turned to look up at an open port through which came the sweet breath of the tropics, vibrating to the music of one who sang in a tenor voice as he stitched away contentedly on a new foresail that was wellnigh completed.



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SHORTENING DAYS

By William Cranston Lawton

I

We had forgotten, dearest, that Summer is so brief.
When the new life is throbbing in every blade and leaf,
When birds are pairing lovers, the white hills turn to green,
When brooks run full and gurgling, their flower-hung banks between,
It seems to us, belovèd, Summer will always stay;
So we forget from year to year: God grant we always may!

II

The first sharp frost has crimsoned the topmost maple-leaves;
The hills lie bare and yellow, the corn is stacked in sheaves;
Weakened by suns of August the languid rivulet flows;
Planning their fall manœuvre we hear the cawing crows;
The chill of change is in the air; we too must flit full soon.
—Between the tear and smile we say—"How quickly 'twill be June!"

III

We could not know, belovèd, that youth would seem so brief;
I fancied I could shield you from every bitterest grief;
But life is full of pain and loss, tho' never of despair:
Your rosy face has deepening lines, there's silver in your hair.
—We shrink not from the touch of change; we say in eager tone:
"How fast our boys are turning men! How tall our girl has grown!"

IV

The graybeards always warned us that mortal life is brief.
—Their eyes were dim, their voices cracked; their words were past belief.
Childhood had been an endless time: old age—how far away!
But fast the ties are breaking: far more are gone than stay.
What then? We fear no breath of change. 'Tis nature's path we fare.
—At worst, long rest and dreamless ease: at best, reunion there!

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THE BASHFULNESS OF BODLEY

By Henry Gallup Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART

THOSE who know Bodley do not need to be told that he is bashful, and those who first hear of him now will be of the same opinion.

It is not worth while to go into particulars about his bashfulness. Think of almost any bashful man you know and you will have Bodley. He never spoke first to any woman except his landlady, though he got so that he could reply without embarrassment to remarks addressed to him by some of the middle-aged lady boarders. But the advent of a young and fairly good-looking woman was enough to shut him up like a trap; while once, when Mrs. Prendergast's pretty niece visited her for a week, he took all his dinners at a restaurant on the pretext of being compelled to work late at the office.

But Bodley was no milksop. He could spar, he could sail a boat, and he could swim like a duck. He went on a cruise around Long Island last summer, and one morning they ran into Great South Bay. So the boys put on their bathing-suits and rowed to Fire Island for a dip in the surf. They went in near the life-saving station, out of deference to Bodley, as there were many people of both sexes bathing in front of the hotel. But after awhile his companions led him on, under pretext of a race, to swim up opposite the bathers—though a good way out—and then made for the beach. But they could not induce Bodley to go nearer shore; and after paddling around for awhile he was about to swim back, when his attention was arrested by signs of a great commotion on the beach; people running to and fro and calling in agonized tones. Suddenly he saw a white face rise between him and the land and then sink out of sight.

He was after it like a flash, although he was near enough to see that it belonged to a beautiful, fair-haired girl. Somehow he entirely forgot that he was bashful.

He caught her just as she was going down for the third time; whereupon, in the uncomfortable fashion of drowning people, she convulsively entwined herself about him, so that he was powerless to use hand or foot, and they went down together. It was a critical moment; two lives now instead of one were at stake; time was short and explanations out of the question. There was but one thing to do and Bodley did it. He wrenched his left arm free, and planted it with some force between the lady's eyes. It raised a large lump, but it caused her to release her hold of him, and they began to come up again.

When they arrived at the surface Bodley took breath and a fresh grip and started for shore. He was soon met by the surf-boat and pulled in with his burden, whom he proceeded to resuscitate in the most approved fashion and a perfectly unconscious manner. So vigorous and

And Bodley would take the helm.—Page 102.

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skilful was he that by the time shore was reached he was rewarded by signs of returning life.

Once on dry land Bodley took command and quickly had all the available forces and appliances marshalled and at work. There was a human life to be saved and he proposed to save it.

Then, at last, after no end of rubbing and rolling and artificial respiration, the human being gave a quiver and a sigh, and opened her eyes and looked at Bodley, and behold! it was a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with a black-and-blue lump as big as a hen's egg between her eyes, and Bodley fled from her like a startled fawn, or, if there is anything that gets away quicker, like that.

His absence did not cause any surprise, as the people around supposed he had gone to get something for his patient and would return; and in the meantime the too daring young mermaid having recovered sufficiently to be taken to her room, the excitement subsided, and it was not until later in the day that people began to wonder who the mysterious stranger was who seemed to have risen out of the sea to rescue the drowning girl and then to have as mysteriously disappeared.

The heroine of the occasion was especially desirous of meeting and thanking her rescuer, but he could not be found, nor any trace or clew of him. There was no guest at the hotel or cottages answering to his description, nor had any such person arrived or departed that day.

The mystery was as mysterious as any other mystery, yet it failed of its full effect, because it was so very mysterious that many of the people who came to the hotel after it had happened could not be made to believe it, and thought that it was just the stock ghost story without which no summer-resort is complete, and declared that the young woman had never been nearly drowned, and that if she had been, she had never been rescued—and this although she remained until the house closed and was in constant and lively evidence.

In the meantime the conscious and elusive Bodley had sped to the life-saving station, where he joined his companions, who had returned there after their failure to lure him among the bathers, and before they had been noticed from the shore. They had thus entirely missed the accident in which Bodley had taken so prominent a part.

Together they rowed back to the yacht and, at Bodley's suggestion, made sail at once. He said that it was important to get into the Sound before the weather changed.

They were at dinner when they left the hotel well down on their port quarter, but Bodley carried that beautiful, pale face with its halo of golden hair with him all the voyage, and right in the middle of its forehead was an ugly bruise as if made by a man's fist.

And the boys said that they would never ask Bodley to join them in another cruise—unless they couldn't handle a boat any better than they could this year. They said that something seemed to have gotten into Bodley. Something had; it was the memory of that drowning human being who had suddenly turned into a beautiful girl. And he couldn't get it out. Sometimes he wondered if he would ever see her again. Then he would remember how bashful he was, and he would picture how some fellow who didn't love her half so much as he could, but who was not afraid to speak to her, would marry her; and then he would seem very disagreeable to the boys, and they would talk among themselves about putting him ashore. And then the weather would turn nasty, and Bodley would take the helm and they would decide to give him one more chance.

After the cruise Bodley went back to New York, his business, and his boarding-house. His friends hoped that the change would do him good, and so did Bodley. He devoted himself energetically to his work, and even tried to interest himself in his fellow-boarders in the hope of driving out of his mind the thought of the girl he had saved at Fire Island. For her image kept constantly recurring to him, and he was surprised to find that the more strenuously he tried to forget her the easier it seemed to remember her.

He thought of her so much that he was afraid he was going to fall in love

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And gazed at her, full in the face.—Page 104.

with her, not realizing that he had done so already, for it seemed futile to fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once, whom he had brutally assaulted then, and whom he probably should never see again. The recollection of that blow made Bodley sick every time he thought of it, and as he thought of it whenever he thought of the girl, and as he thought of her all the time, he came to regard himself as an inhuman monster. Of course he knew that he had done the only thing he could have done under the circumstances, and that his prompt action had saved her life and his own. If the drowning person had been a man, the blow would not have caused Bodley a moment's uneasiness, and if the man had complained afterward, Bodley would have told him he was an idiot, who ought to have been left to drown.

But because it was a girl, and a beautiful girl, and Bodley had fallen in love with her, he could only see that big lump on her forehead and remember that his big knuckles had raised it. After awhile, however, Bodley began to believe he might as well fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once as with one whom he saw every day, because he would never

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dare speak to her anyhow; so he began to believe that it might be as well for him never to see this particular girl again, because even if he ever got to know her, she would never have anything to do with a ruffian like himself. It never occurred to Bodley that a girl who would complain at having her life saved in the most certain, speedy, and, indeed, the only possible manner, would be an idiot who ought to have been left to drown.

But then, as has been stated before, Bodley was in love, and, as has been stated and sufficiently demonstrated, Bodley was bashful.

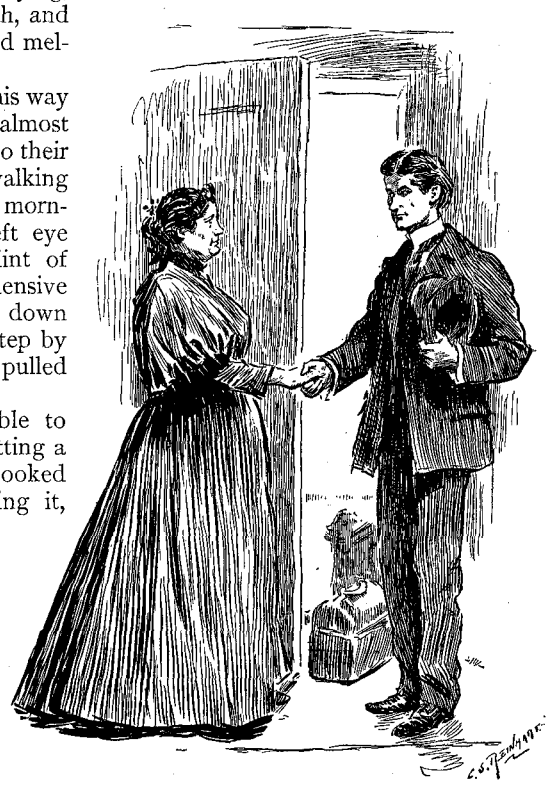
It did seem an awful pity to him, however, that so long as he was fated to fall in love under such circumstances, it must be with a girl who, if she ever thought of him at all, could only do so with loathing. He realized the triteness of the saying, that true love never did run smooth, and composed himself to a life of settled melancholy.

Things had been running on in this way for some time, and Bodley had almost succeeded in adjusting his feelings to their new conditions, when, as he was walking down the front stoop one October morning on his way to business, his left eye was suddenly attracted by the glint of golden hair, and a more comprehensive glance showed him that walking down the stoop of the adjoining house, step by step with him, was the girl he had pulled out of the water at Fire Island.

It seemed so absurdly impossible to him that he thought he must be getting a little crazy on the subject, so he looked again. No, there was no mistaking it, she was the very girl. He instantly withdrew his gaze and looked straight in front of him. Cold shivers ran up his legs and into his body, paralyzing his nerves, so that his brain lost control of his actions, though remaining dimly aware of their results. He was totally unconscious of the fact that he continued walking down the steps, although he felt that he must be, because he could see that he was approaching the level of the sidewalk. Then he began to wonder which way he would turn. His ordinary course would take him past the house next door, and his mental impulse was to turn the other way, but he began to perceive that his legs, though he had lost all sense of their existence, were turning him in the usual direction. Then he began to hope that the girl was going to turn the same way; but no, he could see that she was turning toward him and he was going to meet her face to face.

It was a terrible moment in his life. He did not know whether he should be able to live through it. No one who has not been through a similar experience can really understand what that moment was to a man of Bodley's temperament.

He tried to look away from her in order to avoid the look of contempt and horror and disdain he expected her to cast on him, but his eyes would pay no attention to his will and gazed at her, full in the face, as his unresponsive legs carried him by her. He walked on for some time in this semi-conscious state, and then, little by little, the numbness



Wrung her hand and fled.—Page 107.

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left his body and ran down his legs, and he began to feel the pavement once more under his feet, and his heart, which had been thumping like a trip-hammer, began to resume its normal beats.

Then suddenly two great facts thrust themselves upon his consciousness; the first was that the bruise on her forehead had entirely disappeared! This was not strange when Bodley came to think of it, because it was now three months since he had hit her; but such an impression had the blow made on him that it had never previously occurred to him that she would not carry that black-and-blue lump between her eyes as long as she lived. And he blessed the happy chance that had permitted him to see her once again, so that in the future he could bring up her picture in his mind without that hideous reminder of his cruelty.

The second fact was that she had not only not regarded him with horror and contempt, but that she had not apparently regarded him at all. Not that she hadn't seen him, for he remembered that as she had looked brightly about her, her glance had fallen on him, but without the slightest sign of recognition.

And after Bodley had wondered at this for awhile, he suddenly realized that she had never seen him before! For when he came to put his mind on it he perceived that she could hardly have been sufficiently conscious to notice anything when she opened her eyes for the first time after she had been taken out of the water, and that even if she had really seen him then she could scarcely be expected to recognize him now. And Bodley's heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks, and he walked all the way down town with elastic tread, which made him late at the office; and when he met a member of the firm as he was coming in, he alluded to his tardiness with a jesting remark, and seemed in so bright and pleasant a mood that the member of the firm seriously considered suggesting to him to come late every day if it were going to have so delightful an effect on his spirits. But, being a member of the firm, he did not do it.

He could reply without embarrassment to remarks . . . . of the middle-aged lady boarders.—Page 101.

Bodley floated through the day in a sort of ecstasy, floated home at night, passed the evening looking out of his window thinking happy thoughts, which he could not formulate, and floated to bed and off into dreams in which he was always meeting golden-haired angels at every turn.

Then it was morning and he woke up, took his plunge, and he was on earth again. He began to wonder if he had really seen the girl at all, or if she were not possibly a vision sent to show him the folly of his melancholy and to bring him to a better understanding of himself. Then he remembered that he was not superstitious and that he didn't believe in visions, whereupon he easily persuaded himself that it was not the same girl, but one who greatly resembled her. But he was glad, nevertheless, because his think-

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ing it was she had served to clear his mind on many points. So it was with quite his old-time manner that he started off for business after breakfast.

Again he caught the glint of golden hair.

This time she was several steps below him and he could observe her, unobserved himself, as she turned and walked past the house. He experienced no return of his ridiculous tremors of the day before, and was able to watch her closely and critically.

No, he had made no mistake the previous morning. She was undoubtedly the very girl whom he had pulled out of the water. He knew he could not be mistaken in that. He had carried away too vivid an impression ever to forget her. If he had only caught that one first glimpse of her pale face as she sank beneath the water he knew that it would have stayed with him forever.

If she had proved to be some other girl, Bodley would have continued in the normal condition to which he had been restored and would have lived happily ever after; but the fact that the object of his affection—he no longer had any doubt on that subject—was actually living next door to him so disturbed his mental equilibrium that he did not know whether to be glad or sorry. But he was so sorry when he failed to see her the next morning that he knew he was glad.

After this Bodley used to see her quite often—not every day, but several times a week—and the oftener he saw her the gladder he was. He was beginning to consider himself one of the most fortunate beings in the world when it gradually dawned on him how much more fortunate it would have been if she had taken board at the house where he lived instead of going next door. Then he could have seen her many times oftener; in time he might even have come to know her! The very thought made him rush up-stairs to his room and shut the door in a sudden attack of embarrassment. But by and by he became quite accustomed to the idea, and he pictured to himself how, perhaps in time, he might have mustered up courage to speak to her, and to lead the subject up to the dangers of ocean bathing, and to tell of the various ways of saving drowning people, and how, if one grasped you so as to render it impossible to swim with him, the only thing to do was to hit him, so as to render him insensible, and then save

After no end of rubbing.—Page 102.

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him, or both would drown. Bodley had armed himself with numerous authorities which he would have cited to back up his case. If he could only get from her an expression of forgiveness for the unknown person who had so maltreated her, he was sure he could ask nothing more, and he cursed the fate that had tantalizingly sent her to the house next door instead of to the house next door to it.

The more he thought of it the more the possibilities of what might have happened widened, until he gasped at his temerity in even thinking of it; but the more he thought the less he gasped, and suddenly an idea struck him.

It was the old one of Mahomet and the Mountain.

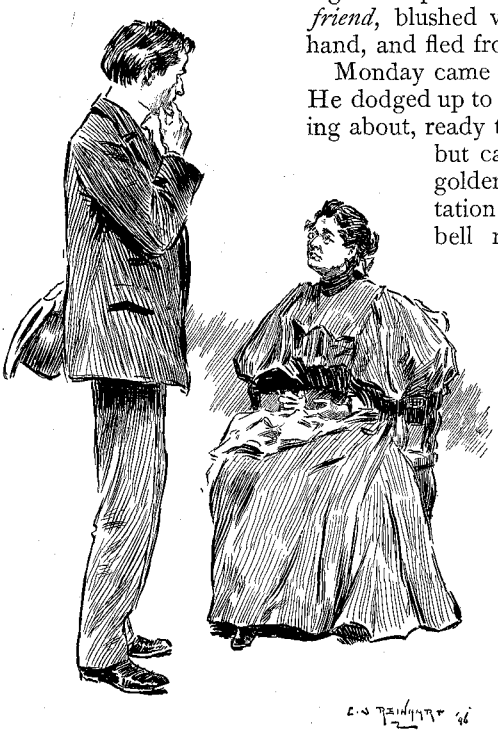
What was there to prevent his taking board at the house next door and bringing all these things to pass?

His bashfulness.

Already he was gasping again.

But in time he grew accustomed even to this idea. It occurred to him that he had been forced to change boarding-places once or twice before, and while the experiences had been trying, he had lived through them, and never before had he any such inducement as this. He resolved to do it.

Once having made up his mind it took him only about a week, in which he passed the house fourteen times, to muster up sufficient courage to ring the bell and to interview the landlady. Yes, she had a nice room that he could have Monday, so Bodley paid a week's board in advance and took it. But when it came to announcing to Mrs. Prendergast his intention of leaving the house where he had lived so long, Bodley almost wished he had been less precipitate. But he made some confused remarks about going to a place where he had a—a *friend*, blushed violently, wrung her hand, and fled from her presence.



"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month?"

Monday came and Bodley moved. He dodged up to his new room, peering about, ready to flee if he should but catch a glimpse of a golden head, and his agitation when the dinner-bell rang would have been something painful to see if there had been anyone to witness it.

He pulled himself together at last and went down and was shown to his place. A hasty glance around showed him, to his infinite relief, that the girl who owed her life to him was not there; and he blessed the happy chance that had taken her somewhere else to dine that evening. It would give him time to accustom himself a little to his new environment before meeting her. He was sorry, however, not to see her at breakfast, and when she again failed to appear at dinner, he began to be alarmed, and when his new landlady asked him if he found his room satisfactory, he ventured to inquire if the young lady—with light hair—whom he had seen—occasionally—coming out of the house—were—were ill.

"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month getting her trousseau ready? No. She went back to Detroit Sunday night to get married. Quite a romantic story, too. The gentleman saved her from drowning last summer at Fire Island. And she never knew who it was till somebody introduced them in the fall, after she'd gone home. That's her room you've got."

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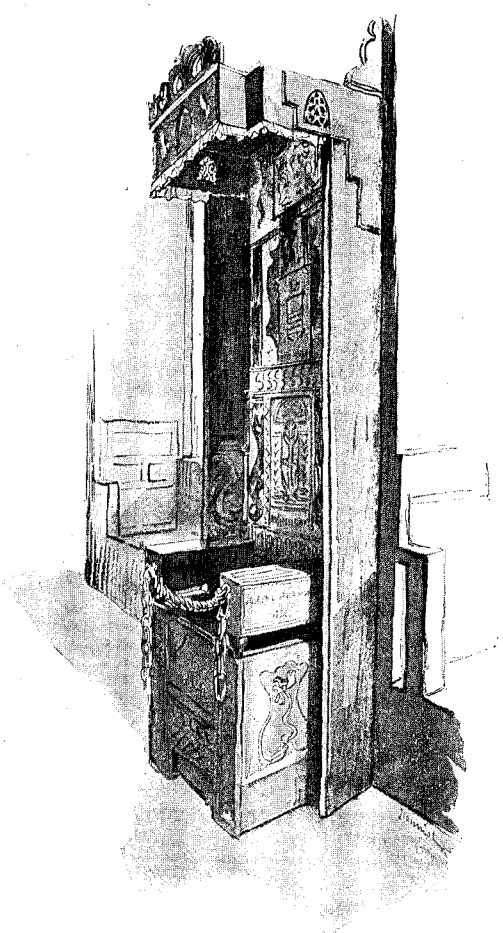
VICTOR HUGO'S HOME AT GUERNSEY

By G. Jeanniot

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT seems to me extremely difficult to add anything whatever to all that has already been said on the subject of Victor Hugo and his home at Guernsey; but it will be perhaps possible to dwell once more, for the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on the respect and admiration which take possession of one, when wandering over the celebrated places where the greatest poet of this closing century passed the most glorious years of his life, years glorious alike in their influence upon his character and fame.



The Ancestral Chair in the Dining-room.

It is already several years since I had to make some drawings for the National Edition of his works, which to-day exists complete. My subject was "Les Misérables," and I must confess that until then the only works of Victor Hugo that I knew were "La legende des siècles," "Les travailleurs de la mer," and "L'homme qui rit." The reading of this last work was one of my keenest pleasures, from an artistic point of view. The height of the conception, the firmness and breadth with which the fantastic and the real are mingled, the beauty, the pathos, the sublime eloquence of these pages had filled me with enthusiasm for the genius of their author, and it was with delight that I opened "Les Misérables." I acknowledge, however, that I still prefer "L'homme qui rit." This book remains for me a very rare type of work of art and symbolic power. "Les Misérables" is the *feuilleton* romance of a man of genius, and that accounts for its colossal success; but "L'homme qui rit" is the heart-rending cry of the people trodden under foot, the mournful plaint of humanity the bleeding victim of destiny.

All these admirable works, "Les Contemplations," "La legende des siècles," "William Shakespeare," "Les chansons des rues et des bois," were written off-hand by Victor Hugo, without a single note. He was aided only by the one passion for the good and the beautiful, by his vast intellectual resources, and the inexorable memory characteristic of great workers. I wished to see the place where these masterpieces first saw the light, and the table, a genuine relic, which witnessed their birth into the world. This table, which I have now seen and touched and leaned upon, is a

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little movable desk of blackened wood, supported by a rod of iron, and is attached to the wall of a small studio enclosed by glass, which overlooks the town and the sea. Since I have passed whole hours there in solitude, with the remembrance, and, who knows, perhaps even the great soul of the dead poet hovering about me, I no longer pity Victor Hugo because of his exile. Once rid of the annoyance caused by his being successively forbidden to remain either at Bruxelles or Jersey, and once in possession of Hauteville House, with the interior decoration of his home begun, Victor Hugo must never have known ennui. Every artist possesses in himself his own universe, and all complaint and blame and outcry of revolt against a situation full of advantage seems to me to be assuming a pose not wholly unstudied. At Guernsey this genius must have lived very happily; with a brain organized as his was, with such power for work, such health, and such security in his intellectual supremacy, it is impossible that the small extent of his island and the ten square yards of his study could have been even unpleasant to him. On the contrary, it seems as if the expansive power of this volcano

Hauteville House.

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had acquired a far greater explosive force by being concentrated in so small a space. And then, seriously, what could be more charming to a lover of liberty than this abode, where the commune, the most powerful germ of the freedom of mankind, is found deep-rooted, unsullied, and living in its fulness. For Jersey and Guernsey have kept their laws, dating from the Middle Ages, their estates, their fiefs, their lords, their constables and bailiffs, and a nobility with duties and privileges. It is related that when the railway was constructed an inhabitant of Jersey discovered that his property had been injured, and on the day of inauguration, not having received justice, he planted himself across the track and cried out, "Help, help, my Prince! I have been wronged!" The train stopped, the case was examined, and the course of the line had to be changed.

Guernsey, during the winter, enjoys the temperature of spring. Thus luxury is added to comfort. The poorest houses there have the neat air of little cottages, and the flowers and shades at every window bear witness to the pure, tranquil lives within. The calm, happy faces of men sure of the morrow are to be seen there—men watching, in confidence and security, the passing of their days. The town is charming in appearance. Auguste Vacquerie, who lived at Hauteville House a long time, where he had his room, describes St. Pierre Port in a few words, thus: "Picture to yourself Caudebec on the shoulders of Honfleur. A gothic church, old narrow streets that are irregular, fantastic, cut by climbing stairways, tumble-down . . . !" So much for the picturesque and for the broken sky-line that is so essential to buoyancy of spirit.

But aside from all these pleasant things,

Victor Hugo in 1854.

From hitherto unpublished photographs

August Vacquerie in 1856.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

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what an inestimable blessing the view of the ocean is to the poet—the ocean, in whose presence man feels his energy and courage increase, and which sends him health and vigor, revery and enthusiasm in a salt breath. It has seemed to me that the mist which envelops all this archipelago of the Channel with a diaphanous halo renders the aërial perspective longer and more mysterious, while it surrounds with silvery vapor the outlines of the cliffs and wharves. This transparent, iridescent spray, falling in shifting showers upon the ever-changing world, must have been a delicious accompaniment to the songs of harmony which a man like Hugo finds in nature. It seems to me that no one at any time has painted the elements as he has. They acquire under his pen a terrible majesty, a splendid existence. The unchained sea, the hideous, dismal grandeur of the tempest, are in so great a degree under his control that the pages where he evokes them move us to real terror. And let us even go so far as to say that he never could have written the wreck of the Matutina, in "L'homme qui rit," and that of the Durande, in "Les travailleurs de la mer," elsewhere than at Guernsey, where, as a father, his heart had been stricken by the terrible catastrophe of Villequiers and his genius hallowed by grief. This corner of the Channel is known by the ominous name, Le Passage de la Déroute. It is strewn with rocks, and the ocean swell, by being forced between the archipelago and Cotentin, and counteracted by mysterious currents, gathers a savage violence. This corner appealed to the genius of Victor Hugo—here to study the dramas of the ocean. It was here upon these rocks, and nowhere else, that his soul learned to understand the all-powerful voice, and to reproduce, in all its vigor, the formidable life of the sea.

Victor Hugo in 1856.

in the possession of the family.

Poëte tu fais bien! Poëte au triste front,
Tu rêves près des ondes,
Et tu tires des mers bien des choses qui sont
Sous les vagues profondes.

As described to me by Madame Lockray, the mother of Georges and Jeanne, a charming woman, all grace and kindness, the exterior of Hauteville House resembles a huge barrack; and this is true: as seen from the street, Hauteville House has the appearance of a barrack. Two trees, evergreen oaks, are planted one on each side the entrance, and this an old English fisherman described to me by raising his hands to the sides of his face and shaking them to represent the movement of the leaves. The house, fortified by its wooden fence, stands out at the head of a street which climbs over the cliff. In appearance it is like English houses, silent and severe. The roof is flat, and

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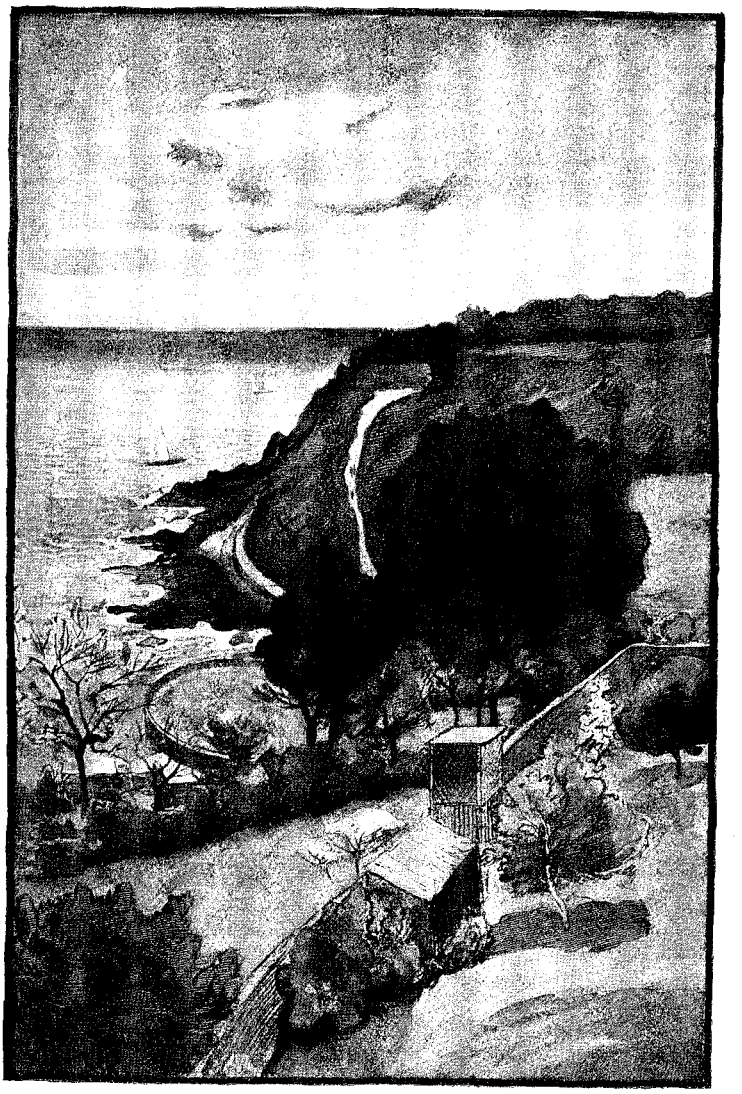

View from the Windows of the Oak Gallery.

the sash windows are far apart and narrow.

The maid no sooner opens the door than one finds himself in a vestibule which is unlike anything ever seen before. A renaissance column of delicate proportions supports a collection of gilded and painted bas-reliefs, which represent the principal scenes from "Notre Dame de Paris;" and a glass partition lets through just enough light to softly illumine the harmonious severity of the sculptured wood, and to enable the monumental door of the dining-room opposite to be seen. Among the ornaments of this vestibule is written the philosophic sentence: *Aime et Crois*, and this precept of hygiene: *Mange, Marche et Prie*, and under a small statue of the Virgin the word of welcome, *Ave*.

From the very first the interior shows what its character is throughout, and that of the man who made it; the man in love with freedom and order, who made of hygiene a kind of religion and of religion a kind of moral hygiene; the passionate

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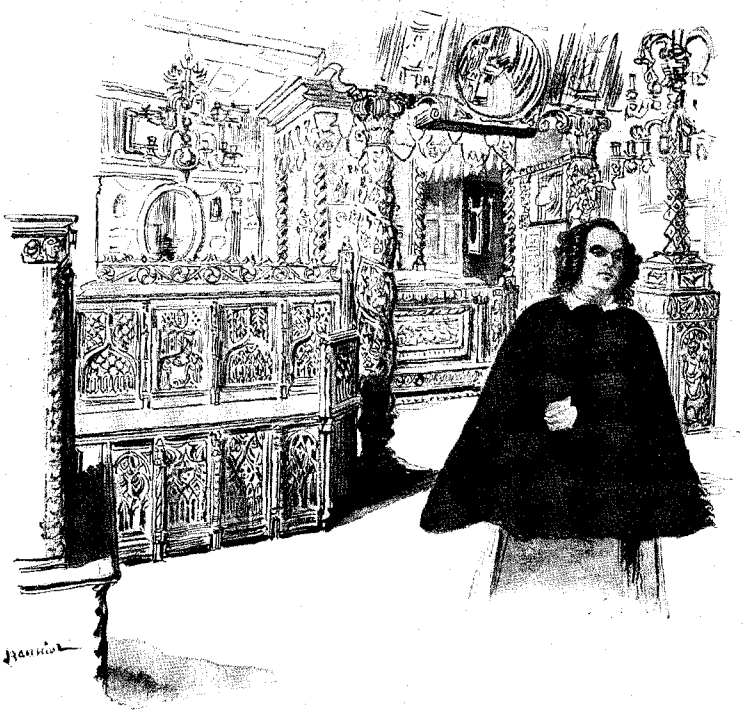

Madame Victor Hugo in the Oak Gallery.
The portrait from a hitherto unpublished photograph.

lover, too, of the past, of that past so nearly related to us, and yet more full of mystery than Rome or Greece, or even Egypt. I mean the Middle Ages, the period obscure and sublime, troubled but fertile, age of faith and conflict, when art, the anonymous product of a superstitious, highly strung society, created works of a high order, equal in splendor and conception to the most beautiful of antiquity.

Before going farther it will not be without interest to say a word or two with regard to the drawings of Victor Hugo. We shall find some excellent specimens hanging in the billiard-room. Victor Hugo drew with passionate enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm passed from his brain into the least line he drew. He had besides this an instinct for the dramatic; he found it everywhere; in the tempest, in the calm, in a tuft of grass as well as in the sidereal immensities. This perpetual consciousness of the dramatic in everything was so natural to him that, if he took a sheet of paper, a little black coffee and the end of a match, he could, by looking into his own imagination, that transformer of memory, draw in quick succession, as if from life, the dramatic pictures which followed one another there. There is only one other man who possessed to so great a degree this faculty for creating the fantastic and visionary; this was Gustave Doré; but the fantastic of Doré is commonplace and without dignity, whereas that of Hugo is superb and original. And why? Without doubt because Hugo was transmuting his own particular dreams, while Doré realized those of all the world. There is no scientific skill in the vulgar sense in Hugo's drawings, but a spontaneous creativeness, contemptuous of all rule and of everything ever seen before. It is the vigorous and pure expression of the idea predominating for the moment in his mind, the only one, because of its very intensity, and this spontaneity is carried to such a degree that almost all these drawings seem to have been done by the light of a flash of lightning; add to this that this man, so adept with his hands and persevering, brought an immense amount of concentration and skill to bear upon his

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works, which gave them the air of things materially rare. These observations seem to me to explain why Victor Hugo, in his manifestations as a graphic artist, remains an inimitable master, and of power equal to that which he displayed in a literary direction.

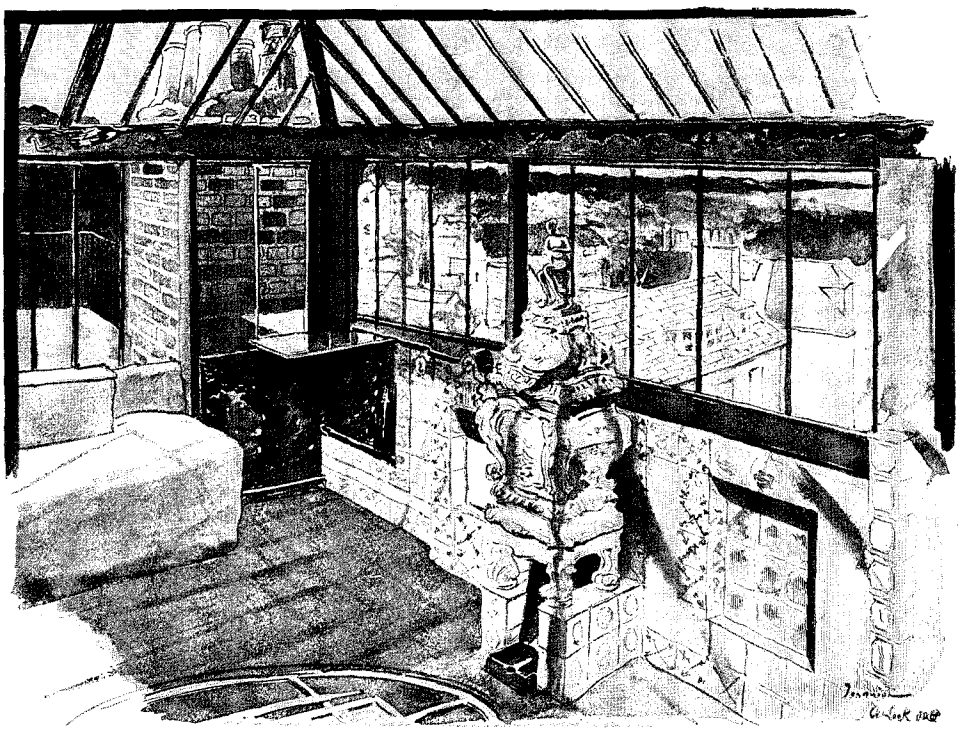
After the billiard-room comes the smoking-room, hung with tapestries and ornamented by a mantel-piece of carved wood in the form of a cathedral. It rises from the floor to the ceiling. The fireplace represents the doorway. The towers are imitated by supports very curiously carved, and the coping recalls the façades of Flemish houses. The face of a bishop is cut here, his crozier alone being gilded, and on two shields, placed one on either side, is written :

Crosse de bois, évêque d'or,
Crosse d'or, évêque de bois.

On two scrolls, representing rolled parchment, are engraved, on one the names of Job, Isaiah, Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, and Molière; and on the other, Moses, Socrates, Christ, Columbus, Luther, and Washington. All around this room are divans covered with Turkish rugs. These complete the whole and lend an air of coziness which seems to contradict the solemnity of the old oak and tapestries. A hallway decorated with Dutch, Chinese, and French china leads to the dining-room. Here the panels of the walls are composed of tiles of Delftware, representing beds of flowers and extraordinary animals, in which the spirit of the Chinese-Dutch imagination reveals itself. This mosaic work, with its blue and white ground, rests upon a base of oak which forms three massive stalls, decorated by venerable paintings on panels. The tone of this odd stand and that of the china makes gay and pleasing harmony. Between two windows stands the ancestral chair, fastened by a riveted chain and bearing this inscription :

ABSENTES ADSUNT.

In this, as in almost every room in the house, the fireplace monopolizes atten-



Victor Hugo's Study.

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tion. It is very original, of regular form, with right angles, and is composed of cubes placed one above another in squares of violet and blue. Two immense H's form the central ornamentation, which is surmounted by a Virgin of porcelain holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This is unexpected enough. On either side are two beautifully shaped vases; and above, in the old oak of the cornice, are written these lines, which seem to apply to the Virgin and to make of her a kind of Goddess of Liberty:

Le peuple est petit, mais il sera grand;
Dans tes bras sacrés, ô mère féconde,
O Liberté sainte, au pas conquérant,
Tu portes l'enfant qui porte le monde.

This simple touch shows, better than would a long argument, the state of Victor Hugo's mind toward revealed religion, and sharply points out the foundation of his philosophic doctrine. This doctrine is again emphasized by the inscriptions on the scrolls of the Flemish paintings found in the stalls which surround the room—*Fin du soldat*, *Fin du prêtre*, *Fin du seigneur*.

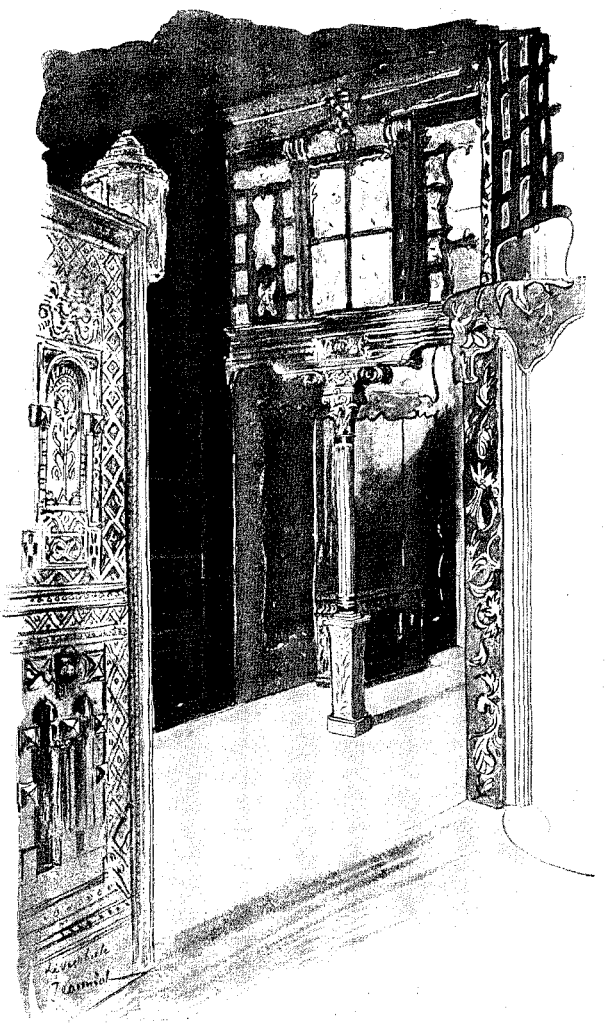
Various other inscriptions follow to complete the character of the dining-room. Thus on one side is written the word *Dieu* and on the other *Homme*, a little farther is the cry PATRIE, and then the melancholy sentence, *L'exil c'est la vie*, and finally a counsel for the soul: *Habitant des demeures périssables, pense à la demeure éternelle*. Victor Hugo loved to surround himself with this store of sentences, proverbs, and counsels. They must have formed, to his mind, a series of landmarks leading the wanderer home in safety. Here, in conclusion, are two precepts of hygiene, whose value more than one dyspeptic may have realized:

Post prandium stabis
Seu passus mille meabis
—Vale.

Lever à six, coucher à dix, diner à six, souper à dix, font vivre l'homme dix fois dix.

The stairway is simple. It is hung with dark blue cloth, and is lighted by an elliptical opening at the top, which, in its turn, is lighted from the "Lookout."

In two drawing-rooms—the one the red, the other the blue—which extend



The Vestibule.

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Victor Hugo in the Little Conservatory.
The portrait from a hitherto unpublished photograph in the possession of the family.

the whole width of the house on the first floor, Victor Hugo gave vent to his love for precious stuffs and curios. He kept a place of honor here for specimens of Chinese art, for which he had always had a decided fondness. This is easily to be seen in his decorative contrivances, and even a little in his drawings of landscapes.

Two very fine Chinese panels of red lacquer are attached to the great doors which separate the two drawing-rooms. The tapestries which cover the walls and ceiling are Norwegian, and, according to Victor Hugo, belonged to Queen Christina's bedroom at Fontainebleau. They are superb, representing fantastic foliage wherein golden birds disport themselves against a white sky shot with changing colors. They give this room the appearance of the fairy interiors of legendary castles. The birds are so varied and beautiful in execution as easily to be taken for examples of the goldsmith's art. The mantel-piece is placed under a canopy, which is supported by four gilded statues, full of grace and action, representing negroes, slender and vigorous in form. These negroes, each in a different attitude, are placed two on either side of the fire-place. They stand on pedestals with cartouches of gold brocade. Between the pedestals are Japanese monsters gazing at themselves in mirrors with rockwork frames. A screen, embroidered in the Louis Fifteenth style, and an incense-burner of bronze, the gift of Alexandre Dumas, stand before the fireplace. Two tables, one of renaissance ebony-work, inlaid with metal, and one of inlaid work of the time of Louis Fourteenth, and a reclining chair of the purest Louis Fifteenth style, covered with stuff in exquisitely faded tones of the same period, complete the beautiful furnishing of this room. The blue drawing-room, which is cosier, contains the peacock tapestry. The peacock is perched on a fantastic tree spreading his tail. This tapestry, although of the same origin as the others, is superior to them in extent and beauty of design. It is beautiful in color, too, and hangs opposite the window and above a seat with legs and back of Louis Fourteenth style. The twisted columns, which are said to have adorned the bed of Madame de Maintenon, are also in this room. These two drawing-rooms are of incomparable richness, unique of its kind, and whatever the various sources of the chosen objects, it may be said that no

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museum in the world can show a combination at once so ingeniously decorative and unusual. It appears that the negroes once decorated the gally of the Bucentaur, whence the doges, wedding the sea, threw their ring into the Adriatic. In the room above, which is called the oak gallery, Victor Hugo has contrived to make a strikingly original and perfectly consistent whole of sculptured wood from every conceivable source. This room, dedicated to Garibaldi (where Garibaldi never came), resembles the council-chamber of a king. It is easy to imagine a king like Francis I. living there. He would appear in the character given him by Victor Hugo in the drama where he has brought him forward. The spirit for assimilation and reorganization which Victor Hugo has shown in the creation of this interior helped him in all his written work. It happened that I heard Theodore de Banville, one of the most charming poets of the present century, talk on this subject. He called our attention to the power and absolute authority with which Victor Hugo made every idea his own which coincided with his scheme, and to the fact that it became his own property immediately that he transformed it and crystallized it to suit his need, and that it acquired, by the magic of his brain, a new form and unlooked-for majesty.

The Lookout, Victor Hugo's Work-room.

His literary materials were found almost everywhere and under the greatest difficulties. His library was entirely composed of odd books. If need were, he would resort to the immediate and often paradoxical creation of a whole series of events possessing every appearance of truth. Once, wishing himself to give the etymology of the word Sorbonne, he found it in *soror bona*, thus dispossessing, abruptly and ruthlessly at one blow, the founder, Robert de Sorbon.

Like all great thinkers, Victor Hugo was content with very little. Quiet and simple in his way of life, he had lavished about him in his works, as in the apartments reserved for special guests, the distractions, treasures, and refinements of any tendency to a spirit of luxury he might possess. He kept himself two retreats, one of them by the sea, one for work, the other for rest. The latter contains a low bed, a chest of drawers, a trunk, a few knick-knacks, and one or two chairs. The

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"Lookout," where he wrote, consists of a glass cage. Its white wood floor is pierced by an elliptical hole containing a thick pane of glass, which, as I have already said, lights the stairway of the house. A gracefully shaped earthenware stove, of the time of Louis XV., surmounted by the small statue of a nude woman, seated and holding flowers in her hands, constitutes the sole ornament. The walls are covered breast high with Dutch tiles, simple and varied in design, and large divans are placed one above another facing the sea. The chimneys of the house rise to the right and left of this retreat, whence the thought of one of the most wonderful men of all time floated out upon the world.

In this study, then, the giant workeed In summer the sun blazed there from morning until evening; no drapery could withstand it, and one after another was discolored and burned away. Victor Hugo himself remained there for fifteen years. From this cabin, or veritable eagle's nest, overhanging space, this poet and pilot of humanity read the way in the stars. Hurricanes of snow and whirl-

In the Red Drawing-room.

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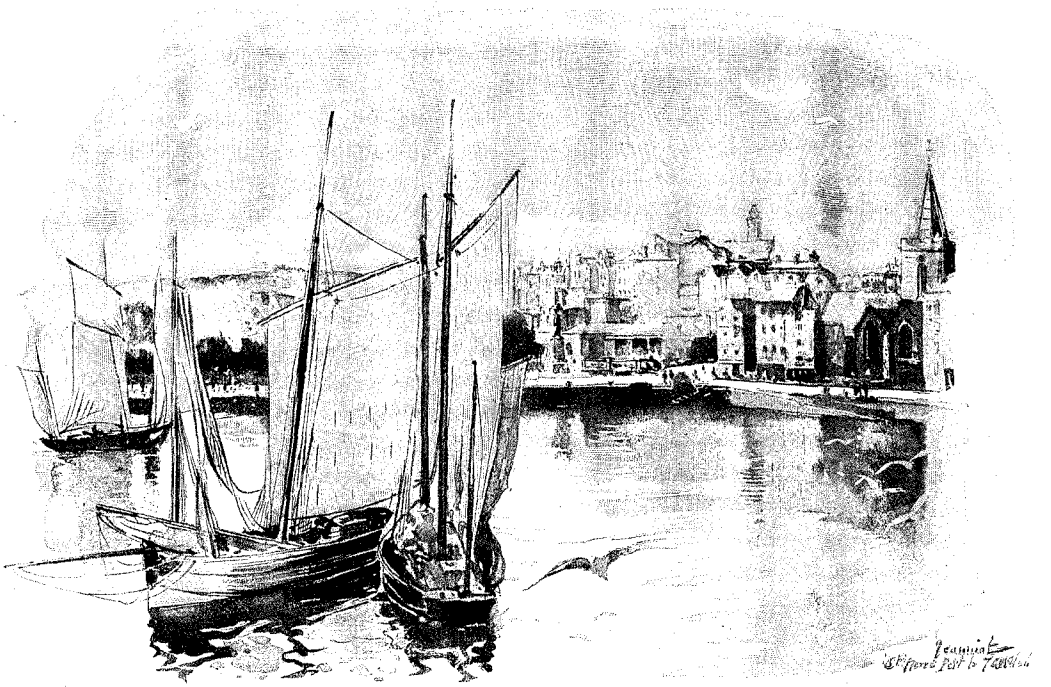
winds, moonless nights and starry skies passed before him, and the squall howled about his glass cage. Thence he saw ships enter the harbor heeling over in the storm, and leaning out over the town heard the murmuring voices of men wafted toward him in the smoke from the roofs. All these sights and sounds, enriched by his soul and magnified by his genius, have become for us immortal masterpieces.

View of Port St. Pierre.



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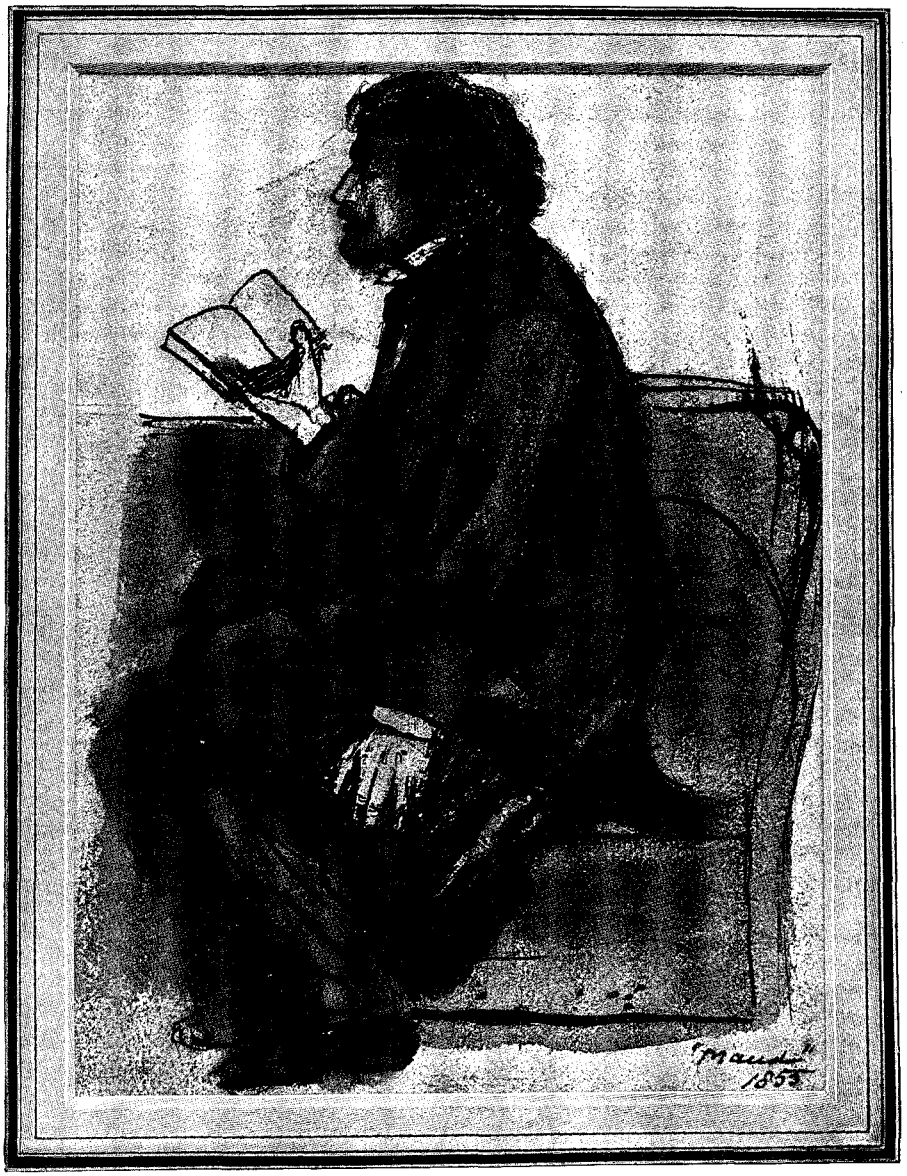

Tennyson Reading "Maud."

(See *Field of Art*, page 125.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WE are not all as rich as we were at the beginning of the year, but we know more than we did twelve months ago. There has seldom been a year that has furnished so much instruction to American voters as the one that has drawn to its close. Just after Christmas, in 1895, came the President's message to Congress on the Venezuela matter. The subsequent agitation was painful but highly instructive. No incident connected with the foreign policy of our Government has taken hold of people in the same degree since Admiral Wilkes took Mason and Slidell off an English ship in the days of the Civil War. The average citizen, especially the citizen of less than twenty years' experience as a voter, had almost forgotten that we had a foreign policy. Suddenly he was roused from a state of comparative repose to consider whether the Monroe doctrine was worth fighting for, and whether the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain over a boundary line was a matter with which our Monroe policy was concerned. Straightway the average citizen had to clarify his rather vague conceptions of what the Monroe doctrine was and what it involved. His lesson was thoroughly spread before him. For a month the newspapers gave him Monroe doctrine morning, noon, and night, and he took it greedily. He also received full instruction as to his sentiments toward Great Britain, and Great Britain's sentiments toward him. He was told why he ought to hate England, and why it was foolish and unreasonable in him to harbor any sentiment toward her that was not friendly. The absence of any hostility on her part toward him was strenuously impressed upon him, and not without good results.

An Instructive Twelvemonth.

On Cuba also he has been compelled to bestow some attention. He has learned why her future is a concern of his, and why it is his affair to see to it that if she is able to get away from Spain no other European power shall gobble her up. He has been told that he ought to interfere between Spain and Cuba, and that he ought at least to grant the Cubans belligerent rights; but, contrariwise, he has been instructed to let Cuba and Spain settle their own difficulty, and merely be ready himself to take such action as may seem expedient when the end comes. The Cuban question, however, has not been brought home to him as the Venezuela question was, and he is not quite sure yet as to what he wants to do.

His sympathy with the Armenians has taken him in some degree out of himself and his own political concerns altogether, and made him an attentive spectator of the political drama in Europe. He has wanted to know why the Armenian massacres have been tolerated; and, stirred by indignation and pity, he has read the foreign news in the newspapers until he has gained some notion of the attitude of the powers toward one another, and of the jealousies and fears which have kept them idle lookers-on while an assassin cut a hundred thousand Christian throats in southeastern Europe.

Finally, he knows more than he did about finance. For twenty years the silver question has been bothering him and he has neglected it as a thing about which doctors disputed and would dispute, but which unlearned men ought to be excused from trying to fathom. At last the Chicago Convention made it necessary for him to understand that question as far as he could, and to form an opinion about it and express it. For four months he wrestled with it. Outside the main issue, now happily decided, he was confronted with

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a multitude of questions, to the most of which he had to confess, if he was an honest man, he had hitherto taken the answers on faith alone. Whether there was really a scarcity of gold; whether the decrepitude of business was in any way due to that scarcity; what the relation of the Government should be to banking; what was wrong with our currency; to what extent financial questions were dividing us on sectional lines. For four months, from June to November, he heard all these questions continuously discussed; he read about them when he read anything, he brooded over them when not otherwise employed, wrangled over them with his fellow-voter, and dreamed of them when he had the nightmare. That on election-day he reached sound conclusions on the chief of them, does not prevent his having a sufficient number left to deal with, to which, having been once sharply aroused, he should give more than his old attention. He has had an opportunity to notice how the dragon's teeth grow up.

It has been a hard year for the voter. All his spare time he has spent at school. He is wiser than he was, but, let us hope, not sadder. His acquirements are not yet profound, but if he knows this it is the beginning of learning.

PEOPLE who interest themselves in the course of the arts in these days, particularly in the arts of expression, begin to grow apprehensive lest the passion for originality may become inveterate among us. There are critics whose chief business it seems to be to pounce upon resemblances, to establish duplicates in portraiture or fable, with an air as of one furnishing evidence of fraud. The villain in this story is pronounced to be like the villain in that other, and the author too often mistakenly wastes time to defend himself against the imputation of ugly things, forgetting that, psychologically speaking, it is a finer trait of mind to detect a difference than to recognize a likeness. He might better remind himself, by way of comfort, that in the great Elizabethan age, in the days of authors like Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Webster, men showed their wit in few things more notably than in their contented disregard of mere originality. If the matter was finely handled they were not concerned to discover who had handled it first. They were for leaving a poet free to devote himself to the proper businesses of his craft; borrowing was the order of the hour. Now and then, to be sure, somebody like Sir Philip Sidney laughs at the rhymesters who revamp "poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes," and declares that "at length stol'n goods will come to light"; yet in general the literary worker, and none more than the playwright, was at liberty, in spite of the critics, to choose where he liked. He was not obliged to waste time, as we are to-day, in a vain attempt to discover something new under the sun. He had, indeed, the benefit of a kind of specialization which we have not yet reached, for he was exempt from hunting after his raw material, and could apply himself freshly to his finished product. He was accustomed to try what his brother workmen had done before him, satisfied if he did better than they the things which they had tried to do. It is, perhaps, the undue development of individuality among us, perhaps a certain lack of discrimination, that makes us jealous of anything not entirely and obviously our own, or tolerant of indifferent art if only the subject-matter may be accounted novel. The comparison, at any rate, between ourselves and them emphasizes the disadvantages of the system we follow.

A Suggestion to Dramatists.

The drama furnishes a case in point. Nothing is more natural, for instance, than that a stage-play should address an audience quite distinct from that to which a written book makes its appeal. In days when the great number of people could read little or not at all, the drama, it is popularly supposed, was the only literary art which the great number of people could appreciate; but in our own days still we find books which everybody reads put upon the stage for everybody to go to see and hear. Seeing and hearing, after all, are different things from reading. The ear is said to be the most analytic of the senses, and the eye, in our modern world of noise, may easily be the most readily caught; the combination certainly has been able, in all times, to please people for whom the printed page, however melodiously or graphically addressing the ear or the eye of the mind, was not so potent. It is the fashion, now and then, among persons of bookish tendencies, to extol the charm of a play in the closet at the expense of the play behind the footlights; they need to be reminded that for the like of them not one of Shakespeare's plays would ever have been written. The different æsthetic fields of actual motion, color, and be-

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coming utterance exert their influence in greater force than the shadows of them can do for the solitary reader. Long ago, in Tudor halls and window-seats, in the days of wandering, long-drawn-out sentences, and many-syllabled Italian names, and all the lengthy fascination of Arcadian romance, readers of Lodge and Brooke were glad enough to see real flesh and blood Rosalinds and Juliets, even if the flesh and blood were boys dressed in girls' clothes. In the same way to-day, in spite of altered conventions and defective contemporary art, Juliet and Rosalind are both read about and listened to; the pleasure in the one kind need not apparently conflict with the pleasure in the other. Why should there not as well be a distinction between two modes that produce these pleasures? Why should not the dramatist, while poets and novelists are quarrelling about who did this or that first, set them all a good example by appropriating their best ideas to his own uses?

The benefits of such an example and such practice would be two-fold: the dramatist who did appropriate would not be confined too closely to his original, and the dramatist who had constructive ability, but lacked imagination, would have an abundant source of new material opened to him. The dramatizer pure and simple would be out of a job, but that would only mean that he would have to grow more skilful or go under. Dramatizations in cold blood might become obsolete. Instead the capable playmaker, freeing himself from literal tradition, as the translator of Omar freed himself from the bonds of his Persian, might invest his version with the attributes not of a copy but of a new original. The critics, meanwhile, would not have to bother themselves about the playbook and the storybook at once, as they have often to do now, to the demoralization of themselves and their principles. Instead of dramatizations done anonymously, from sources almost as vaguely accredited in the playbills, or thrown hastily together to fill the demands of the moment, there might more frequently be reputable attempts at real dramatic workmanship. The public would have the advantage, which is perhaps its due anyway, of seeing a story on the stage told by as skilful, or at any rate as relatively important a person, as was the first teller of the story in the book. Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Bronson Howard, if by any chance their own proper ideas ran out, would be the people to whom we owed the stage Manxmen, Trilbys, and My Lady Rothas of the hour.

Once these new uses of the inexhaustible stores of fiction were realized what would not be the boon to undiscovered dramatists now undeservedly kept silent? The world, which has never insisted that a composer of music should be his own librettist, might more readily grant the same privileges to the composer in stage-craft. There is a story that the charming Mme. de Sévigné once, explaining some affair of state, forgot the terms and phrases of her exposition: "Oh well," she said, "I have forgotten the words, but I know the air!" How many airs, definite enough but unworded, may still be waiting to amuse or instruct us, and how many of them might find expression if the great glossary of English literature were more often resorted to. If stage people were more in the way of books and habits of reading, perhaps the stage might be the richer for many an effective scene. More than one unlikely looking three-decker, in its remote chapters, has stowed away some episode just ready for the dramatist with a hazy conception awaiting crystallization in his brain. Miss Burney or Miss Edgeworth, forgotten as they are, might help out; Thackeray, undramatic as he is in any technical sense of the term, would be a fruitful field; even Mr. Henry James might furnish hints, here and there, of bits of dialogue or graceful entrances and exits, and so at last get a footing in the coveted land. Contemporary fiction, it sometimes seems, has been growing constantly richer in this sort of suggestion, yet unless contemporary writers do something deliberately stagey, they have, under present conditions, little hope of gaining the double audience. Mr. Meredith's heroines, difficult as they might be to transmute, and much as some of their admirers might deprecate the attempt, would surely, in a not too adequate setting, be a rare treat for the stalls. Diana Warwick opening the door of the Crossways to Redworth on that vivid night, or arriving "r-r-eally twenty minutes late" to dinner after she had just broken with her husband for good, and was absolutely houseless in the world, would enliven any scene. Clara Middleton at the railway station, drinking brandy and water with Vernon, overheard and overseen by Mrs. Mountstuart's professor, and the whole business of the closing scenes at Patterne

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Hall, seem already like some well-contrived dramatic progression of incident. Every reader probably has instances of his own that might be mentioned. Perhaps it is fanciful, perhaps only a question of time and transition, when all these may have their second embodiment. In any case, the distinction between what is novel and what is really original is worth remembering, the inconsistencies caused by the confusion of the two worth guarding against. One would lead us into an exaggerated regard for mere mechanically imagined things and the ideal of it would be something like "She"; the other would leave us without appreciation of the virtue in any second telling of the story of the Pot of Basil or of Perdita.

OFTEN in life's daily hazards I am reminded of the late Edmond de Goncourt's clever speech concerning polite society: "The well-bred persons in it are very easily recognized—they speak of what interests you." Like most sharp sayings based upon profound truth, this little two-edged blade of thought cuts both ways; since upon being turned loose among our kind for an hour or so we are bound to find them interesting, or at least to feign an interest which it may be impossible really to feel. I suppose that we all begin with some such benevolent purpose more or less definitely formulated; but pleasure is the most uncharitable of pursuits, and its devotee soon drifts almost insensibly to those who divert him, letting those who do not go to the wall. Hence come all the subdivisions, cliques, and charmed circles into which every large community splits up. How many of the consequent heart-burnings might be spared those who are left in the outer precincts if they would only bear in mind the fact that our enlightened land recognizes no barriers of caste, and that all its imaginary lines break down before one infallible countersign—the power to please!

Telling about it.

The other day, at a social function, I came upon two friends, one of whom had just returned from a luxurious voyage round the world in a millionnaire's steam-yacht. "Have you found anybody willing to sit down and hear you tell about it?" mischievously asked the other. "No," was the laughing answer; "I have not even ventured to make the attempt." And I applauded this discretion. For "telling about it" is the most dangerous indulgence possible to one who would be loved as a companion. It is the way that bores begin; and a first yielding to the enticement has often led to one of those fatal cases of self-consideration which stamp the afflicted speaker forever with a brand. He may have seen a ghost, or a murder—nay, even may have chanced to meet an emperor in his shirt-sleeves! No matter; let him be silent upon these subjects, in which his own personality must claim the lion's share. The time will come, perhaps, in some autumn twilight, at the end of a long house-party, when the whole company may gather about him and clamor eagerly for his adventures. But until then he should cling to the first precept of conversation, which commands him to leave ample room for the display of wit in others.

I belong to a dinner-club—a small one—where the only law is that there shall be no narration; a club, as one member metrically puts it:

Where no president rules and no gavel descends,
Where the best man is he who thinks most of his friends,
Who lets die on his lips that rare jest of his own,
Which King Solomon's sycophants passed round the throne,
Which tickled Belshazzar, his hooked nose his gilt glass in,
Just before that eventful "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"

The club flourishes and is well attended. Had it been formed upon the contrary basis, I fear it would have died young.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A SKETCH OF TENNYSON BY ROSSETTI—ON COMPETITIONS—APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE—A CORRECTION.

MR. COSMO MONKHOUSE has kindly given SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the privilege of reproducing the sketch in his possession (see p. 120), which he describes in the following letter:

"More than forty years ago—to be precise, on the 27th of September, 1855—a small party were gathered together at 13 Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, where the Brownings were then residing. The members of the group and their occupation were alike memorable. The former consisted of Browning, Mrs. Browning, Miss Arabella Browning, Tennyson, and Rossetti, and the reason of their gathering was to hear the then Poet Laureate read the proof-sheets of his new poem of 'Maud.' According to Mr. William Sharp, in his record of Rossetti—and his authority was Browning himself—Rossetti made, 'from an unobserved corner of vantage,' a rapid but very graphic sketch of Tennyson, which he gave to Browning, by whom it was greatly prized. It is inscribed with the first line of Maud—

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,

and differs in some respects from the sister drawing here reproduced, the history of which, though complete enough to authenticate it, cannot be given in its entirety. It was probably done by Rossetti for himself as a record of the occasion. It has the stamp of a recent and vivid impression and is (apparently) executed in ordinary ink, with a quill pen and wash, and is inscribed in his own handwriting 'Maud, 1855.'

"Both portraits were exhibited side by side at the exhibition of Rossetti's works at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1883, shortly after Rossetti's death.

"In an article which appeared during this Exhibition both drawings were described as 'caricatures' by a writer whom I admire too much to name in connection with what appears to me to be a hasty and unjust verdict, at all events with regard to my own drawing. The other bears traces of a furtive impromptu, but mine, though the curious and somewhat uncouth action of the hand and leg is retained, is treated with a juster sense of the beauty and character of the fine head. It is not less an 'impression,' but it is one of the mind, reproduced in the afterglow of memory. In case it may be thought that I write too partially of my own possession, I would refer the reader to *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1883, where the Browning sketch is reproduced.

"Of the interest of both sketches as 'documents,' I may, perhaps, be permitted to add a word. At the time they were sketched Tennyson and Mrs. Browning were both forty-six years old, Browning himself three years younger, and Rossetti but twenty-seven. Young, however, as Rossetti was, and, in comparison with the others, 'unknown to fame,' he was already a power within a small but choice circle of men of imagination. He was the life and breath of the Preraphaelite brotherhood; he had published the 'Blessed Damozel;' he had painted the 'Girlhood of Mary, Virgin.' He had also written a great proportion of the poems by which his fame as a poet was afterward established, and by the strange and infallible magnet of genius he had found out Browning, and Browning had found out him. So that I think it may be said, with

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due allowance for the crudity of superlatives, that these sketches are records of the meeting of four of the greatest poets of the century to hear the greatest of the four recite his greatest poem."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE present interest in decorative art is bringing forth numerous competitions, and it must be confessed that most of them are examples of how not to do it. It may be doubted if the institution of a competition is the best method of securing a good result in any case. An artist will generally do better work if he is intrusted outright with a commission than if he is asked to compete with other artists for it. He will not have to think what other artists may do, or what a jury may like, but only what is the best thing he can do. It may be doubted if Mr. Sargent would have risked such an original scheme as that of his decoration in the Boston Public Library if he had been working in competition with others, for nothing but his successful execution of the work could convince any other than himself of its feasability. Certainly the conspicuous successes in decorative work have so far been the result of outright commissions such as those given to the decorators of the Boston Public Library and the Library of Congress.

If, however, competitions are to be held, it is evident that they should be so conditioned as to attract the foremost artists to take part in them, and it is notorious that this is not the case, and that the foremost artists are more and more declining to enter into any competitions whatever. The best form of competition is the limited competition between elected artists, who are paid for the work done, and this often produces a good result. It, however, precludes that possibility of the discovery of unknown talent which is the main reason for holding competitions at all, and its results are good, because they are practically the same as would follow from an outright commission to the best available man. It is the unlimited competition that is, therefore, most favored, and it is the best means of assuring the success of unlimited competitions that we have to consider. A set of rules for the conduct of competitions is desirable, and might be something like this:

1st. *As little work should be demanded from the individual artists as possible.*

Only two or three of the competitors can receive any compensation, and it is folly to expect first-rate artists to spend the time and labor necessary to complete working studies for nothing. Such a competition should, therefore, be limited to true sketches on a small scale, and if more finished work is desired it should be asked for from a second competition among a few artists selected from the bulk of the competitors, and these artists should be reasonably paid for the work of elaborating their first sketches. The extreme of folly was recently shown in a competition advertised by a Western city, where it was proposed that *all* submitted designs were to become the property of the city, though only one was paid for. The protest of the artists to whom this proposition was submitted compelled its immediate withdrawal.

2d. *The prizes should be worth taking.*

A Municipal Art Society should certainly know how to conduct a competition, yet the circular letter of such a society proposes a competition for an important decoration for two prizes of $200 and $100, the society reserving "the right to decide whether or not the first prize design shall be executed." This clause is doubtless inserted to provide against a poor competition in which no worthy design shall be submitted, but it will go far to insure that the competition shall be of that character. The prizes are barely sufficient to pay for the expense of executing designs, and why should an artist work for them when they carry no assurance of the commission, even in case of success? If the Society insists upon this reservation, its only course is to make the money prizes valuable in themselves, as was done in the recent Philadelphia City Hall competition. If there is not money enough for that, there is not money enough for a competition, and the Society would do better to hold none, and to give their undiminished fund as the price of a work ordered directly from a known, competent artist. Competitions are expensive, and if the result of a competition is desired it must be paid for. If the Society distrusts the method, as would seem from its reservation, why adopt it?

3d. *The Committee of Award should be thoroughly competent, and, if possible, should be known in advance to every competitor.*

If artists of merit are to be attracted to a competition it is essential that they should have confidence in the Committee of Award. One may be never so confident of one's own

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ability to do well, but how if one suspects that the Committee is likely to prefer bad work to good? Rightly or wrongly, artists trust the judgment of none but artists, and the jury should, therefore, be composed, at least in majority, of professional artists of unquestioned standing. If it is impossible to announce the names of the judges in advance, it is always possible to announce that such a jury will be chosen, and to state that some competent artistic body, like the Fine Arts Federation, or the National Sculpture Society, will be asked to select it. It was, perhaps, because of the neglect of this provision that the Philadelphia competition was somewhat disappointing in quality.

4th. *All promises and implications should be rigidly adhered to, and carried out in absolute good faith.*

This might seem superfluous if it were not for the recent example of the Sherman Monument competition. Here was an unlimited competition, followed by a limited one of selected and paid artists, the whole conducted under the expert advice of the best possible committee, selected by the Sculpture Society. The ideal conditions were apparently fulfilled, but the Committee of the Army of the Tennessee ignored the advice of the experts entirely. The experts recommended two designs, and two only, for the final competition. The Committee added two other names to the list of competitors in the final trial, and then gave the commission, without asking for any expert advice on the second competition, to that one of the two added designs which had not been mentioned in any way for its merit by the committee of artists. To condemn this action it is not necessary to attribute any unworthy motives to the Committee, or even to believe that they were consciously violating any distinct promise. Neither does it matter whether or not they actually chose the best design. They certainly did not strictly adhere to their implied promise that the work should be awarded under expert advice, without which implication the artists would not have competed, and their action was a shock to the confidence of artists in the fairness of competitions. Without this confidence no good results whatever can be obtained.

There are other desiderata, such as perfect clearness in the statement of the conditions of the work to be done and the amount of money to be paid for it, but the above four rules are the essentials, without attention to which any recourse to competition will repel, rather than attract, the best artists, and will insure the worst, rather than the best, result.

INABILITY to appreciate sculpture is notoriously not confined to the United States Senate. But it is interesting to inquire why it is so universal. No such result as that of the Sherman monument competition would be possible in either a painting or architectural competition; or, if it were, it would not be so respectably defended. The various protests against the award in this case have been mainly, and very properly, directed against the treatment received by the eminent commission of experts. But the genuine preference of the judges for an exceptionally inferior to an exceptionally superior work of art here illustrated would not have been shown, I fancy, in any other than a sculpture competition. Almost everywhere, in fact, the appreciation of sculpture is less acute and intelligent than that of the painting that is to be compared with it, just as the sculpture itself is apt to be inferior to the painting. This is eminently so in Paris at the present day; and indeed if one follows the history of art in the modern world since the decline of the Greek taste for the abstract, one finds very much the same correspondence of the two arts; the roll of the sculptors is less distinguished, their accomplishment, taken in the mass, is inferior, and popular appreciation of them has always been at once less adequate and less exacting. The reason must reside in the nature of the art itself, and I venture to suggest that it consists in the fact that of all the plastic arts sculpture is necessarily the least tangible, the most impalpable, the most ethereal, and that this is so because of the exceptionally tangible, palpable, and actual character of the material object in and by which it is expressed.

Whatever art is, it is not the imitation of nature in the sense of exact reproduction of natural phenomena, which is a material impossibility. Even the most rigorously objective art is art at all in virtue of imaging the artist's idea of nature; and as nobody knows how nature really looks, we have to content ourselves with sufficient guarantees on the artist's part that in attempting to give us the illusion of nature he has really looked at her. We become more and more exacting on this point, to be sure, and at the present time are perhaps a trifle tyrannical; the license of

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previous periods seems to us absurdly irresponsible. But everywhere outside of didactic circles, we may say, I suppose, that nowadays it does not take any special metaphysical expertness to perceive that an essential condition of art is illusion. I mean, of course, the illusion that is known and savored *as* illusion, and that on the one hand idealizes the actual and on the other makes dreams seem real.

Now in painting the mere representation of solids and spaces on a plane surface is itself a subtle and pleasurable element of illusion. And this the sculptor lacks; a photograph, even, has a certain artistic interest, to just this extent, that a cast from nature is without. Another that the sculptor must forego is color. Color in painting, however realistically employed, inevitably results in heightening and intensifying the illusory element—not only because for practical purposes purely local color is an abstraction, but because, this side of *trompe-l'œil*, it assists that *simulation* of reality in virtue of which a work of art appeals to the imagination instead of wholly to the perceptive faculties. The great objection to colored sculpture is that either it is insufficiently illusory or else it is *trompe-l'œil*—that is to say, deceptive illusion which is itself unrecognized, and therefore outside the realm of appreciation as an element of art. No doubt the "sure tact" of the Greeks confined color in connection with sculpture to sculpture that was mainly decorative, or used it decoratively with extreme simplicity as an appeal to the faculties not at all of reason but of sense. Ordinarily, colored sculpture is detestable.

In a certain degree, therefore, sculpture shares artistically the abstractness of architecture, and without having such important aid as the æsthetic effect produced by illustrating concretely those principles of construction to illustrate which is a province of true architecture. And at the same time that it is artistically thus abstract, its form of expression, the object it creates and through which it expresses itself, is defiantly and almost uncircumventably concrete and palpable. To take a block of marble or a mass of bronze and raise it into the realm of illusion, to imbue it with artistic interest, that is to say, is consequently one of the most intricate and difficult of technical procedures and artistic accomplishments. It must realize the model perfectly, or at least stand a comparison with it altogether more rigorous in the nature of the case than, owing to the conventions of its illusion, is imposed upon painting. And yet it must differ from it in a more abstract way than painting demands. Generalization is at once more imperative and more difficult just in proportion as the object itself—the "content" of perception—is more definite, complex, and concrete. The painter's technical problem is largely to give weight and solidity to his images by the illusions of his art. The sculptor's is to give life and lightness to his inert material object by nothing more palpable than what Bacon called "a kind of felicity." He cannot resort to vagueness for suggestiveness. He must get his suggestions through expression, through the definiteness of realization. In a word, in his appeal to the imagination itself he must state rather than suggest.

These restraints and trammels of his chosen mode of expression necessarily refine the sculptor's art in proportion as they limit its gamut of expression. Everything Venetian—all that is sumptuous, splendid, superb; everything Florentine—all that is tenuous, diagrammatic, ascetically intellectual and lineally sensuous, are equally beyond his scope. In a "table ornament" or a colossal figure, in a decorative panel or a panathenaic relief, he must give us the fact, the reality, the object; and in order to make his work a work of art he must, in spite of this drawback which is peculiar to it, endue it with that indefinable quality which takes it out of the sphere of palpability and gives it the fluency and permanent interest of what is æsthetically and abstractly conceived and executed. Is it any wonder, then, that among the great mass of æsthetic practitioners there are so few genuine sculptors—artists born for this particularly esoteric expression—and that even of these few so small a number is appreciated either by the public in general or by those who in other departments of fine art warrantably esteem themselves amateurs?

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ABOUT THE WORLD

A RESULT of the November election which will be gratifying to all the people of New York State, regardless of their political leanings—and indeed to all citizens of the United States—is the decisive defeat of the last attempt made by the Legislature of New York to regain control of the Adirondack Forest Preserve. When the Constitution was adopted in 1893, it was provided by an extraordinarily unanimous vote that all public lands and wild lands, with certain small specific exceptions, in the State of New York, should constitute a Forest Preserve, and that these lands should be forever protected for the use of the people; that they should not be leased, exchanged, or sold; and that the timber on them should not be destroyed or taken away. The amendment proposed by the Legislature, and voted on last November, would have empowered the Legislature to lease to individuals lots of five acres situated in the Forest Preserve. There was also a provision for the exchange of lands for others outside the Forest Preserve, but this was clearly some error of the author of the bill, since the Forest Preserve includes all the wild lands in the State. Perhaps the Adirondack Park was confused in his mind with the Forest Preserve. The former is a definite series of tracts. But the decidedly bad feature of the bill was the authority given the Legislature to lease these five-acre lots. It would simply mean that the choicest sections of the Adirondack woods, which are so essential and necessary for the health and recreation of our greatest centres of population would be given over to private interests or corporate interests in disguise. There is not a more difficult task anywhere before the people, and not a more definitely important one, than the preservation of our forests and of our forest reservations. It is a matter about which the Philistine and the jobber can always cry out, "Sentimentality!" Wherever there is timber—all of it is growing every year more valuable—there is inevitably a political jobber or a greedy lumber king to attempt its destruction. It was a very excellent thing that this amendment was killed last November, for its operation would have affected the integrity of such Adirondack pleasures as are still open to the people; but probably the most reassuring phase of the whole affair was the clear proof that both the press and the public have been awakened by long years of work on the part of a few devoted and far-seeing men, to the fact that we must rise up in our might and protect our trees and playgrounds if we would have them remain with us. Not a single newspaper of importance failed to come out strongly against this last attack on the North Woods. Notwithstanding the intensely engrossing economic issues which were apt to overshadow any such minor considerations on November 3d, there was a clear majority of 300,000 votes against this threatened injury to the State's magnificent playground. The preservation of our game and of our forests and of our parks has always been one of the very few questions of those in which political discussion plays a part where there is but one side. The attempts to destroy legal safeguards have been all wrong; the work for them has been in principle all right. The result of the vote

THE FORESTRY AMENDMENT

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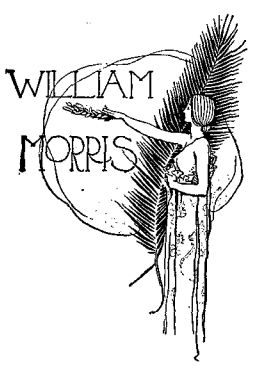
last November shows that the long-continued effort of the true sportsmen, the true students of nature, and a certain number of far-seeing journalists, has at last brought about the popular attitude which will save the remnants of our woods and birds and wild animals.

MR. GLADSTONE'S cheerful readiness to vary his government of Great Britain with record-breaking exploits with the axe, with translations of Homer, or with the final word on the Future Life, has made him the wonder of his generation and the butt of *Punch's* pleasantry, but, to the elect who knew William Morris, the versatility of the Grand Old Man savored of dilettanteism beside the varied and thorough activities of the artist who has just departed. If not all things to all men, William Morris was certainly something to all men who had any consciousness of beauty, whether in romantic verse, in artistic decoration of a hundred sorts, or in the militant struggle for a less ugly organization of social and industrial conditions. Of the critics who have within the past few weeks undertaken to tell the English people of their loss, and of Art's loss, one condemns Morris's pictures, his tapestries, his stained-glass work, his books of the Kelmscott Press, and his harangues before the socialist mobs in Hyde Park—but breaks forth into mighty praise of "The Earthly Paradise," placing its author by the side of Chaucer as a narrative poet, and above Keats as an apostle of tranquil and simple beauty. Another cannot read the romantic verse-stories, not a stanza of them, but maintains that Morris has done more than any other man of the century to introduce some modicum of elemental truth in popular standards of taste by means of his "Morris Chairs," his wonderful dyes, his printing and bookbinding, and the various decorative designs which his model handicraftsmen put forth from Merton Abbey. A third considers these pursuits as absolutely naught, but lauds Morris as the champion of the oppressed, and as the one man in England who without a possibility of selfish motives, from the height of worldly prosperity, would sturdily fight the battle of the socialists along with their rank and file.



After all, the most unusual quality about these many endeavors was their uniform success. Dreamers with many-faceted sympathies are not so rare. But this "idle singer of an empty day" made a thing "go" when he put his hand to it. At Merton Abbey, where trees took the place of smoke-stacks, where the most skilful and costly workmen and workwomen toiled over Preraphaelite stained-glass designs, tapestry work of classic subjects, and dyes which would not fade into livid and hideous hues, the high ideals of labor's dignity, its proper enjoyment and rewards were actually attained; the workmen were paid the highest wages known in their trades, and their products were sold easily at prices which made the factory a very profitable venture from the stand-point of the proprietor's bank account, as well as from that of Art for Art's sake. The Kelmscott Press, with its gorgeous bindings and its new fashions in initials, borders, and types, and its hand-made paper, was a successful publishing venture, although the cost of making the books made their price too high for any but very well-filled purses. Even when Morris threw on his socialist's blouse, he displayed nothing of the incapacity of the visionary. The workmen looked on him as a man and a brother, and their leaders were glad to acknowledge his aid and his effectiveness. When it was necessary to raise funds for purposes of propagandism, Morris wrote a play—a sort of politico-social extravaganza—and himself took the part of the imaginary Archbishop of Canterbury. Both the play and the actor came off with tremendous *éclat;* the motley assembly of socialists roared with laughter, and Morris was beseeched to turn his hand to dramatic work. It was the Hyde Park phase of the poet's life, of course, which debarred him from the laureateship. He was the artist—an artist in every thought and action—who could have worn the mantle of Tennyson with grace and propriety.

IT is a curious fact that for every dollar's worth of gold ore won from the bowels of the earth, about two dollars must be expended. At least this is the general truth in regard to the gold regions of the past; and Alaska, the newest mining country, seems to be no exception. It is true, however, that

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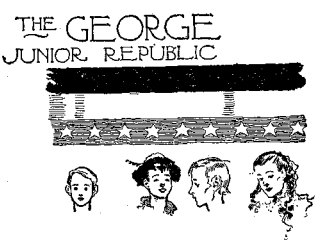
several of the miners who have gone into this vast Northwestern territory have made large fortunes in the gold fields of the mighty Yukon River and those of the south coast. During the past year there has been quite a tide of mining migration into Alaska, and there are now no less than 4,000 white miners on the Yukon alone, with 10,000 natives. One mine of the south coast produces $500,000 annually in gold, and several others produce so much as $300,000. Alaska is in more than one sense a new country. It is, geologically, not only new, but quite an unfinished country. The scientists who visit it say that in the course of time, when nature has completed her glacial handiwork, it will be no mean possession. And, indeed, at its present point of construction, Alaska can support about four millions of people in its 577,000 square miles. But the country has not been opened up to agrarian pursuits, and not only have the natives and visitors neglected the cultivation of their sources of food, but they have come into a fair way of killing off the natural game-supply. At the Forty Mile Station on the Yukon there were 4,000 caribou killed last year alone. The white people have destroyed the seals, and the natives are too destitute to offer much opportunity for regeneration.

Into this hapless situation has stepped a most remarkable man, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson. He began his work as a missionary in Utah, and then extended it to Alaska, covering in each year of his peregrinations something like 25,000 miles. Dr. Jackson is intensely aware that it is necessary first to save the bodies of the heathens if he is to have a fair chance at their souls, and hence the remarkable project of his which inspires this paragraph. As the caribou could not be domesticated, and there seemed no chance to feed the number of dogs necessary to do the carrying work of the community, either for the miners or the natives, Dr. Jackson conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer into Alaska. He brought over several hundred head of reindeer from Siberia, in the face of prophecies that the scheme was impracticable from beginning to end. The United States Government appointed him its special agent after he had demonstrated the scheme was feasible, and he later added some native Siberian herders to his reindeer colony. The deer are doing wonderfully well; they have increased sixty per cent. each year, and keep fat, sleek, and healthy. Dr. Jackson has just returned from his last trip to Alaska, and is trying to secure appropriations for adding 1,500 or 2,000 more of the animals. This he considers will be sufficient to stock that section of the country. One difficulty he has had comes from the presence of the dogs used for sledding. They chase and kill the deer wherever they see them, and it is scarcely possible to maintain the reindeer in regions of the country where the dogs are still used. The latter are entirely inadequate to supply the necessary traction power of the future Alaska, or even of the present Alaska. It is already necessary to ship large quantities of dog-food from Chicago, made from the refuse of the great slaughter-houses, in order to provide food for the hungry canine population. In the half century which has seen the loss of the buffalo and of so many other valuable American animals, it is particularly notable to find this far-sighted clergyman laying what seems to be the sure foundations of an indispensably useful and very ornamental race of semi-domestic animals. There are now 1,100 reindeer doing well in Dr. Sheldon's stations, and the entire cost to the United States was $20,000, or less than $20 per head.

THOSE who have known of the McDonogh Farm School, in Maryland, will not be surprised at the brilliant success of Mr. George's Junior Republic, which has attracted so much notice this year. Indeed, any observer of children will see that wherever they are left to themselves to formulate social institutions, the result is a perfect microcosm of the organization of the human race at large. Mr. George is a thoughtful and sympathetic young man of great energy, who lives in a little town of New York State. Half a dozen years ago he brought a score of boys and girls from the slums of New York to sum-



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mer in his bright and beautiful country. He found his own and his mother's work among them so successful that in two years he had over two hundred children in his summer camp, and since then the work has progressed so successfully that in this present year the institution known as the Junior Republic, with its intensely interesting organization and self-government, has come to be a permanent fact. A number of the children remain in the camp not only for two summer months, but during the whole year. Mr. George has put the entire government of this colony into the hands of the colonists. They have their Congress, an upper and lower House, and periodical elections. They have their police force, their courts, their lawyers, their juries, their system of currency, their classes of skilled workers and unskilled workers and paupers. Mr. George himself is president of the republic.

It would be well worth while, if there were space, to describe in detail the organization of this little sovereignty, which has based its civil institutions so closely on those of the United States, in such a way as to give a most perfect training to its citizens in civic duties and virtues. The boys and girls are from twelve to seventeen years old. They work at farming, landscape gardening, carpentry, millinery, sewing, and cooking. The wages of the unskilled workmen are fifty cents, of the middle class seventy, and of the highest class of workmen ninety cents, paid of course in the tin currency of the Junior Republic. From this foundation it is easy to imagine how in practical working there should be a high price set on thrift, honesty, good conduct, and energy. The fact that the pauper element must exist largely by itself in disgrace, and must eat at the expense of the community, makes a public sentiment that is very definitely and decidedly antagonistic to pauperism. Naturally the highest ambition of each boy is to become a policeman, but civil service examinations are so thorough in this department that only the very best and most efficient boys can pass them. When they do they almost invariably make good officers of the law, exhibiting a zeal, tempered with fairness, which is said to be very remarkable. There is a bank in the colony in which the members of the republic can save up their earnings. If they are careful and industrious they may have a balance of so much as $50 when the time comes for a return to the city. This $50 is given to them in clothes or provisions for their parents in the tenement-houses of New York. One can imagine the righteous pride of a youngster who can bring home such resources to his home in the East Side of New York. Mr. George's work is now supported by an association of ladies and gentlemen of New York, who have seen the value and thoroughness of the work, and it is safe to say that no rescue work of equal dimensions has ever been more valuable and successful.

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SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—II.

ROWENA AND REBECCA.—*Ivanhoe, Chapter XLIV.*

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me in one request. The bridal veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

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